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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ART FOR PULPIT AND PLATFORM.

JAMES BURNS

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BY

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to
A. AND E.

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CHAPTER I

CHRIST IN ART AND EXPERIENCE

Christ.—On a scroll of marble over a Byzantine figure of Christ in St. Mark's Church at Venice there are inscribed these suggestive words :—

“ Who He was,
And for what purpose :
And at what price : He redeemed thee :
And why He did this for *thee* :
And gave thee all things—
Consider ! ”

The Enriching Christ.—In Sir E. Burne-Jones' “ Star of Bethlehem ” there is a beautiful suggestion of how Christ at His coming brought a glow of warmth and love into the world, changing its aspect, and making even the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Mary is seen in the foreground of the picture with the Child upon her knee, while the Magi approach with their gifts. Beyond the circle where the Christ-Child sits it is bleak winter-tide ; the trees are bare, the ground is white with snow, and all is chill and desolate. But around the place where Jesus is, spring has broken out : the snow has disappeared, the frozen soil has yielded under the glow, tender flowers are pushing

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their soft petals through the surface of the ground, and there is the sound of rejoicing and the promise of exultant and abounding life. By this beautiful symbol the artist reminds us of what Christ's coming has effected in the world. He came bringing life and immortality to light. Wherever He went flowers burst out around Him. Under the spell of His love lives long dead in trespasses and sins, hardened by cruelty and oppression, grew soft, and from such forbidding soil there sprang the fair flowers and fruits of holy and regenerated lives.

The Fascination of Christ.—Max, the German painter, has a mysterious painting of the Christ's head upon the handkerchief of Veronica. To the careless who but glance at it, and pass by, it is simply the face of the crucified Christ, with eyes that are closed in death. To those, however, who pause and gaze intently upon the face a strange thing happens. The eyes are seen to open and shine with a look of appealing love upon the beholder. The painting is a parable. For only to those who intently seek and earnestly look does Christ reveal Himself as the living Friend and Saviour.

"To them that look for Him shall He appear."

"When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall.
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall."

The Ever-present Christ.—Some years ago a Parisian artist set up his studio in a cab. He drove from place to place, painted the scenes in the street, and into all these pictures of modern Parisian life introduced the Christ. Even Paris was startled at his daring. In the midst of the follies, jostled by the gay and frivolous

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crowd, stood Christ—His eyes searching, sorrowful, entreating ! The painter, too, painted Him, not in His Eastern dress of long ago, but in modern costume. It was the ever-present Christ he meant to represent : it was the message that Christ is in Paris and London to-day, as He was in Jerusalem two thousand years ago ; and painting Christ thus in the heart of the frivolous throng, he recalled it to that which alone can glorify life, the power of love and sacrifice.

Christ's Compassion.—A story is told of a poor acrobat who turned monk, but who was so ignorant and unlearned that he could not even say his " Paternoster " or " Credo " properly. Greatly disheartened at his failure, he used to go before a picture of Christ hanging on the Cross and perform his old acrobatic feats, until he sank to the ground exhausted. And while he lay there, it is said, Christ Himself came down from the Cross and wiped the perspiration from his brow. This beautiful act surely expresses the very heart of the Divine understanding and sympathy. God does not expect from us what we cannot render ; but even the seemingly unspiritual things, the common duties of life, if done in His Spirit, are beautiful to Him. For if He accepts the cup of cold water given to others He will not refuse the smallest thing offered in love to Himself. He will come down to receive it with His divine grace, and in accepting it will bless the giver.

" Such mercy He by His most holy reede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew
Ensamped it by His most righteous deede,
Showing us mercie, miserable crew !
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren."

Spenser.

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Compassion.—One of the beautiful legends of the day of Calvary is that which, amid the hatred of Christ's enemies, describes the compassionate act of a woman. This woman was called Veronica, and her house stood on the way to Calvary. Seeing Jesus pass on His way to be crucified, her heart was filled with pity, and taking her veil from her head she gave it to Him to wipe His face. Graciously He accepted it, and when He returned it to her it was found that the veil retained a perfect likeness of His features. No doubt the legend sprang from some act of compassion shown on that day to Christ, and innumerable artists have represented it. It illustrates, at least, that Christ discards no act of love, and that what we lend to Him He consecrates and blesses, and changes into His own likeness.

Christ the Comforter.—A picture of deep pathos, carrying its own tender suggestion to the heart, appeared in the Academy of 1897. It was painted by Byam Shaw, and entitled "The Comforter."

In the interior of a room, upon a bed, there lies a form, the face of which is not seen, only a hand lying upon the silk counterpane with a wedding ring upon the finger. By the side of the bed there sits a young man, his elbow leaning upon the bed, his head supported by his hand, his face drawn with grief. In his loneliness he sits there while his beloved, with slow and painful breaths, sighs out her little store of life. The picture gives the impression of stillness; the heedless world is without, ignorant and uncaring, while the pitiful tragedy is working itself out within. But the young man, as he sits there in his unutterable anguish, is not alone, the Comforter has come. Seated beside him is a

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white figure, unseen to him but consciously near. The pierced hands hold the hand of the young man, and in that silent room of death there is another watcher.

"I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."

" 'There is no God,' the Foolish saith,
But none 'There is no Sorrow.'
And Nature oft the cry of Faith
In bitter need will borrow;
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raisèd,
And lips say 'God be pitiful,'
Which ne'er said 'God be praisèd.'
Be pitiful, O God ! "

E. B. Browning.

Christ as Friend.—In the Academy of 1907 there was exhibited a quaint little picture by Eleanor F. Brickdale entitled "When Earth seemed nearer Heaven than now." It represented a little girl standing before a wayside shrine, and holding up her little doll for Christ to kiss. To this little one it seemed natural that what she loved so deeply Christ must love too. There is no more intimate truth in the life of the Spirit than this simple and natural trust in the love and friendship of Christ. To consecrate the things we love by holding them up and giving Him a share in them is the very triumph of conquering faith.

Love for Christ.—A sacred picture was being exhibited in a provincial town some years ago. It represented Christ upon the Cross, not pain-racked and dying, with eyes closed and face marred, but with eyes of infinite pity looking out upon the beholder. The room in which the picture was exhibited was dark, only the picture being lighted from below. Many people had

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gathered to look at it, and there was an intense hush. Standing thus, one in the front row, forgetting his surroundings—so deeply absorbed was he in the painting—whispered to himself, looking upon the face of Christ, "I love Him." One standing at his side, hearing the whisper, and deeply moved, said "Yes, I love Him too." Swiftly the words went round from lip to lip, till every heart was stirred by a strange emotion. "We love Him because He first loved us." Who but Christ has ever called forth a love like this?

"O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

G. Matheson.

The Hidden Christ.—"Not long ago," says Beecher, "there was a researcher of art in Italy, who, reading in some book that there was a portrait of Dante, painted by Giotto, was led to suspect that he had found where it had been placed. There was an apartment used as an outhouse for the storage of wood, hay, and the like. He obtained permission to examine it. Clearing out the rubbish and experimenting upon the whitewashed wall he soon detected the signs of the long-hidden portrait. Little by little, with loving skill, he opened up the sad, thoughtful, stern face of the Tuscan poet." This has often happened with the portrait of Christ. Even the Church through neglect has lost sight of Him, hidden Him away behind conventions, forgotten the true lineaments of His face, until great prophets and searchers have arisen and restored His living portrait to the Church. Often, too, this happens in our own hearts.

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Christ seeking the Lost.—One of the most powerful and terrible of Rossetti's pictures is entitled "Found." It belongs to a realm which art has seldom the power effectively to touch and to raise into a pure atmosphere. A countryman and a country lass have loved each other, and to each other have plighted their troth, but she, lured into the city, has sunk under its temptation, and has become lost to her past and to him whom once she loved. His love, however, still remains, and he ever searches for her face. Coming into market one day he meets on Blackfriars Bridge a woman of gay attire, and seizing her by the wrist, to her shame and terror, he confronts her with the lover whom she has abandoned. He has sought and found. It was with such a look that Christ walked the streets of Jerusalem peering into the faces of the passers-by, seeking the lost. It is with such a look that He walks the city's streets still, seeking His own, pursuing them until He finds them, and having found them, entreating them to return. "I am come to seek and to save that which was lost."

One of the most wonderful of recent poems expresses this thought in an even more impressive way. It represents Christ not merely seeking us, but pursuing us, hunting us :—

"I fled Him down the nights and down the days,
I fled Him down the arches of the years,
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind, and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and, under running laughter
Up vista'ed hopes, I sped,
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms and fears,
From those strong feet that followed, followed after.

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" But with unhurrying chase
And unperturbed pace
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy
Came on the following feet,
And a voice beat more instant than the feet,
' Lo ! all things fly thee as thou fliest me.' "

The Hidden Face.—There are times through which many pass when the heavens seem as brass, when no response comes to their importunity, and when the light by which they are accustomed to walk seems also to fail them and go out.

In the Academy of 1909 this spiritual agony is suggested in a picture by Frank Dicksee, R. A., entitled "The Shadowed Face." In a cathedral lighted by the pale light of the late afternoon, a nun kneels before a life-size figure of Christ outstretched upon the Cross. Her pale face is uplifted in intense spiritual anguish, her hands clasp entreatingly His pierced feet, but the face of the Redeemer is hidden from her. The light streaming in through the stained glass windows so falls that it casts the face of Christ into deep shadow. So, to her entreating look, no response comes; the Face is dark and unresponsive.

All who have experience of the spiritual way have experienced the anguish of the Shadowed Face—when the soul is dry within, when no answer seems to come to our importunate prayers, when God seems to have forgotten to be gracious. Yet weeping endureth for the night, joy cometh with the morning. When the morning light breaks it will pour its golden flood through the eastern windows and, shining full on the face of Christ, illumine it with a benignancy all the more endearing because of the shadows which have

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hidden it. So by these tests of faith we are strengthened and made meet to dwell with Him in His pure and pleasant Kingdom.

" My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

" Lord, Thou art life, though I be dead ;
Love's fire Thou art, however cold I be ;
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee."

C. G. Rossetti.

The Inspiring Christ.—Dr. David Smith says that during all the time he was writing " In the Days of His Flesh " he had a marble miniature of Thorwaldsen's " Come unto Me " before him where he could continually see it. " The sight of it was an unfailing inspiration," he says. " It was like the visible presence of the Master."

It is related of F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, that one night towards the close of his life, when suffering greatly, he took with him when he went to rest a copy of Leonardo's " Face of Christ." " The next morning," he says, " I awoke tired and felt inclined to dawdle away my time in bed, but that calm, dignified look bent down from my mantelpiece absolutely rebuked me and made it impossible."

Holding and Held.—On Dora Greenwell's books there is engraven on the title-page a hand grasping a cross, and encircling it this motto: *Et teneo et teneor*—" I both hold and am held." We require the memory of the one to support us in the other. We do not hold

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on to something dead and unresponsive, trusting in our strength and endurance : we are held by the hand of the "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love." When our grasp relaxes, let the thought of the supporting hand of Christ come to sustain and reinforce us.

In this connection the beautiful poem "Hold Thou my Hands," from "The Invisible Playmate" may be recalled :—

" Hold Thou my hands !
In grief and joy, in hope and fear
Lord let me *feel* that Thou art near.
Hold Thou my hands !

" If e'er by doubt
Of Thy good Fatherhood depressed
I cannot find in Thee my rest,
Hold thou my hands !

" Hold thou my hands—
These passionate hands too quick to smite,
These hands so eager for delight—
Hold thou my hands !

" And when at length
With darkened eyes and fingers cold
I seek some last loved hand to hold—
Hold Thou my hands ! "

Christ as Guest.—Amongst the nineteenth century painters of religious subjects one of the most sincere and original is Fritz von Uhde, the German artist. The subject of embittered attacks, he brought the Christ down amongst the common people of his day, and represented Him as the poor man welcomed in the homes of the artisan and the friend of the neglected. One of the most appealing of his pictures is entitled "Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest." It represents the home of an artisan, poor and bare, when the family have gathered together for their simple meal. Grace is about to be said, when

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the door opens and Jesus enters, a figure clad in a dark robe, but without any marks to lead men to honour Him save the look on His face. There is no surprise, however, in the faces of the father or mother or children who love Him, only a greeting in which gladness is mixed with deepest reverence. The workman takes off his cap, and with simple gesture invites the Son of God to sit down at their table and partake of their lowly meal ; and the wife and children, as well as the old grandfather, wait reverently until He is seated. It is a beautiful illustration of that love and trustfulness which spring up in simple hearts, and in lives long accustomed to live with Him in daily submission. There is no need to hide anything or change anything, for in this home, and in these hearts, all is ordered according to His mind and will.

In contrast with this scene one may recall the letter which Ruskin wrote to a lady, which conveys its own meaning and illustration :—" You probably will be having a dinner-party to-day ; now please do this, and remember I am quite serious in what I ask you. We, all of us who have any belief in Christianity at all, wish that Christ were alive now. Suppose, then, that He is. I think it very likely that if he were in London, you would be one of the people He would take some notice of. Now, suppose that He has sent you word that He is coming to dine with you to-day ; but that you are not to make any change in your guests on His account ; that He wants to meet exactly the party you have and no other. Suppose that you have just received this message, and that St. John has also left word in passing with the butler, that his Master will come alone ; so that you won't have any trouble with

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the Apostles. Now this is what I want you to do. First, determine what you will have for dinner. You are not ordered, you observe, to make no changes in your bill of fare. Take a piece of paper, and absolutely *write* fresh orders to your cook. You can't realise the thing enough without writing. That done, consider how you will arrange your guests—who is to sit next Christ, on the other side—who opposite, and so on : finally consider for a little what you will talk about, supposing, which is just possible, that Christ should tell you to go on talking as if He were not there, and never to mind *Him*. You couldn't, you will tell me? Then, my dear lady, how can you in general? Don't you profess—nay, don't you much more than profess—to believe that Christ is always there, whether you see Him or not? Why should the seeing make such a difference? "

Walking before God.—Many of the studies of the face of Christ represent Him as looking out of the canvas at the beholder. The result is that wherever you go, into whatsoever side or corner of the room, His eyes follow, they are ever upon you.

" And his eyes were as lamps of fire."

Imitation of Christ.—" A workman received a pattern or model of wood which he was to reproduce in stone. The block of stone was waiting, but instead of seizing his tools and going to work at once, he sat down with the model in his hands and gazed at it. Then he passed his hands over it, carefully feeling every hollow or knob. After he had become thoroughly familiar with it, he took his tools and began to imitate it slowly. But even then he kept the model in sight all the time, and

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frequently stopped to study it more closely and compare his work with it." ("A Thousand Things to say in Sermons.") It is thus that we must imitate Christ. To reproduce His life, to attain to any sort of likeness, we must study Him, enter into His mind, His life, and ever shape our character and conduct by His.

The Living and the Dead Christ.—Raphael's last picture was a "Transfiguration;" Titian's a painting of the dead Christ. In the one case Christ is represented as gloriously triumphant and exultant in power; in the other He lies upon His mother's knees hopelessly dead. The saints and angels which stand on either side are cold and statuesque; the whole scene is plunged in hopelessness and gloom. The contrast is a sermon on these two men's lives—the one dying young in the glow of his ardent faith; the other dying in extreme old age, having exhausted life and faith as well. It is a sermon also in belief and unbelief—the one irradiating the soul with infinite gladness and hope; the other numbing with its icy touch and corpse-like chill.

In this connection an incident may be recalled narrated in the life of Dr. Dale, of Birmingham. Seated in his study one day, preparing an Easter sermon, there flashed suddenly into his mind the thought that Christ was actually *alive*. Up to that time he had believed in a historical Jesus who had suffered and died, and had risen again on the third day, but in the flash of a moment he suddenly realised the presence of the actual living and glorified Christ. From that day he had an Easter hymn introduced into every service. With many Christ is still upon the Cross; they never rise to the glory of the perpetual Easter-tide.

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Compare also the transition of feeling in that wonderful passage in Goethe's *Faust*, where Faust, weary with fruitless thought, which leads only to deeper eclipse of faith, determines to burst wide the gate of liberty by drinking poison. He places the goblet to his mouth, when suddenly there rings out the music of the Easter morn which has just broken in upon the world.

Chorus of women :

" We laid Him for burial
'Mong aloes and myrrh :
His children and friends
Laid their dead Master here.
" All wrapt in His grave-dress.
We left Him in fear—
Ah ! Where shall we seek Him ?
The Lord is not here ! "

Chorus of angels :

" The Lord hath arisen,
Sorrow no longer :
Temptation hath tried Him,
But He was the stronger.
" Happy, happy victory !
Love, submission, self-denial
Marked the strengthening agony,
Marked the purifying trial.
The grave is no prison :
The Lord hath arisen."

Listening to these beautiful messages of the Resurrection, Faust is saved.


Faust :

" Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most mild, most powerful.
What seek ye here ?
I cannot force myself into the spheres,
Where these good tidings of great joy are heard

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And yet, from youth familiar with the sounds,
Even now they call me back again to life.
Oh ! once, in boyhood's happy time, Heaven's love
Showered down upon me, with mysterious kiss,
Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath day :
Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
Yearnings for something that I knew not of,
Deep meanings in the full tones of the bells
Mingled—a prayer was burning ecstasy—
Drove me, a wanderer through lone fields and woods ;
Then tears rushed hot and fast, then was the birth
Of a new life and a new world for me :
These bells announced the merry sports of youth,
This music welcomed in the happy spring :
And now am I once more a child,
And old Remembrance, twining round my heart,
Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps—
Then sing ye on—sweet songs that are of Heaven :
Tears come, and Earth hath won her child again."

Jesus : Monogram.—The name of Jesus in early times, and throughout mediæval art, was symbolised by various monograms.

The earliest form is that which was supposed to have appeared to Constantine, and which led to his embracing Christianity. This monogram, which Constantine caused to be engraven on the shields of his soldiers, was composed of the first two letters of the Greek word for Christ—ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ : X being equivalent to our Ch, and P being the Greek letter for R. The monogram thus appeared , and is to be seen in many of our modern churches.

In Greek art the Cross is frequently represented with the inscription " IC XC NIKA "—" Jesus Christ the Conqueror."

Jesus : Sacred Name.—A still more familiar monogram is I·H·S. These three letters are frequently

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taken to signify the Latin words, *Jesus Hominum Salvator*—"Jesus the Saviour of men"—and as such were introduced into the Latin Church. This, however, though fit and beautiful, is an afterthought. ' The letters are the abbreviated form of the word *Ἰησοῦς*, being the Greek form of the name Jesus. In the National Gallery may be seen a picture by Il Moretto, in which St. Bernardino is holding up a circle in which is inscribed the sacred monogram, I·H·S. The circle is a symbol of eternity, and the thought suggested is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Christ—Sacred Symbols.—Symbolical representations of Christ were frequently used by the early Christians. This was done partly to save them from suspicion and persecution, but more particularly because a symbol is full of poetry and imagination.

The most popular of these representations of Christ was the symbol of a fish. Christians as they walked along the streets, meeting someone whom they believed to be a brother in the Lord, would stoop down and draw the likeness of a fish upon the ground. This symbol, meaningless to the heathen, filled the heart of the Christian with joy, and instantly united believers in the clasp of loving brotherhood.

The use of the symbol of the fish sprang in part from the words of Christ addressed to the Apostles, "Come with Me, and I will make you fishers of men." Christ thus became in the thought of these early Christians the blessed Fisher of the souls of men. St. Cyril of Jerusalem says that "Christ catches us with a hook, not to slay us, but to make us live." In the earliest Christian hymn known to us—that given by Clement

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of Alexandria, at the close of his *Paedagogus*, Christ is thus addressed :—

“ Fisher of men, the Blest
Out of the World's unrest,
Out of sin's troubled sea,
Taking us, Lord, to Thee.

With choicest fish good store
Drawing the net to shore.”

Another reason, however, for the favour with which this symbol of the fish was received is found in the fact that the letters of the Greek word for fish, ἰΧΘΥΣ (*ichthys*), represent acrostically Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ—“ Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.”

Likeness of Christ.—“ I am only a poor man,” said Carlyle to Holman Hunt, “ but I can say in serious truth that I would give one-third of all I possess for a veritable contemporaneous likeness of Christ. . . . Had these carvers of marble chiselled a faithful statue of the Son of Man, as He called Himself, and showed us what manner of man He was like, what His height, what His build, and what the features of His sorrow-marked face were, and what His dress, I, for one, would have thanked the sculptor with all the gratitude of my heart for that portrait, as the most precious heirloom of the ages.”

There is a famous letter purporting to having been written to the Senate of Rome by Publius Lentulus, a friend of Pilate, giving a full description of Christ's earthly appearance. The letter is recognised now as a forgery, and was probably composed in the fourth century, but is, nevertheless, of intense interest as

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showing the traditionary belief, and also the foundation for the conventional type of feature which has been reproduced throughout the centuries. The letter is as follows :—

“ In this time appeared a man who lives till now, a man endowed with great powers. Men call Him a great prophet : His own disciples term Him the Son of God. His name is Jesus Christ. He restores the dead to life, and heals the sick of all manner of diseases. This man is of a noble and well-proportioned stature, with a face full of kindness and firmness, so that the beholders both love Him and fear Him. His hair is the colour of wine (yellow), and golden at the root—straight and without lustre—but from the level of the ears curling and glossy, and divided down the centre after the fashion of the Nazarenes (Nazarites). His forehead is even and smooth, His face without blemish and enhanced by a tempered bloom, His countenance ingenuous and kind. His beard is full, of the same colour as His hair, and forked in form : His eyes blue and extremely brilliant. In reproof and rebuke He is formidable : in exhortation and teaching gentle and amiable of tongue. None have seen Him to laugh, but many on the contrary to weep. His person is tall : His hands beautiful and straight. In speaking He is deliberate and grave, and little given to loquacity. In beauty surpassing most men.”

It is interesting to note that the earliest representations of the face of Christ in art picture Him in the bloom of youth, suggestive of the eternal youth of the Word. Such representations are ideal in their nature, and are founded on classic forms, and they express the joyfulness of primitive Christianity as well

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as its radiant belief in the risen Christ. It was not until the fourth century that the representations of the Saviour became clouded over: sorrow, austerity, anguish taking the place of youthfulness and beauty, and Christ becoming the grief-stricken sufferer.

The Uplifting Christ.—Noel Paton has a picture entitled "De Profundis," with the words of the Psalmist, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee," inscribed upon it. In the foreground Christ is represented kneeling upon a rock and stretching over a dark abyss to help a female figure who is painfully climbing up to Him. Behind Him is a great stretch of country, gloomy and forbidding. No living thing inhabits it, no tree waves its sheltering arms or flower lifts its petals to the sky. It is the dreary land of sin and woe, covered with cruel stones and jagged rock. Down into it the Christ has come, His staff in His hand, the beautiful Shepherd seeking His sheep who are lost. Hearing the beseeching cry arising from the depths, He leans over to rescue and save. The picture speaks, therefore, of the anguish of the sinner, of the loneliness and barrenness of the land in which the sinner dwells, and of the seeking, saving love of Christ.

But it has another lesson. The woman who has sunk into the depths is not lying prostrate there, she is *climbing up* to Christ. The artist has painted her with the wings of faith, showing that only when there is faith in Christ can there be rescue by Him. It is necessary, therefore, not only to cry, but to *arise*; not only to arise, but to *climb*; not only to *climb*, but to *believe*. God in saving us demands something from us. He would have us join with Him in the effort of salvation, for, without such determination to have done

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with sin, to struggle upward, salvation would have no value. That is why the prodigal had first to come to himself, then to arise and turn toward home. "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him."

Christ's Broken Earthenware.—One of the most precious possessions of the British Museum is what is known as the Portland Vase. It is a work of perfect and incomparable beauty. One day a madman, passing through the room in which it was exhibited, struck at it with his stick, and smashed it into fragments. There it lay, its beauty gone, a thing for pity and for tears. But one, with infinite patience and with love, came and gathered the pieces together and built it up again with such genius and success that only with careful examination can the fact of its ruin be observed. Once more it is reinstated, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. And this is the miracle of redemption which Jesus works in human character. He takes the ruined life, once so fair and noble, but now wrecked and shattered, and with infinite love He re-constructs the character as He who made it intended. It is true that the scars remain, for no man can sin and efface the marks, and no man can do despite to himself and then become as if he had never sinned. But looking upon the man, reclaimed, restored, one does not think of the marks of ruin, but glorifies that infinite love which so blessedly restores and lifts the ruined life out of the dust into a place of honour and admiration.

"Know'st thou not, how little worthy of any love thou art?
How hast thou merited, of all men's clotted clay the
dingiest clot?"

Whom wilt thou find to love, ignoble thou,
Save Me? Save only Me?"

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The Reflecting Christ.—In a palace in Rome there is a ceiling painted by one of the great masters. The ceiling is high and beyond the range of vision, because obscure and because man cannot easily look up. The owner, therefore, has placed on the floor a highly-polished mirror, so that those who look upon the picture reflected thus may study and know it. The whole history of human thought goes to prove that man cannot find God by looking up, so in the fulness of time Christ came, who is the "Image of the invisible God," who reflects His glory, so that as we see Him the invisible things become clearly seen!

The Christ-Spell.—In the earliest Christian art, that of the Catacombs, Christ is represented as the Greek Orpheus, with the lyre in His hand, drawing everything to Him by His magic spell. These early Christians, standing near to the Greek civilisation, chose this, out of all the figures of Greek mythology, to express their ideas of the Lord whom they loved and worshipped. And this story of Orpheus is one of the noblest which has come down to us from the enchanted land of Hellas. Orpheus was the greatest of all musicians, for Apollo had bestowed upon him the lyre, which Hermes had invented. So wonderfully did he play that when his fingers touched the instrument the beasts of the field drew near, and the birds were arrested in their flight, and even the things of Nature gathered spellbound around him. He could make the strings wail so pitiful a lament that tears trickled down the scarred cheeks of the rocks; while, when he sang of love, the world was filled with sudden sunlight, and even the wildest beast became tame and gentle.

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It was thus the early Christians thought of Christ. They felt His drawing power, the strange spell which He had over everything. Possessed in their hearts, He transfigured nature, but most of all He transfigured them. He banished by his music the low and bestial instincts which raged within them, and made the most coarse and intractable gentle and docile and obedient.

There are some beautiful lines by Stephen Phillips, not addressed to Christ, but which may be reverently applied to His strange, mysterious spell :—

" But
Because Infinity upon thee broods,
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows,
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell :
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
 . . . Beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of birth far back, of lives in many stars.
O beauty lone and like a candle clear,
In this dark country of the world ! "

Christ's Sympathy.—One of the most beautiful of Raphael's paintings is known as the "Madonna of the Goldfinch." The little child Jesus is represented as standing at His mother's knee, being taught to read, when His studies are suddenly interrupted by the child Baptist, who, flushed and panting, with a boy's delight exhibits a goldfinch which he has just caught. He holds the bird carefully, and the child Jesus turns round to stroke its ruffled feathers with a loving touch. There is a pathetic tenderness in the face of Jesus in contrast with the wild, boyish glee of the Baptist. His

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sympathy with the imprisoned and frightened bird conquers His joy at the capture. The artist, with spiritual intention, has streaked its feathers with crimson, and thus deepens the thought of sympathy in the heart of Christ.

The Undiscovered Christ.—Rossini was once presented with a watch by the King of France—of which he was justly proud. Several years after, showing it to a friend, he was told that though he had possessed it so long he did not know its real value. “Impossible,” said Rossini, whereupon the friend, taking the watch, touched a secret spring, at which an inner case flew open disclosing a beautiful miniature painting of Rossini himself.

This is characteristic of a certain type of modern Christianity. It values its ethics, and is acquainted with and appreciates much of its teaching, but it has not discovered the inner secret which gives it its supreme value. The portrait of Christ is still hidden. When the secret spring is touched, and the Face of Christ is recognised, the whole attitude of mind and theory of values is changed.

It is characteristic also of much avowed discipleship. “Have I been so long time with you, and hast thou not known me, Philip,” said Christ to one who called himself a disciple and an intimate.

Christ the Life-Giver.—Before Christ’s coming the Tuscans made their tombs face the West, for death meant to them the close of life’s day and the passing into eternal night. After Christ’s coming the tombs face the East, for the Easter day had come with its radiant promise, bringing life and immortality to light.

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In this changed attitude is the secret of that overwhelming joy which Christianity brought into the world, It threw a "light upon the mountain-tops of death, which made them lovely."

The same vivid contrast is to be found in the Catacombs. In one chamber, which dates back to the time of Julius Cæsar, the tombs are marked with all the signs of pagan gloom and hopelessness. The inscriptions are either cynical at the expense of the gods, or embittered in their complaints. Hard by is a chamber where are buried those who suffered the extremities of persecution at the hands of men—martyrs who were burned, or crucified, or sawn asunder, or thrown to the beasts. But here there is no gloom : lilies adorn the tombs expressive of immortality, the inscriptions express a serene joy : the whole chamber is decked as if for marriage rather than for death, and the spirit pervading it is a gladness that excludes all sorrow. And that which created this was the conscious presence of the living Christ, and the present participation of His followers in the joy set before them.

Christ's Transformations.—A lady once showed Ruskin a costly handkerchief on which a blot of ink had been dropped. The handkerchief, she complained, was ruined, nothing was left but to throw it away. Ruskin said nothing, but took the handkerchief away with him. Shortly afterwards the lady received it back, but so changed that she could hardly believe that it was the original. Using the blot as the basis, he had worked round it a beautiful and artistic design, changing what was valueless and ruined into a thing of beauty and of joy. So Christ takes the blotted lives and trans-

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forms them. He uses even the blots and makes them yield enduring lessons. Sins which defiled and seemingly left the life in ruins, He makes to yield a ministry of regeneration. It was the memory of the blots that drew from Paul his praises of thanksgiving and of adoration to Christ.

" Wherefore, if there live
Brothers too low to love, too base to serve,
Too evil to forgive :—If aught in man
So abject seem, and so to brute allied,
Nice natures scorn the kinship : think that Christ
Knew all these, and measured these, and made
His daily sojourn 'midst them : and was swift
To succour them and cheer : and bore with them,
Never once holding any lowly soul
Less dear to Heaven than high and saintly souls."

Sir Edwin Arnold.

The Spell of the Christ-Eyes.—Herbert Schmalz has a characteristic picture, executed with all that artist's smoothness and detail, which he has entitled " Sir Galahad." The scene is taken from Tennyson's " Holy Grail," and represents that moment when the sister of Sir Percivale girds the departing knight with a sword-belt made of her own hair. As she does so she says :—

" ' Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen
And break through all, till one will crown thee king
Far in the spiritual city ' ; and as she spake
She sent the deathless passion of her eyes
Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind
On him, and he believed in her belief."

Sir Galahad is seen standing on the green sward : by his side is a standard cross, at the base of which burns a lamp. The dappled lights show softly and harmoniously through the old yews, and in the valley the river flows gently along. As the sister of Sir Perci-

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vale binds upon the young knight the belt, " she sends the deathless passion of her eyes through him."

It is thus that Christ wins men. The gospels continually refer to the spell of Christ's eyes, to the magnetism of His look.

*" He sent the deathless passion of His eyes
Through them and made them His, and laid His mind
On them, and they believed in His belief."*

Losing Christ.—Christ may not only be lost by the individual ; the Church may lose Him, even though each day it sounds His name in holy chants and solemn litanies. Christ was never more utterly and hopelessly lost than in those churches of the Byzantine age, in which His figure, though glorified in the apse, was unknown by the dull eyes which looked up at Him from below. For the Christ they saw was not the gentle Friend and pitying Brother, but the formal, sacerdotal Christ of the sacerdotal class, who long ago had died on Calvary, and who could only be approached in terror through magic and mediation.

The Neglected Christ.—In the Academy of 1904 there was exhibited a picture calculated to disturb the feelings of the most complacent person professing and calling himself Christian. The picture was painted by Sigismund Goetze, and had as the title the following words : " Despised and Rejected of Men."

At the foot of the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, on the summit of which gleams a golden cross, declaring the triumph of Christianity, the artist represented the crucified Christ standing bound to a marble pedestal, weak as on the day of the Cross, and bearing the crown of thorns upon His head. Around Him is a halo of light, and behind an angelic form bearing the chalice

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of sacrificial love. It is afternoon in London, and past this lonely figure, bowed down by suffering and sorrow, the crowd surges heedless and blind to His presence. All the figures which go to make up our modern life are seen hurrying past. On the one side a jockey almost touches the feet of Christ with his latest edition of racing results, but is so engrossed in it that he never raises his head ; as also a scientist who is too busy looking at the effects of some chemicals in a tube to have time to bestow upon the Crucified. Here also are representatives of the life of pleasure. A fashionably dressed roué assists a lady in evening dress with her cloak, while he whispers flatteries in her ear. On the steps beneath an abandoned woman sits with her child, while a news-boy exhibits a bill advertising the latest sensational divorce case. On the other side of the pedestal upon which with bowed head the Christ stands, there are seen a canon of the Established Church, sleek, self-satisfied, assuming an air of piety, while he is oblivious of the Christ ; a Nonconformist divine so engaged in theological polemics that he too passes by ; a working man who, at the moment he might have seen, raises a huge tankard to his lips ; while in the distance a mob orator is haranguing a crowd upon the rights of man, but has left the Christ, the Brother of all men, unrecognised. Only one person in all that throng lifts an eye to the lonely Figure ; it is a nurse on an errand of mercy toward suffering humanity. She looks up for a moment with a look of pain and surprise, then walks on her way.

Such is the picture, and few can look upon it without realising the lesson it teaches. We boast about our Christian nation, our zeal for Christ's cause, that we are influenced by Christian motives, and governed by

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Christian laws ; while in our streets, in our daily lives, in our very churches, by those even who are His representatives, Christ remains neglected, unrecognised, dishonoured. We worship Him with the lip, but our hearts are far from Him. " Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by ? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow ;" and the acutest anguish is not that which comes through the nails piercing the flesh, but through the neglect, the betrayal, the hypocrisy, and the flippant indifference of those who declare that they know, and love, and worship Him.

" O mystic Silence !

Thou wilt not add one tittle to the guilt
Of these thy murderers . . .

Thy love records

That e'en for men like these Thy blood is spilt !
So to all time ! If priests of self and pride,
And scribes—the worldly wise, possess the shrine
Within thy soul, then Pilate's doom is thine !
The awful silence of the Crucified."

E. M. L. G.

Christ Transfiguring Life.—It is related of Murillo that, residing once in a convent as a lay-brother, he used up all his canvas. As he was too poor to buy more, the cook jestingly threw him a napkin, saying, " Paint on this." Murillo took it, and painted upon it the beautiful face of the Madonna which adorns the altar of the Capuchin Church, and is known as the "Madonna of the Napkin."

One of the prizes of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, again, is the "Madonna della Sedia" of Raphael, one of the priceless pictures of the world, which the immortal artist painted upon the lid of a wine cask.

So Christ, the great Artist, can take the commonest lives and transfigure them, giving them immortal beauty by creating them in His likeness.

CHAPTER II

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

The Unheeded Cross.—There is a fine picture by George J. Pinwell entitled "The Elixir of Love," which conveys its own deep lesson. A charlatan is represented standing in the village square, offering for sale a love potion, which he guarantees will awaken love in the heart of the person desired, or re-awaken its fires where they have died out. Around the seller are grouped some young girls, who hold up the phial wonderingly, half in fear, half in hope. An old couple purchase the precious liquid in the expectation that it will bring back the glow to their hearts of love's young days. A deserted mother, with a babe in her arms, the picture of dejection and abandonment, looks down upon her little one, craving that it might be true, and that her misery might be ended; while a wandering minstrel leans his head upon his hands, and, too poor to purchase the precious liquid, recalls the happier days of long ago. With keen spiritual insight, however, the artist represents the charlatan standing at the foot of the village Cross. Above him the arms of the Cross are stretched out, symbol of love divine, the love which alone can bring gladness to young and old, sad and poor alike. Yet no one heeds it. As of old, all foolishly seek that which is not bread, and give money for that which satisfieth not.

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" O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee ;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

G. Matheson.

Offence of the Cross.—One of the most precious art possessions in the world is a rude drawing—*graffiti* they are called—found in the guard-room of the Palatine, and now preserved in a Roman museum. It is an authentic revelation, from a past all but obliterated, of the spirit in which the common soldier of the first or second century regarded the story of the Cross. This rude drawing on the plaster of the wall represents an ass upon a cross, and underneath, the soldier who drew it has scribbled the name of his fellow-soldier whose faith he mocks. " Alexamines," he says, " worships his God." This illustrates, as nothing else could, how scornfully and contemptuously the Cross was regarded, and against what enormous odds of hate and misrepresentation it—as well as those who believed in it—had to make its way.

The Sheltering Cross.—A beautiful monument was exhibited recently in Berlin by J. Breitkopf Cosel, one of the rising generation of German sculptors. It was entitled " The Last Refuge," and represented a woman sinking down before a wayside cross, upon which was a figure of the Saviour. The woman's figure suggested one who had sought everywhere for refuge and cleansing, but in vain. Now she comes at last after the wasted years and mis-spent opportunities to Him who is the Refuge of all weary and distressed souls. Even as she sinks down there seems to fall upon her a sense of

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rest, a certainty that here at last in abandoning herself to the Redeemer, there is refuge and peace.

The experience through which this figure is represented as passing is one of the most blessed in life. There are some who come to the Cross in early days, and who, in relinquishing themselves to its protection in the dew of their youth, are saved much of the world's sorrow and shame. There are some who never come at all, whose natures seem too shallow to need, or too worldly to desire, its cleansing and redeeming fires. But there are others who wander far, who taste life's bitterness, who grope and sigh for rest, who in lonely hours cry with bitter cry for an answer to the burning questions of the brain. They wander far in lone and perilous ways, but at last they come to the sheltering Cross of Christ. Tired, and with a sigh they sink down before it, and, as weary children, stretch forth their hands in humble faith and, accepting its deliverance, find rest.

Victory of the Cross.—In many pictures of the Crucifixion—that of Guido Reni, for instance, in the Vatican, which more than any other affects the general public—a skull is found lying at the foot of the Cross. The skull placed there is supposed to be that of Adam, and expresses the early tradition that Christ was crucified in the place where Adam was buried. This is alluded to by St. Chrysostom: "Some say that Adam died there and there lieth, and that Jesus in that place where death had reigned, there also set up the trophy of victorious life. For He went forth bearing the Cross as a trophy over the tyranny of death, and as conquerors do, so bare He upon His shoulders the symbol of victory."

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The legend doubtlessly had its origin in the text :
" As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

In very early art Adam is frequently represented as rising at the very foot of the Cross, holding a chalice to catch the precious blood as it pours from the Redeemer's side, some drops of which, falling upon his grave, have recalled him to life. The text which this legend is based upon is the following :—" Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

Donne, in his " Hymn to God, my God in my Sickness," has quaintly rendered this old-world tradition in the following lines :—

" We think that Paradise and Calvarie,
Christ's Cross and Adam's tree stood in one place ;
Look now, and find both Adams met in me ;
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my fall,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace."

The Cross, it was said, was the sign by which the penitent thief—the first of Christ's followers—was allowed to enter Paradise. " The penitent thief entered Paradise bearing upon his shoulder a cross as a token given by his Redeemer, to attest to the guardian angel of the gates, his right to admission." This legend was evidently accepted by Quarles, who says :—

" The Cross of Christ is the key to Paradise."

St. Helena, according to the well-known legend, discovered the true Cross by placing upon it a dead body which instantly regained life.

Traditions of the Cross.—Many traditions have come down to us respecting the wood of which the Cross

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was made, and to many trees is ascribed this mournful honour.

The most popular tradition is that which ascribes it to the aspen, because the leaves are ever trembling, as if shuddering with shame at the awful use in which it had been employed.

Sometimes it is represented as made of the mistletoe, which was once a great tree, but which shrivelled up through the curse, which He who suffered thereon endured, being in part transferred to the tree itself.

In the Elizabethan period it was generally believed to be the elder wood. Thus Ben Jonson :—

“ He shall be your Judas, and you
Shall be his elder-tree to hang on.”

Legend of the Cross.—In Veldener's “*Legendary History of the Cross*,” there are reproduced some very old wood-cuts illustrating a beautiful legend greatly cherished by the men of the Middle Ages. Adam, it was said, long after his expulsion from the garden of Eden, grew weary of life, and longed for death. Calling his son Seth, he bade him : “ Go to the gates of Eden and ask St. Michael, who guards the Tree of Life, to send me some of the oil of mercy which God promised me when He thrust me out of Paradise.” Seth replied, “ Father, I am ready, but I know not the way.” “ Go,” commanded Adam, “ by that valley which lieth eastward ; there is a green path along which you will find blackened footprints, for where my feet and those of your mother trod in leaving the garden, no grass has grown.”

When Seth arrived at the gates of the Garden, he found standing there an angel, holding in his hands a flaming sword, and was not permitted to enter, though

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he was allowed a glimpse of the Paradise lost by his parent's transgression. When he proffered his father's request, the angel refused Seth the oil of mercy, but in token of future pardon gave him three seeds from the Tree of Life, bidding him to bury them with his father. When Adam heard the message the angel had given his son, he rejoiced and, for the first time since he had been driven from Paradise, smiled. "Oh, God," he cried, "I have lived long enough. Take my soul from me." And God heard his prayer. Three days after Seth's return he died, and his sons buried him in the Valley of Hebron. The three seeds produced three saplings, which marvellously became one. These were the palm, the cedar, and the olive. From this tree in the fulness of time the Cross was made, symbolising the palm of victory, the cedar of incorruption, and the olive of kingly and priestly benediction.

Thus the promise of mercy made to Adam was fulfilled, and from that Paradise, the loss of which brought sin and woe, there came the blessed remedy of redemption.

The Day of the Cross.—Many beautiful stories have sprung up regarding the sympathy shown to Christ on the Day of the Cross, and Art, in the early days being the one great vehicle of instruction, was not slow to give them a place in its representations. This sympathy, however, was not limited to the family of man; even the birds and the flowers shared in it. The following legends are amongst the most beautiful and appealing :—

1. The robin, it was said, seeing the agony Christ was enduring, plucked from His mock crown a thorn

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to ease His pain, and in doing so "dyed her tender bosom red." The following lines by an unknown author refer to this beautiful legend :—

" Bearing His Cross while Christ passed by forlorn,
His God-like forehead by the mock crown torn,
A little bird took from that crown one thorn
To soothe the dear Redeemer's throbbing head.
That bird did what she could ; His blood, 'tis said,
Down-dropping, dyed her tender bosom red.
Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest,
Weasel, nor wild cat, will her young molest,
All sacred deem that bird of ruddy breast."

In one of his poems Whittier has given beautiful expression to the old Swedish tradition that the robin redbreast brings daily a drop of water to cool the tongues of those parched with thirst in Hell. His red breast is the effect of the scorching fires that the bird braves in his act of mercy.

2. The cross-bill was another of the birds who ministered to Christ in His agony. Longfellow gives a translation from the German of Julius Moser. Christ being forsaken by all His creatures, this little bird flew to His Cross and tried with all its tiny strength to pull out the cruel nails which bound Him to the tree.

" Stained with blood, and never tiring
With its beak it doth not cease ;
From the Cross 'twould free the Saviour :
Its Creator's Son release.

" And the Saviour speaks in mildness :
' Blest be thou of all the good !
Bear as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood ! ' "

Of the effect of such legends the message contained

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in the following lines by Mrs. Hemans is worthy of sympathetic consideration :—

“ Many a sign
Of the great sacrifice which won us Heaven
The woodman and the mountaineer can trace
On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it so !
They do not wisely that, with hurried hand,
Would pluck these salutary fancies forth
From the strong soil within the peasant's breast,
And scatter them—far, far too fast !—away
As worthless weeds. Oh ! little do we know
Whom they have soothed, whom saved.”

(See “ Cross in Tradition, History and Art,” Seymour.)

The Glorified Cross.—There is no change in human history so great as the change which has come over the human mind as it surveys the Cross.

To the Gentile world the Cross was a scandal. First, because of its cruelty. If it was not invented by the Assyrians it at least was most frequently used by them, and the Assyrians were the most cruel of all ancient peoples. Death by crucifixion is represented over and over again in their monuments and art with the most brutal realism and callousness. Even in ancient times this was regarded as the most revolting, the most execrable and most barbarous of all forms of punishment. In the second place it was a scandal because of its repulsiveness. There is about its agony, its prolonged anguish, and its effects upon the physical appearance, something so revolting that only the most degraded human beings could bring themselves to practise it. It was not until corruption had spread widely in the Western world that it borrowed from the East this method of inflicting death, and in the Roman world it was only meted out to the lowest criminals. Cicero, in one of his great in-

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dictments of a provincial governor who had committed the outrage upon a fellow-citizen of crucifying him, calls it "the cruellest, the foulest of punishments."

In the modern world the Cross is lifted into a symbol of honour, and occupies a place shared by nothing else.

In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the place where the Empress Helena is said to have discovered the original wood of the Cross is held in deepest sacredness. High over London the golden cross shines from the dome of St. Paul's. It is glorified by art and architecture, and is an ornament of universal use. Thus, through the power of sacrificial love, that which was once the symbol of utter degradation has become the symbol of salvation and of victory.

The Pierced Hand.—St. Giles is the patron-saint of Edinburgh, and the old Cathedral, standing in the heart of the city, bears his name. In the National Gallery there is a picture by a Flemish artist entitled "The Legend of St. Giles," which recalls the beautiful story of the "pierced hand." The legend is as follows : St. Giles was an Athenian prince who, on his embracing Christianity, forsook the world, and became a hermit, nourishing himself only by eating wild herbs, and by drinking the milk of a doe which followed him wherever he went. One day the King of France, hunting near the hermit's retreat, saw the doe in the woods, and fitting an arrow to his bow he shot at it and then rushed to possess it as his prey. The hermit, however, seeing the danger to his faithful companion, interposed his hand, which was pierced through by the arrow, and by doing so saved its life. The unknown artist has depicted the scene with that fidelity in detail and clearness of light, so characteristic of the best Flemish art.

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The hermit is seen with his hand pierced through, while the doe seems conscious of and grateful for its deliverance. Though wounded by the dart the weak and frightened animal is not slain. The King of France is seen looking on in amazement at what he has done.

Cowper, the poet, probably never heard of the Legend of St. Giles, but the pathetic lines in which he recounts his deliverance, and blesses his Deliverer, constitute a perfect illustration of the spiritual meaning of the story. The lines are as follows :—

“ I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since, with many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades:
There was I found by one who had Himself
Been hurt by archers ; in His side He bore,
And in His hands and feet the cruel scars,
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.”

“ In no natural struggle for existence,” says Goldwin Smith in his essay on Cowper, “ would he have been a survivor. By no natural process of selection would he have been picked out as a vessel of honour. If the shield, which for nineteen centuries Christ by His teaching and death has spread over the weak things of the world, should fail, and might should again become the title to existence and the measure of worth, Cowper would be cast aside as a specimen of despicable infirmity, and all who would have said anything in his praise would be treated with the same scorn.”

“ He was wounded for our transgressions.”

No hand in the world is so beautiful as the Hand pierced for us.

“ Through the Shadow of an Agony
Cometh Redemption.”

H. H. K.

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Ingratitude.—W. S. Burton has painted a picture of the finest quality and of pathetic suggestion entitled “The World’s Gratitude.” It shows the sad, questioning face of Christ looking out from behind the bars of a prison. The world knows Him by name, but refuses to submit to His will, so while it goes on its business, it keeps Him barred within a prison. The artist has succeeded in giving to the face an aspect of tender sorrow, there is a haunting look in the eyes, which penetrates into the heart, and challenges each individual onlooker. “Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?”

“Ingratitude more strong than traitor’s arms
Quite vanquished him.”

Shakespeare.

Divine Love.—To realise what Christianity has effected in ennobling man’s thoughts of God, one need only stand before such a picture as Watts’ “Prometheus Vincit.” Here we have powerfully and graphically expressed on canvas that tale of woe which Æschylus has rendered in immortal verse. Prometheus, one of the inhabitants of high Olympus, seeing man’s sufferings unpitied and unbefriended by the gods, stole fire from heaven and gave it to them—fire being the symbol of vital spiritual force and of conquest over Nature. As a punishment for this, Zeus, the chief of the gods, commanded Prometheus to be impaled upon a rock, where an eagle was sent to tear at his body unendingly. Here we have in the Greek mind the dim prophecy of a Redeemer, but one hated by the gods in Heaven, because of their indifference toward man. Compare now Prometheus with Christ; Zeus with the Father in Heaven, whom Christ revealed;

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the infinite love of God who sent His Son into the world to redeem the world, and the infinite hatred of Zeus who impaled the Greek Redeemer upon a rock and condemned him to infinite torture—and then will dawn upon you some conception of what we owe to Christ and Christianity :

“ None other Lamb, none other name,
None other hope in heaven or earth or sea ;
None other hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee ! ”

C. G. Rossetti.

Love Triumphant through Sacrifice.—One of the most popular subjects of classic art is “ The Award of Paris.” The pictures represent the three goddesses awaiting the decision of Paris, who is to give the golden apple to the most beautiful. From this contest, with its fateful award, the Greek poets trace all the ruin and sorrow which fell upon the earth through the hatred of the rejected. It brought upon the Greeks and Trojans a devastating war, and sowed the seeds of jealousy and hatred, both in high Olympus and on earth. In a characteristic painting by Sir E. Burne-Jones, now in the Tate Gallery, entitled “ Venus Concordia,” we see represented once more the three goddesses. In this picture, however, they no longer appear opposing each other with jealousy and hatred ; they are transformed into the Christian graces of Faith, Hope, and Charity ; their arms are intertwined in love and harmony. What has transformed these old jealous deities into those gentle forms ? Here is the answer. On the Throne the artist has painted the Mother, and at her feet the Divine Child, and the three, no longer gazing at *each other's beauty*, have their

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eyes all fixed upon *Him*, and as they look, jealousy and strife pass for ever out of their hearts.

"They looked on Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed."

But that is not all. In the hand of Love, sitting enthroned, there is still an apple. It is not, however, the old apple of Discord. It is *blood-red*. It is the apple of *Sacrifice*. Thus is the old and evil contest solved by Christianity. In giving, not in receiving; in sacrifice, not in selfishness, is true victory gained, bitterness and feud cast out, and humanity united in love and all gentleness.

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; love therefore is the fulfilling of the law."

"Out of suffering comes the serious mind;
Out of salvation the grateful heart;
Out of endurance, fortitude;
Out of deliverance, faith."

Ruskin.

Self-sacrifice.—There is a picture by Martin entitled "Marcus Curtius," which illustrates one of the great acts of sacrifice of ancient Rome. A chasm opened in the Forum, and the City Fathers, consulting the oracle, were informed that it could only be closed by casting in the most precious thing in Rome. Marcus Curtius, a noble Roman, hearing this, mounted his horse, and leapt into the gulf, which, according to the legend, immediately closed, for he gave his life for the good of the country. Even in those pre-Christian days, self-sacrifice was recognised as the noblest of all acts, and he who exhibited it was recognised as the greatest of heroes.

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" If you pay a visit to the Ecole des Beaux Arts, in Paris, you will not fail to be attracted by the bronze Mercury who is drawing a thorn out of his heel. The right arm of the god is wanting, and you may imagine, not alone from the nobleness of the work, but from this defect, that you are looking upon an old Greek statue. This Mercury was the last work of the luckless sculptor Brianto. Although he had gained the Prix de Rome, and his genius was acknowledged as incomparable among his French contemporaries, he was almost always, as far as commissions went, unemployed. A garret served him both as studio, living-room, and bed-room. Here, during the severe winter, he worked at his Mercury, always saving his small quantity of coal for the hours during which his model was sitting to him. He spent the rest of the day without a fire. One night the cold was so bitter that he heaped on his bed all the clothes he possessed. Suddenly he remembered his masterpiece, which he had just finished, and dreading lest the damp clay should be frozen, he stripped himself, and put all his bed-clothing and covering around the figure. When his friend entered to see him next day, the sculptor lay on his bed, frozen to death. His Mercury also, in spite of the artist's sacrifice, was frozen, and the right arm had fallen on the floor. His friends had the Mercury cast in bronze; but they resolved, in memory of the sculptor, that it be cast without the right arm, exactly as it had been found at his death. This is the figure which is now exhibited for the study and inspiration of young French sculptors in the Ecole des Beaux Arts " (*Great Thoughts*).

In heraldic art the pelican is the symbol of self-sacrifice, since in early and mediæval days it was believed that pelicans fed their young with their own blood. This belief arose from the fact that under their bills there is attached a large bag in which they macerate small fish and from it feed their brood. Heralds usually represent this bird with wings "endorsed" and neck "embowed," wounding her breast with her beak. When represented as in her nest,

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feeding her young with her blood, she is said to be "in her piety," Romans using the term "piety" to express filial love. The bird in mediæval art became a mystical symbol of Christ, who is represented as shedding His blood for our redemption.

" Then sayd the Pellycane,
When my byrats be slayne,
With my bloude I them reuyue (revive).
Scrypture doth record,
The same dyd our Lord,
And rose from deth to lyve."
Shelton, "Armoury of Birds."
(See "Creatures in Art," Vivycomb.)

The Mystery of Suffering.—There is a picture in Milan which represents a little cherub trying to feel one of the points of the Crown of Thorns with his finger. A look of wonder is on his cherub face; he has been told that it means agony, but he cannot feel it. It is all to him incomprehensible. There is deep spiritual suggestion here. The cherub cannot understand because he belongs to a different world; he has never been born into that condition in which sin and suffering and sacrifice become terms of awful import. And many, as they look upon the Cross, and as they touch the thorns of Christ's suffering crown, have the same look of wonder upon their faces. They do not understand what it is all about, they cannot feel the poignancy of that awful sacrifice, or the agony of His wounds, and the reason is they belong to a different world, they have never been born into that life in which sin and atonement and suffering become the overwhelming facts. The eyes of their understandings are still unopened, only the spiritual can understand the things of the spirit. What such a man

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has to say, as he puts his finger upon the thorn-point, is not "There is nothing here because I do not feel it," but "There is a Divine anguish here, and alas! I am dead to it. Open mine eyes that I may know."

Suffering.—Nothing great is ever accomplished in this world without suffering. That which costs nothing in its creation is worth nothing. In every profound work that is to last, and prove a blessing to the world, the worker must give of himself, he must be "straitened until it be accomplished." This is the great mysterious law of life. Only by the sacrifice of self, the giving of one's very life-blood, the agony of one's very soul, can any living thing be brought forth. "Art," said Millet once, "is not a diversion. It is a conflict, a complication of wheels in which one is crushed. . . . I do not wish to do away with pain, nor to find a formula that will make me stoical and indifferent. Pain is perhaps the thing that gives artists the strongest power of expression." It is this which Millet looked for also in the great masters. Without pain, and groaning, and giving of one's life-blood he knew there could be no great art.

This also is the very soul of the Christian revelation. The Captain of our Salvation was made "perfect through suffering." Eliminate the Cross and you tear out of Christianity its distinctive message and its mysterious appeal. It is the fact that suffering in some dim way lies at the heart of the world, that regeneration can only come through anguish, that victory can only come through sacrifice, that the Cross gives assent to. It lifts these mysteries into the realm of the Divine and glorifies them.

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"He who did most shall bear most : the strongest shall stand the most weak !

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for ! my Flesh that I seek

In the Godhead !—I seek it and find it ! O Soul ! it shall be

A Face like my face that receives thee, a Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever : a Hand like this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee ! See the Christ stand."

Browning.

"The great mystery of the idea of sacrifice which has been manifested as one united and solemn instinct by all thoughtful races since the wide world became peopled, is founded on the sacred truths . . . that you cannot save men from death but by facing it for them, nor from sin but by resisting it for them. All the true good and glory of this world, not to speak of any that is to come, must be bought with our toil and with our tears."

Ruskin, "The Art of England."

A person of rank having one day shown Poussin a picture painted by himself, Poussin said, "You only want a little poverty, sir, to make you a good painter."

"In pastures green ? Not always : sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
By weary ways, where heavy shadows be.
And by still waters ? No, not always so :
 Oft-times the heavy tempests round me blow,
 And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.
 But when the storm is loudest, and I cry
 Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
 And whispers to my soul, ' Lo, it is I.'
 Above the tempest wild I hear Him say

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Beyond the darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way.
So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there."

Henry H. Barry.

Mental Agony.—Sometimes the hardest suffering one is given to bear is that suffering of the mind which comes through apprehension, through silent and passive waiting for the blow to fall, when the imagination, painfully alert, conjures up a thousand fears and stabs the heart with a thousand daggers. In Leighton's powerful and tragic picture of "Andromache," we have this poignantly expressed. Hector has ridden away and Andromache is left amid the common and undistracting duties of the day. She sits in the centre of a group of women who are variously engaged in domestic work. But the figure is full of gloom, the atmosphere is heavy with apprehension, and each carries within a heart of lead. Easier is it to fight than to remain passively behind. The pain of a wound in high combat is nothing to the dull ache of the heart, sick with fear and longing.

The Angel of Sorrow.—Marie S. Stillman, friend and pupil of Rossetti, and of Greek nationality, has a beautiful picture illustrating Dante's touching line, "Upon a day came sorrow unto me." The poet is sitting reading in his chamber when news of the death of the lady Beatrice is brought to him. On that day, says the great Italian poet, Florence "sat solitary," stunned by the event. Outside the open door is seen a procession of mourners bearing the bier and carrying lighted tapers in their hands, while mourning figures

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stand within the room. Sorrow, however, who has come to Dante, is no gaunt, forbidding form, but is a little shrinking angel, coming forward timidly, holding forth hesitatingly her right hand to the bereaved poet, carrying at the same time a bunch of rue in her left. Hesitating and trembling lest she shall be harshly rebuffed, she yet pleadingly holds up her gentle little face to be kissed, and the poet, though his heart is rent, cannot deny her. He puts his hand gently upon her shoulder and draws her to him, for only when sorrow is thus received does she enrich with blessing.

" A blue-bird built her nest
Here in my breast.
O bird of light ! Whence comest thou ?
Said he, ' From God above,
My name is Love.'

" A mate he brought one day
Of plumage grey.
O bird of night ! Why comest thou ?
Said she : ' Seek no relief,
My name is Grief.' "

L. Alma Tadema.

The Altered Outlook.—There is a pathetic picture by Byam Shaw entitled " The Boer War, 1900," which represents a woman clad in black standing by a pool where water-lilies grow, all the bank around being garlanded with grass and summer flowers. Her eyes are sad, her face pensive, and beneath are written these suggestive words :—

" Last summer green things were greener,
Brambles fewer, the sky bluer."

Sorrow and loss have changed for her the summer's hue and the enchantment of the world. And this

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reminds us that what we see, and how we look, depends upon the heart within. If sorrow casts a shadow over all we look upon, it opens up to us also realms which before we never perceived. The mother who has lost an only child becomes the mother of all the orphan children of the world. Even an undertaker's window, revolting as it is with its pattern coffin, its artificial wreaths and its stock prices, has to the bereaved eye a sanctity which lifts it out of the vulgar and places it amid the dim and awful symbols of the world. The worker who has once been born into the anguish and tragedy of the starving poor can never again look at the rags upon a child's back without an ache which lifts him into communion with the suffering heart of God, and with all the woe and mystery of the Cross. This thought is imagined with a noble tenderness by Tennyson in his poem entitled "Demeter and Persephone." When Demeter loses her daughter she becomes in spirit the consoler of all the bereaved mothers and orphaned children of the world. She gives her "breast to wailing infants in the night."

Sacrifice.—The two most popular works of the sculptor's art which have come down to us from the ancients both deal with aspects of suffering and sacrifice.

The first is the statue known as the "Dying Gladiator." This is a work of great realism and pathos. The gladiator is a native of far-distant Gaul, for his neck is encircled by a torque. He has received his death-wound in the arena, and his prostrate body is upheld by one arm, while from his wounded side the life-blood flows. In a moment, one feels the strength of the arm will relax, and the body fall forward with a

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groan. Here is life sacrificed to whet the brutal pleasures of the idle rich. This suffering gladiator dying at the hands of a society dehumanised by its love of pleasure is not only an illustration of the cruelty of ancient Rome; he represents, as he lies there, the victim of our modern corrupt social system. His brother is found now, not in the arena, but in the slum, in the weary toiler who is wounded by oppression, whose life-blood is being sapped to satisfy the insensate greed of his masters, and who is allowed to die in loneliness and despair.

The second represents a sacrifice which is noble but unavailing. This is the famous Laocoon Group, now in the museum of the Vatican in Rome. A Trojan priest, seeing his two sons enveloped in the coils of a serpent, rushes forward to save them, but is himself caught, and with a despairing cry of anguish perishes with them. The suffering is not merely physical, as has been superficially affirmed, but is refined by the pangs of the father who would willingly give himself for his sons. The struggle is worked out with tremendous realism, and is an allegory of man's helpless struggle against sin. It may also be taken to illustrate the helplessness of the ancient faiths (as represented in the Trojan priest) in the presence of sin, represented by the serpent.

The Altar of Sacrifice.—Within the church the central position is occupied by the altar. It stands in the most prominent place, and to this there is attached a great meaning. The altar, or communion table, stands there to remind us that there can be no true worship without sacrifice, and that sacrifice is the central fact of worship, and should be of our

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lives. Our true object then in entering the House of God is not to hear a sermon—the pulpit ought not to occupy the central and dominating position—it is to offer unto God the sacrifices of praise and acceptable worship. “Come into His courts and bring an offering with you” does not refer merely to material things. The chief offering is the offering of ourselves unto God, and without this no other form of offering, however splendid, will make it acceptable unto Him. It will be noticed, also, that our offerings—those which we give for the support of the ministry and of the church—when received, are placed upon the altar. And they are placed there to remind us that they are an acknowledgment that our possessions are His. If one could read the history of each coin given in God’s House, it would be found how many beautiful acts of sacrifice they represent.

. The altar is there, too, to remind us that no life can be lived in the Spirit of Christ which is not sacrificial. “Christ sacrificed Himself for us.” “We must lay down our lives for the brethren.”

CHAPTER III

STEPS IN THE SPIRITUAL WAY

I. CONVICTION OF SIN

The Awakened Conscience.—Holman Hunt has a well-known picture which bears this title and which is full of pathetic suggestion.

A young woman has been led into evil, and her lover and she sit together at the piano. The room is beautifully furnished and she beautifully dressed. Sin has brought its compensations. Opposite them, on the wall, hangs a portrait of a young girl. Thus was she in days of innocence. Her lover and she have been singing "Oft in the still night," and something in the song—some word, some chord—has awakened memories of long ago, recollections of what she was, and a sickening consciousness of what she now is. Torn with remorse and anguish she rises from the seat, her hands clasped, her eyes starting and staring wide, her whole being trembling. Meanwhile her lover, a man with weak and sensual countenance, not seeing her face, goes on unconcernedly with the song, striking the notes on the piano negligently with his left hand while his right is stretched out dramatically towards her. His self-satisfaction and ignorant unconcern are contrasted with her awakened shame and anguish. The Voice, so long forgotten, so long seemingly dead within her, has suddenly awakened, and is speaking, calling her to repentance.

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" When thou turn'st away from ill
Christ is this side of thy hill.
When thy heart says, ' Father, pardon,'
Then the Lord is in thy garden.
When to love is all thy wit,
Christ doth at thy table sit."

Christ Confronting the Sinner.—There is a picture in the National Gallery (No. 9) by Annibale Carracci, the most famous exponent of what is known as the Eclectic School—a school of art which sprang up after the great masters had passed away, and whose method was to choose and imitate the best in each.

The picture is entitled " Domine, quo vadis," and is based upon an interesting tradition connected with St. Peter. According to this tradition Peter was, about the year A.D. 65, imprisoned in Rome, and was about to be put to death. In the prison, however, the faith and courage of the great Apostle failed him, and, his friends aiding him, he escaped the vigilance of his guards and fled from Rome. At a certain spot outside the city's walls, where a church still stands, which was built to celebrate the event, the Apostle met Christ Himself hurrying towards Rome. Recognising his Lord, Peter in amazed accents enquired of Him, " Domine, quo vadis ? " " Lord, whither goest thou ? " " I go to Rome," answered his Master, " once more to suffer crucifixion." Stricken with shame and convicted of betrayal, Peter turned back and laid down his life, receiving the crown of martyrdom.

Compare with this the passage in " John Inglesant," spoken by Malvolti, the murderer of Inglesant's brother :—

" He came down the steps . . . and He came to me. He was not at all like the pictures of the saints ; for He was pale

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and worn and thin, as though the fight was not yet half over—Ah! no—but through this pale and worn look shone infinite power, and undying love and unquenchable resolve. The crowd fell back on every side, but when He came to me He stopped. ‘Ah!’ He said, ‘is it thou? What doest thou here? knowest thou not that thou art mine? Thrice mine—mine centuries ago, when I was hung upon the cross on Calvary for such as thee—mine years ago when thou camest as a little child to the font—mine once again, when, forfeit by every law, thou wast given over to me by one who is a servant and a friend of mine. Surely I will repay.’ As He spoke a trembling ran through the crowd, as if stirred by the breath of His voice. Nature seemed to rally and to grow beneath Him, and heaven to bend down to touch the earth. A healing sense of help and comfort, like the gentle dew, visited the weary heart. A great cry and shout rose from the crowd, and He passed on: but among ten thousand times ten thousand I should know Him, and amid the tumult of a universe I should hear the faintest whisper of His voice.”

“ ‘My Lord, when Thou didst love me, didst Thou know
How weak my efforts were, how few,
Tepid to love, and impotent to do,
Envious to reap, while slack to sow?’
—‘Yes: I knew!’ ”

II. THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

The Call.—One of Millais' freshest and most delightful pictures is termed "The Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh." An adventurer who has sailed and fought in the Spanish Main is recounting his travels and exploits in the West. The animation in his face and his dramatic action show that he is calling into service the powers of a very vivid imagination. His audience is composed of two boys, one of whom is the youthful Raleigh, who has ceased now to listen to the sailor's romance and is gazing down the "vistas of a dream." His heart leaps within him, and his

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youthful fancy conjures up a glowing picture of romance. "He sees El Dorado, and the palaces of the Aztecs and Incas, temples of the Sun where the sun's face burns in gold, hidden treasures, fair Indian captives, and the fountains of eternal youth." The call has come to him; the little old-fashioned toy which, before it came, constituted his world, now lies neglected in the corner. In an hour he has grown into youth, and has put childish things away for ever. The end of it all he does not see—the scaffold and the axe—but if he did they would not appal him. He has heard the call, and he must "go out, not knowing whither he goeth."

It is thus that the call comes to youth to follow the spiritual quest. A chance phrase, a text of Scripture, a "sunset touch," a sudden vision, and it is the sunrise of the soul. He awakes and wipes from his eyes the burden of sleep and dreams, and goes forward in the quest of the spiritual city, "which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

"Abraham went out, not knowing whither he went."

The Dawn.—Sir Noel Paton has amongst his many suggestive works an admirably balanced painting entitled "Luther at Erfurt." It shows Luther in his cell sitting absorbed in the Word of God. At his side is a large crucifix with the sand-glass on one side, emblematic of time, and with a skull on the other, emblematic of mortality. He is reading with intense absorption that passage in the Epistle to the Romans which shook the whole framework of his previous belief, and which opened up a new world of liberty. As he reads, and as the darkness is being dispelled within by the words "The just shall live by faith," the

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artist has represented the faint light of the dawn stealing in through the eastern windows—the dawn of the new day and era of the Reformation.

Revelation.—There are moments in history when the pent-up waters, long and silently accumulating, suddenly burst through the bulwarks and barricades and, flooding the land, begin a new era of life and progress. Such crises there are also in the growth of souls, when movements going on almost unconsciously within suddenly burst into life, and henceforth give direction and activity to the whole being. Krummacher, for instance, tells us of a great painter, who standing as a youth for a long time in transport before a picture of Raphael's, felt something burst as it were in his brain. He felt a glow thrill his whole being, and his life-work dawn within him. "I also am an artist," he cried, and with joy set out on the quest of attainment.

Spiritual Awakening.—"I remember standing before Raphael's 'Madonna and Child,' which is the peculiar glory of the Dresden Gallery. A company of tourists, careless in thought and light in speech, entered the room. As the solemn power of that great picture was felt silence sealed every lip and a serious awe fell upon their spirits. The mingled majesty and simplicity of the Holy Child, and the meek simplicity and purity of the Virgin, breathed forth an atmosphere of faith. One of the company, a young girl, whose light laugh and jesting words had been ringing through the corridor, looked up to the picture with wonder and delight. Then a soft haze filled her eyes, and she reverently bowed herself. It was not an act of devotion or

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adoration of the picture. Her New England blood would not allow her to kneel. But she had touched the hem of Christ's garment, and there had flashed upon her the shallowness, and pettiness, and selfishness of the life she was tempted to lead. In the instant low and mean things were smitten within her, and she was healed of her plague."

W. M. Clow.

"There is a day in spring
When under all the earth the secret germs
Begin to stir and glow before they bud.
The wealth and pomp of mid-summer
Lie in the heart of that inglorious hour
Which no man names with blessing though its work
Is blessed by all the world. Such days there are
In the slow story of the growth of souls."

In a picture by Max, the German artist, entitled "The Spirit's Greeting," a young girl is seen seated at the piano, and is suddenly interrupted by the touch of a hand which seems to stretch out from a soft, cloudy mist. Over her face there passes a look of ecstasy. Her hands clasp themselves, while she looks not at the hand, but upward in the swift awakening of her soul.

This same subject is treated by Sant in "The Soul's Awakening." A youth has been reading with earnest heart a manual of devotion. Suddenly some passage in it arrests him. His mind has been groping in darkness; swiftly the scales drop from his eyes, a window opens in his brain, a shaft of spiritual illumination pierces into his soul, and looking up in a transport of joy he has his vision and enters into the Kingdom.

This soul's awakening comes in many ways, but it is

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one of the most assured, as it is one of the most glorious facts of life. In Jack London's novel "Martin Eden" a vivid description is given of how contact with a pure woman opened the hero's soul to the beauty of holiness:—

"No word, nor clue, nor hint of the divine had ever reached him before. He had never believed in the divine. He had always been irreligious, scoffing at the 'sky-pilots' and their immortality of soul. There was no life beyond, he had contended, it was here and now, then darkness everlasting. But what he had seen in her eyes was 'soul,' immortal soul that could never die. No man he had ever known, nor any woman, had given him the message of immortality that she had. . . . Her purity smote him like a blow. It startled him. He had known good or bad, but purity as an attribute of existence he had never known. And now in her he conceived purity to be that superlative of goodness and cleanness, the sum of which constituted eternal life. . . . His mood was essentially religious. He was humble and meek, filled with self-disparagement and amazement. In such frame of mind sinners come to the penitent form. He was convicted of sin."

Browning, with his profound spiritual perceptions, deals with the same truth in many of his poems, but in none so powerfully as in "Pippa Passes." Pippa is only a little silk-winder of Asolo, but in her sunny faith she carries with her a message of salvation. It is New Year's Day, her one holiday of the year.

"To-morrow I must be Pippa who winds silk,
The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk :
But, this one day, I have leave to go
And play out my fancy's fullest games."

So, blithely and merrily she goes along singing in the sunshine her heart's joyous song. In the morning she passes the house on the hill where the guilty lovers Ottima and Sebald are met : next, at noonday, she reaches the house where the sculptor Jules will bring

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his bride : then in the evening she is near the turret on the hill above Asolo, where Luigi and his mother dwell : and last, at night, she passes the Palace where Monsignor, the Bishop, is conferring with his Intendant. Each is face to face, although Pippa does not know it, with a great spiritual crisis, to each has come a moment of destiny. " Ottima and Sebald unrepentant, with a crime behind them ; Jules and Phene, two souls brought strangely face to face by a fate which may prove their salvation or their perdition ; Luigi irresolute, with a purpose to be performed ; Monsignor undecided before a great temptation." (" Introduction to Browning," by Arthur Symonds.)

As Pippa passes singing—

" God's in His heaven—All's right with the world ! "

something awakens in the soul of each, and each is saved. Here is Sebald's answer to the message :—

" That little peasant's voice
Has righted all again. Though I be lost,
I know which is the better, never fear,
Of vice or virtue, purity or lust,
Nature or trick ! I see what I have done
Entirely now : Oh, I am proud to feel
Such torments—let the world take credit thence—
I, having done my deed, pay too its price !
. . . God's in His heaven ! "

As a further illustration of that power of spiritual illumination coming as in a flash to a sinner, and lifting him out of the pit, and setting him in a new relation to God, take the great passage from " The Ring and the Book," in which the Pope refuses to despair even of the infamous criminal, Guido :—

" For the main criminal I have no hope
Except in such a suddenness of fate.

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I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all :
But the night's black was burst through by a blaze—
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
Through her whole length of mountain visible :
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved."

(See also Browning's "Christina.")

Dreams.—One of the most appealing of the Greek myths to poetic and artistic minds has been that connected with the names of Artemis and Endymion. Endymion is a beautiful youth with whom Artemis falls in love. He was given immortality, but was condemned to everlasting sleep. The myth, which is based upon the relation of the moon to the earth, represents Selene visiting him each night with a kiss as he lies upon the Latmian hills.

Watts, in his well-known picture "Artemis and Endymion," has taken this subject so dear to the Greeks, and given it a modern translation and suggestion. The young shepherd is sleeping upon the hills, and a female figure in silvery shining vesture, bending over him in the curved shape of the crescent moon, kisses his lips. The pose of the body of the sleeping youth suggests, not a heavy slumber in which nothing can pierce to the consciousness below, but such a sleep as becomes half conscious and responsive to something noble and divine. Stephen Phillips, in his poem on Endymion,

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has given beautiful expression to this thought which Watts suggests :—

“ Then said Endymion, ‘ After that high kiss,
After that sorrow more supreme than joy
That floating in imagination’s heaven,
How should I live again in earthly field ?
After thy dimness what to me is light ?
After thy kiss I feel I cannot die.
Then suffer me immortally to dream ! ’
‘ So be it then. Dream on, Endymion,’
She answered, ‘ and at deep of midnight, I
Will lean and kiss thee ; thou shalt feel my kiss
In deepest dream ; and I shall hear thy lips
Distinct with the quiet say my name.
And yet, sweet boy, think not that in this dream
Thou shalt not suffer, for my trance shall be
More quivering intense than waking hour.”

The picture, however, is full of deeper suggestions. There comes to us all, drugged by the world, steeped in its dull and heavy confusions, sometimes a touch, a fleeting kiss from the lips as of someone divine. In some still hour there suddenly comes to us a strange sense of some better life touching ours. It is only a touch and it is gone, but into our dull and somnolent spirit there comes a tremor, a swift thrill of something diviner and worthier to be lived for.

The picture, too, illustrates that consciousness of unrest, which comes to the heart of even the most sunken in sin. Dulled by its narcotics, sunk into slavish stupor, lying helpless and inert, even to such there comes a touch—a flash of light breaking into their dulled souls, gleaming for a moment, then vanishing, but sending a quiver through them, a consciousness of better things, things even now longed for but seemingly irrecoverably lost.

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III. DECISION

Yes or No?—Millais has a charming picture entitled "Yes or No?" A young lady is holding her lover's portrait in both hands behind her, and ponders over the answer she must give to the letter which has accompanied it. "Can she give herself to him?" "Can she spend her life, and unite her heart with his?" These are the questions which she is asking. But her attitude is sweet and tender; though hesitating, she is trembling toward consent.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Shakespeare.

The Hour of Crisis.—One of Holman Hunt's earliest pictures deals with a striking event in connection with the long and bloody feud between the Colonna and Orsini families in Rome. Rienzi's young brother had been stabbed in a street brawl, and the artist represents the youth dying in his brother's arms. Lifting his arms up to Heaven, Rienzi cries out in passionate supplication for justice, and vows his life to its cause. "But for that event," says Bulwer Lytton, "the future liberator of Rome might have been but a dreamer, a scholar, a poet—the peaceful rival of Petrarch—a man of thoughts, not deeds. But from that time all his faculties, energies, fancies, genius, became concentrated to a single point; and patriotism, before a vision, leaped into the life and vigour of a passion." Of how many can this be said in their relation to Christ and the spiritual life?

Illustrations from Art

The Responsibility of Choice.—A picture was being exhibited in the provinces, and attracted many visitors. It was a picture of a youth standing irresolute between good and evil. On the one side was an angel with pure and radiant face beckoning the youth upwards, and holding out toward him a crown. On the other side was a woman of intoxicating beauty, clad in a garland of roses, and holding out to the youth the cup of pleasure.

The hour at which the exhibition was to close drew near. All the visitors had gone except one young man, who, oblivious of time, stood before the picture enthralled. The attendant tried various expedients to suggest that the hour for closing had arrived, but without avail. At length he went up and informed him that he must leave, when the young man, awaking as from a dream, cried, "O, don't close yet, *wait and see which will win.*"

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good and evil side :
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right.
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

Lowell.

Evil Choice.—Of all the stories which have come down to us as a legacy from the fascinating minds of the Greeks, none can surpass in its popularity and artistic appeal that which is known as "The Judgment of Paris." The incident gives opportunity for the

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highest artistic treatment, and almost every great artist has felt its appeal. The story is that at the marriage of Thetis and Peleus, the Goddess of Discord threw a golden apple amongst the guests to be given to the most beautiful. Juno, Minerva, and Venus entered for the prize, and at the command of Jupiter Paris, the Trojan shepherd, was ordered to decide the contest. From his choice sprang all the evils and miseries of the Trojan War. For to the subtle minds of the Greeks, these three goddesses represented Power, Wisdom, and Pleasure, and Paris, in choosing pleasure, brought ruin upon himself and sorrow to others. Amongst the innumerable paintings, that of Rubens in the National Gallery may be chosen as a splendid illustration. The Goddess of Discord hovers above, spreading fire and pestilence.

The Two Crowns.—In the Academy of 1900 Frank Dicksee, R.A., had a picture entitled "The Two Crowns." *The Daily News* having invited a plebiscite as to which was the best picture in the Academy of that year, this picture came first, owing, doubtless, as much to its lesson as to its artistic appeal. A mediæval king is riding through the streets of a city, young, ambitious, eager to win fame and renown. Bands of lovely maidens throw roses in front of his charger, and the whole picture is a pageant of colour and of worldly pleasure. But the eye of the king is caught as he rides along by a figure of the Christ hanging upon a cross and wearing the Crown of Thorns. And as he looks trouble comes upon him, a sense of the shallowness of the glory he is receiving compared with the glory of that Crown of Sorrow. Which will he follow?

Illustrations from Art

Moments of Destiny.—There are moments of destiny in every life, when, arrested by some incident, we are brought to the parting of the ways, and are forced to choose which path we shall take—whether to the right hand or the left. In the Academy of 1907 A. C. Lucchesi had a striking piece of sculpture, illustrating a youth called thus to choose, which the artist has called "*Semita Vitæ*."

A youthful figure representing Life looks down on a path which is rocky and uneven. Thorns, symbolical of the seriousness and sorrows of earthly life, are on the one side, and on the other a bauble stands for its follies and frivolities. The attention of the youth is centred on a crucifix which lies across his path—the emblem of sacrifice for others, and the finger-post points to the "strait gate" and the "narrow way." It is the crucial moment, the artist tells us, when a definite path has to be chosen on which life shall run its course.

"Unsolved." Academy Picture, 1903. Tom Mostyn.—A young girl sits leaning upon a couch; the room is lighted only by the flickering light of the fire which shines upon her face. She has been reading, and the open book lies on the couch behind her. What she has read has awakened longings in her. She halts between two opinions, between two worlds—the seen and the unseen, self and sacrifice. Her eyes are full of intense feeling. Can she separate herself? Can she tread alone the upper path? Can she yield all and follow Christ? Still unsolved—but when she arises her destiny will be written.

"The world goes riding it fair and grand
While the Truth is bought and sold!
World voices east! World voices west!
They call thee, Heart, from thine early rest,

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'Come hither, come hither, and be our guest!'

Heart, wilt thou go?

—'No, No!'

Good hearts are calmer so."

E. B. Browning.

IV. REPENTANCE

The Impenitent Heart.—One of Rubens' most magnificent pictures is his illustration of the Emperor Theodosius being refused admission into the church by St. Ambrose. The picture is one of the glories of the Imperial Gallery in Vienna, and reveals all Rubens' mastery of the human form and beauty of colouring. The incident depicted is as follows:—The Emperor Theodosius in the year A.D. 390, after the massacre of some 1,500 of the citizens of Thessalonica, was placed under the ban of the Church. Entering Milan he proceeded to the Cathedral, but was arrested at the portal by the intrepid Bishop Ambrose, who forbade him entrance until he had done public penance for his crime. The Emperor pleaded that, if he had been guilty of homicide, so had King David, the man after God's own heart. St. Ambrose sternly replied, "You have imitated David in his crime, imitate him in his repentance." The picture represents the King quailing before the messenger of righteousness, and illustrates the power of moral indignation, and the necessity of repentance before forgiveness can be gained.

Half-Hearted Repentances.—The true repentance is that according to the Apostle which is not to be repented of. Many of us repent, however, of our repentances, and only half repent.

The Hon. John Collier represents this mood in a

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picture exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1906. A woman leaning over the arm of a sofa holds her clasped hands before her and gazes into the fire. She is alone in the room only lighted by the firelight, and her mind is struggling with itself. She has made her vow, but even now a consciousness of half-heartedness is stealing over her.

" Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore, but was I sober when I swore ?
And then, and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence a pieces tore."

Omar Khayyam.

True Repentance.—Doré, in his " Illustrations of Dante," has a striking picture representing Dante and his companion approaching the entrance gate of Purgatory, where stands a mighty warden-angel with flaming sword in his hand, refusing entrance to all who are unworthy. Leading up to the entrance gate are three steps. These are meant to represent the three elements which the schoolmen declared were necessary to true repentance—the first contrition, the second confession, the third satisfaction. Dante thus describes them :—

" Thither did we draw nigh, and that first stair
Was of white marble, polished so and clean,
It mirrored all my features as they were.
The second darker than dusk perverse was seen,
Of stone all rugged, rough and coarse in grain,
With many a crack, its length and breadth between.
The third, which o'er the others towers amain
Appeared as if of fiery porphyry,
Like blood that gushes crimson from the vein."

In the symbolism of Dante, the first step—contrition—made of polished marble, reveals a man to himself :

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it opens his eyes to his actual condition, tears away his make-believe, and so brings him into that state of self-knowledge which makes repentance possible. The next step, "darker than dusk," and all rugged and coarse and cracked, represents confession, the tearing up of the roots of guilt, the spreading out of the black iniquities before God, the rending and the groaning as one by one they are named and confessed. The third step—made of fiery porphyry, like blood, is satisfaction, the offering up of self as a sacrifice and oblation, the receiving of the atonement, the cleansing of the soul through the blood of Christ. Only when the three are present can there be repentance.

The Contrite Heart.—One of the most touching and beautiful passages in the "Idylls of the King" is that in which Tennyson deals with the repentance of Guinevere after she has fled to the holy house at Almesbury, and a modern artist has with skill and insight helped us to interpret the scene.

At first, though overwhelmed by shame of discovery, the queen's heart remains impenitent; she asks:

" ' For what is true repentance but in thought—
Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us;
And I have sworn never to see him more,
To see him more.' "

How subtly she deceives herself by merely defining what repentance is, Tennyson goes on to show:—

" And ev'n in saying this,
Her memory from old habit of the mind
Went slipping back upon the golden days
In which she saw him first, when Launcelot came
Reputed the best knight and goodliest man."

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So in dwelling upon the past "she grew half guilty in her thoughts again."

Then came the king, and in that sad and lonely farewell she saw his nobleness, and the fountains of her love, bursting out afresh, led her to true repentance.

It is at this point that the artist adds his art to make the subject real and convincing. Queen Guinevere is seen seated under an old yew in the garden of Almesbury. The day is declining, and the king has ridden away, having bidden her his last farewell. Torn and racked with agony, and with that inner struggle in which, seeing her sin, she is called either to renounce it in heart-broken penitence, or harden her heart against it in wilful pride, her better nature gains the victory. Tears are in her eyes, but already that victory which self-conquest brings is beginning to shine in her face, which in the years to come will bring a new nobleness upon it. The little novice who has so unwittingly prattled in her ear, and pained her by her prattle, looks up with an awed and startled look, while the holy nuns draw themselves around her, weeping in their deep sympathy.

"Then glancing up beheld the holy nuns
All round her, weeping : and her heart was loosed
Within her, and she wept with these, and said : . . .
'So let me . . . lie before your shrines :
Do each low office of your holy house :
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole
To poor sick people, richer in His eyes
Who ransomed us, and haler too than I :
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own :
And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King."

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V. CONFESSION

The Ordeal of Confession.—In the Salon of 1883, there appeared a picture by Bastien Lepage which aroused intense interest through its delicacy and appeal. It was called "Love in the Village."

A girl has been busy hanging up her washing on the paling, and a neighbour's son has run down with a flower in his hand. She has taken the flower, but in their confusion they have suddenly turned their backs upon each other without speaking a word. They love each other, and wish it to be known, but they find confession hard. They do not know how to break down their reserve, how to put what they feel into words, and so the young lad works nervously with his hands, while the girl is covered with confusion.

Many there are who in the spiritual life find it hard to break through their reserve, and openly confess Christ before their companions and associates. They are silent when they ought to speak, and weak when they ought to be strong.

Confessing Christ.—Mediæval art, as well as that of the Renaissance, delights in representing martyrs as the ideal type of those who confessed Christ. Amongst these the most popular were St. Sebastian, who is seen with "many an arrow deep infixed"; St. Catherine of Alexandria, represented always with a wheel, upon which the Emperor Maximinian commanded her to be broken; and frequently also St. Peter Martyr, a General of the Dominicans, and an arch-persecutor of supposed heretics. Many others of less note appear in the works of the old masters. The following lines remind us, however, that there are other ways, and

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sometimes even more severe, by which our loyalty to Christ may be tested. :—

- " So he died for his faith ! That is fine :
More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line,
That he lived for it, too ?
- " In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past,
From the days of his youth ?
- " It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim,
From bravado, or passion, or pride.
Was it harder for him ?
- " But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt,
And the world with contempt.
- " Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside ?
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived :
Never mind how he died."

Ernest Crosby.

The Sealed Lips.—T. Faed' has a picture entitled " She never told her Love," the motive of which may suggest a wider and a spiritual application. By the side of a hill at sundown sits a young woman with a forlorn look upon her face. Her lover is gone ; he had waited for a word from her, but the word was never spoken, the confession was never made. And now the day, which might have been blessed to them both, is ending, he has passed on his way, and the hour of opportunity is gone. " She never told her love ! " Over how many fruitless lives might that sentence not be written ! The hour came and the opportunity, when a brave confession would have meant so much. But

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the lips were sealed, the tongue was silent, the golden opportunity passed, and night and darkness fell. For not to confess is to deny, and to deny is at last to reject.

In this connection the following incident may be recalled :—A short time ago one of the teachers in a Baltimore Sunday-school, the wife of a prominent physician, died. Before her death her husband asked if there was any unfinished work she wished attended to. It seems she had cut a poem on confession from a newspaper at some time ; she desired that twelve copies should be printed, and one given to each of the girls of her class. The following are two of the verses :—

“ If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him—yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life’s evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should kind words ne’er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead ?

.
“ If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear,
Falter for a word of cheer ? ”

The Ministry of Confession.—One of the frequent incidents in the lives of the saints is their power to make their words fix themselves in the hearts of the flippant and careless, so that gaining possession of the mind they lead them to embrace the spiritual life. Sir E. Burne-Jones has a picture entitled “ Theophilus and the Angel,” which may be used to illustrate how words spoken in faith and love are used by the Spirit

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of God to convince and convert. The picture is founded upon a legend connected with the martyrdom of St. Dorothea, which is as follows:—"As Dorothea was passing from her judges to the place of execution, Theophilus, the protonotary, asked her why she would throw away the joys of this life for one of which no man was certain ; and she answered that she would that day be with her bridegroom in the garden of Paradise. He bade her jestingly (as it was February then, and snow lay on the ground) to send him some of the fruits and roses of that same garden. But after her death, as he was returning to the Courts of Law, there met him on the threshold, an angel bearing a basket of flowers and fruit, who saying, 'My sister Dorothea sends these to thee from the place where she now is,' vanished. The effect of this upon the mind of Theophilus was so profound that he attached himself, at last, to the Christian faith, and in it he died."

The modern explanation of this incident would be that the martyr's words so impressed him that, in his agitation, his imagination created an objective picture so intense that he mistook it for reality. And as such the influence of intense belief, and its intense expression conveys even to the flippant mind a conscious impression ; it writes itself, as it were, upon the tablets of the mind, with a vividness which cannot be blotted out. This seems to have been the idea in the mind of the artist.

In the picture we see the Court of Execution, in the background is seen the Consul leaving the Court, followed by the spectators, and the executioner standing near the block ; on the right the body of the saint is being borne away by attendants, and on the left,

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Theophilus, whilst leaving the Court and looking back at the dead body, is met at the doorway by the angel with a basket of flowers.

The biographies of Christians show how frequently words confessing Christ, spoken with intense earnestness and conviction, result in the conversion of those to whom they are spoken, overcoming even the most implacable prejudices and hatred.

In the following lines, also, we have suggested how confession ennobles :—

“ ‘Thine the fault, not mine,’ I cried,
 Brooding bitterly,
And Fate looked grim, and once again
 Closed in and grappled me.

“ ‘Mine, not thine the fault,’ I said,
 Discerning verity.
And Fate arose and clasped my hand
 And made a man of me.”

H. S. Symmes.

VI. RENUNCIATION

Gain through Loss.—Of all those who have gained the world's prizes, how few there are who have had the greatness to renounce them! Gallait, a Belgian painter, introduces us in his “Abdication of Charles V.,” to one of these solitary but great acts of history, and through his art makes us spectators of the scene. In the gorgeous hall of the king's palace there are gathered the nobility and grandees of Spain. Here is the world in its joys and splendour, and the king, whose power and wealth are supreme in Europe, is the apex of it all. Everything that the world can offer is his, he has tasted it all, and now he relinquishes it. The artist represents him in the act of his renunciation. The gay throng of

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courtiers look on with a sense of awe and wonderment, even the shallowest among them cannot escape a consciousness of the greatness of the act, or of the startling lesson it implies. As he lays aside his crown and sceptre, their own jewels seem to tarnish and become tawdry. The greatness of the act, and the struggle which it has entailed, are further suggested by the artist in his treatment of Charles himself. He is represented as descending from the throne, but not with swift or easy footsteps ; he totters and falters on the steps, as if even at the last moment the act threatened to be too much for him, and he is only sustained by lifting up his tired and sunken eyes to Heaven, and seeking help from above.

The scorn with which every great spiritual act is met by the world, is represented by his son Philip, who waits impatiently his father's descent from the throne to ascend into it. But the face of the son has no softness in it, no filial love or pity ; he secretly mocks while he willingly accepts.

The picture is thus a great lesson in Renunciation—how hard it is to lay down the crown, how little encouragement we get from the worldly onlooker, who neither sympathises nor understands, but how great also is the reward in spiritual enrichment and nobleness !

“ He who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king :
Which every wise and virtuous man attains :
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule—
Subject himself to anarchy within.”

Milton.

A great Act.—One of the most remarkable illustrations of renunciation is found in the life of Ribera,

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the Spanish painter, known by the name of Spagnolito. Of humble birth, he struggled to maintain himself amidst the most desperate circumstances, animated by a love of his art, and a high conception of his calling as artist. Without friends, and at times almost without food or raiment, he persisted in his course with a stubborn perseverance which nothing could divert from its object. One day a cardinal passing in his coach saw a tattered figure busily painting a sign-board. Being struck with the cleverness of the execution, and also having his sympathies as well as interest awakened by the pathetic appearance of the artist, he gave him a place in his palace, and at his table. Thus domiciled, the youthful artist lived in ease and affluence, and very soon what hardship, and suffering, and poverty could not do, pleasure and success accomplished. Ribera became a slave to enjoyments which weakened his character, and threatened to ruin his genius and all his best interests in life. One day, realising the road he was travelling, and the ruin and sorrow which lay before him, he determined on a great act of renunciation. With one noble effort he burst the shackles of temptation, left the palace of the cardinal for ever and, once more accepting poverty and suffering, regained his self-respect, his skill, and his dignity of soul. He had now all his former miseries to endure, aggravated as these were by the memory of previous delights, by poignant contrasts, and by weak-hearted inclination to return. Leaving Rome, having to pledge his coat to gain some provision for the way, he went to Naples. At length after long years of struggle and neglect, his genius became known and fame knocked at his doors. His renunciation had not been in vain. Even though no

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recognition had attended him, he had sufficient recompense in his own self-respect and consciousness of self-conquest.

" Self-Reverence, Self-Knowledge, Self-Control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power . . .
And, because Right is right, to follow Right
Were wisdom—in the scorn of consequence."

Tennyson.

VII. CONSECRATION

Consecration of Common Life.—Some of the most beautiful and most highly ornamented of Venetian palaces are made of common brick, the brick itself made out of the commonest clay. "The best thoughts of their architects," says Ruskin, "are expressed in brick. Shaped by their hands, and set in their palaces, they are no longer common, but become a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

Transforming the Commonplace.—The first change wrought by Christianity upon architecture was the transference of the basilica into the Christian church. The basilica was the gathering place of the Romans; here they transacted their business, here they held their tribunals, and engaged themselves in the ordinary duties of life, and it was the basilica which the early Christians consecrated to the service of God. The act is full of suggestion. It recalls us to the supreme fact that religion does not lie separate from the ordinary duties of life, but is here to consecrate them, and to teach us how we may use them in the service and worship of God. It teaches us also that Christianity has come into the world not to destroy, but to fulfil.

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A Consecrated Life.—The name of Lord Shaftesbury is enshrined in the annals of those great ones who spend themselves for others, and who live lives of devotion and sacrifice. To these great ends Lord Shaftesbury, when a youth at Harrow, consecrated himself on seeing a pauper's funeral, and the indecency and neglect with which it was conducted. There may now be seen on the wall the following inscription :—

Lous. " Near this spot *Servs.*

Anthony Ashley Cooper

afterwards 7th Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.,

while yet a boy in Harrow School, saw with shame and indignation the pauper's funeral, which helped to awaken his lifelong devotion to the service of the poor and the oppressed."

The Sacred in the Secular.—In the Louvre, in Paris, there is a famous painting by Murillo. It is entitled "The Miracle of San Diego." A door opens, and two noblemen and a priest enter a kitchen. They are amazed to find that all the kitchen-maids are angels. One is handling a water-pot, another a joint of meat, a third a basket of vegetables, a fourth is tending the fire. The message of the picture is that no labour is common unless we make it so. Jesus Christ Himself toiled in a workshop, making ploughs and windows. The second lesson is that by patient toil and acceptance of our lot, we develop the qualities which are celestial. Not merely in church or on our knees do we prepare ourselves for the larger life, but by taking up life's common tasks and walking truly amongst them. John Newton once said, "If two angels were sent down from heaven, one to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street, they would feel no inclination to change employments."

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Emulation.—In the Academy of 1907, there appeared a painting by L. Campbell Taylor, entitled "The Young Knight."

The scene represented the interior of a cathedral, where a youth clad in mail had received the consecration of the Church on his attaining knighthood. The benediction has been pronounced, and the young knight, clad in armour, walks down the long aisle alone, the monks lining the walls on either side. Half-way down, the young knight is arrested. On a marble base there reclines an effigy of one of his ancestors, a knight without fear and without reproach. As he gazes upon the statue, a rush of noble pride enters the young knight's heart. He will be true to his pledge; the glorious company of the brave who have passed away urge him to noble sacrifice and knightly honour. He will be worthy of his past, he vows.

"Some souls have soared—
And all may do, what has by man been done."

Young.

Strength out of Weakness.—The most striking symbol in Venice is the Winged Lion, with the Gospel in its paw. It meets you everywhere in that queen of cities which rears itself out of the waters of the Adriatic. On the apex of St. Mark's Church, on the entrance gate of the Ducal Palace, on the capital of the column in the Piazzetta, on the silken banners of the old Republic, the Winged Lion appears. And it is fitting that it should be so, for this is the emblem of St. Mark, the patron-saint of Venice, in whose honour the Cathedral—that matchless gem of Byzantine art—was built. But of all emblems surely the lion—the bravest of the beasts of the field—is the least fitting for

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St. Mark. Was it not he who through cowardice turned aside, and fainted by the way, forsaking the great Apostle in his first missionary journey, and in the hour of his deepest need? Was it not St. Mark whom Chrysostom held up to high scorn, calling him *κολοβὸ-δάκτυλος*—maimed finger, the scornful epithet applied to those who maimed themselves in order to escape military service? All of which is true; but it has to be remembered that at the last St. Mark "witnessed a good confession," he conquered his hereditary weakness, and is a noble illustration of those who "out of weakness were made strong." And this is the highest form of valour. Some are brave because they lack imagination and the consciousness of fear, but the bravest of all are those who conquer terror, and who die trembling but undaunted, facing the foe. Such was St. Mark, and fitting is his emblem.

"Once like a broken bow Mark sprang aside :
Till grace recalled him to a worthier course.
To feeble hands and knees increasing force,
Till God was magnified.

"And now, a strong Evangelist, St. Mark
Hath for his sign a lion in its strength,
And thro' the stormy water's breadth and length,
He helps to steer God's Ark."

Confirmation and Consecration.—In the Tate Gallery there is a picture by John Pettie entitled "The Vigil," in which a young knight clad in armour is seen kneeling before an altar with his sword held up before him. This vigil of arms was one of the religious exercises which in the Middle Ages preceded the conferment of knighthood. After certain rites had been observed the candidate was conducted into the chapel, and there

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had to keep his vigil until sunrise, passing the night by "bestowing himself in visions and prayer." This is the moment chosen by the artist. Dawn steals in amongst the silences, and touches with its faint light the dim aisles, but the knight is not conscious of it. His noble but haggard young face is turned still toward the altar, while his eyes have the dreamy look of one who has long meditated on divine and holy things. Helmet and armour are laid upon the raised-up step leading to the altar, but his sword is held up before him in consecration, and its hilt makes the form of the Cross. In this spirit he desires to live his life, and to consecrate his knighthood, to hold the Cross before him, as he is now doing, to follow where it leads, and to bear what it demands.

"Who is willing to consecrate himself this day to His service?"

"We need Thee more than tongue can speak,
'Mid foes that well might cast us down :
But thousands, once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight and won the crown :
We ask the help that bore them through,
We trust the Faithful and the True !"

Bright.

Consecration and Desecration.—In his picture entitled "The Sabbath Day," E. Nicol, A.R.A., suggests to the present generation a much-needed lesson. Down the wild mountain-side there trudges a fine old Scots-woman, carrying with one hand an old gingham umbrella which is shielding her from the lashing rain, while with the other she clasps her well-read and deeply-loved Bible close to her side. Across the heather and the flood she trudges to the House of God, dauntless of wind and weather. The road is solitary and long,

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but her fine old face is beautified by the glow of devotion which shines upon it. Hard though her lot may be, there is one day in seven which is glorified to her by her faith, in which she keeps loving tryst with Him in whom she has trusted all her days, and who is her sure foundation. Even now, as she struggles along through the murk and the mist, her heart seems to be singing that grand old Psalm so dear to Scottish hearts :—

“ I joyed when to the House of God,
Go up, they said to me :
Jerusalem, within thy gates
My feet shall standing be.”

Contrast that picture with the well-known work of Begg's "Boulter's Lock on Ascot Sunday." Here on the river, on this Sunday in June, are boats full of a gay and fashionable throng, all intent on pleasure. Near at hand, in some little hamlet, the spires of Christian churches peep above the trees, and their bells on this beautiful Sabbath day ring out their appeal, calling men and women away from the pursuit of worldly things to offer unto God the sacrifices of worship and of prayer. But the day of rest is turned, by this frivolous crowd, into a day of amusement ; they drown the sound of the Sabbath bells by their shouts, and desecrate the sanctity of this hour of worship by their shallow frivolities. That poor old Scotswoman, with her umbrella and her Bible, would only be an object of mirth to this fashionable and pleasure-loving crowd. For, alas ! they know not the things that belong unto their peace !

I. ASPIRATION

“ We have not wings and cannot soar ;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

Divine Dissatisfactions.

says Browning. The great work is done by men who

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have in them a divine dissatisfaction ; who are ever striving for something higher, who have not attained, but who press on toward the mark. The decline of this spirit is the beginning of the end. It is told of Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, that, feeling his freshness of conception decaying, he said to a friend, " My power is on the decline." Asked what he meant, he pointed to a statue of Christ. " That," said he, " is the first piece of work I have ever been satisfied with. Till now my idea has always been far beyond my power to reach it. But it is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again." In the spiritual life there can be no self-satisfaction. " Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

Upward and Onward.—" Forgetting the things that are behind," says Paul, " I press on." " An ingenious artist of our own time," says Hazlitt, in his " Table-talk on the Past and Future," " has been heard to declare, that if ever the Devil got him into his clutches he would set him to copy his own pictures." By doing this, he would encourage a self-complacency and satisfaction with what had already been attained, which would render all further advance impossible.

" Thus," says Hazlitt, " the secure self-complacent retrospect of what is done is nothing, while the anxious, uneasy looking forward to what is to come is everything. We are afraid of dwell on the past, lest it should retard our future progress ; the indulgence of ease is fatal to excellence."

Says Browning :—

" How very hard it is to be
A Christian ! Hard for you and me,
Not the mere task of making real
That duty up to its Ideal—

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Effecting thus complete and whole,
A purpose of the human soul—
For that is always hard to do :—
But hard, I mean, for me and you
To realise it, more or less,
With even the moderate success
Which commonly repays our strife
To carry out the aims of life.
' This aim is greater,' you will say,
' And so more arduous every day.'
—But the importance of their fruits
Still proves to man, in all pursuits,
Proportional encouragement."

Following the Gleam.—One of Sir Frederick Leighton's most beautiful and most poetic pictures is that entitled "The Spirit of the Summit." The Queen of the Summit is seated on the mountain's loftiest peak. Far remote from earth she sits amid the eternal silence and solitude. The snow is at her feet, the stars shine in the sky above. She has reached the highest ; yet she is not satisfied, her eyes are full of yearning after eternal things.

" Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades,
For ever and for ever when I move."

Thus she sits, the symbol of the human soul, which no earthly height can satisfy, the type of the highest human thought which only awakens longings for something higher.

Tennyson, it will be remembered, deals with the same thought in his poem "The Voice and the Peak." All night the voices of the ocean and the waters of the earth cried to the silent peak ; and the poet asks, "Hast thou no voice, O Peak ?" All the voices, it answers, rise and die, and I too shall fall and pass ; and the earth below me feels the desire of the deep and

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falls into it, and is no more. The outward world vanishes away. Then the poet replies: There is another world above the senses which dies not, the world to which man's inmost thought aspires:—

“ The Peak is high and flush'd
At his highest with sunrise fire :
The Peak is high, and the stars are high,
And the thought of a man is higher.
A deep below the deep,
And a height beyond the height !
Our hearing is not hearing
And our seeing is not sight.’

What, then, is one to do, surrounded as he is by material things, torn by two worlds? Here is the great answer:—

“ O Young Mariner,
You from the haven,
Under the sea-cliff,
You that are watching
The gray Magician
With eyes of wonder,
I am Merlin,
And I am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow the Gleam.
.
Not of the sunlight,
Not of moonlight,
Not of the starlight !
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas.
And, ere it vanishes,
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.”

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The Upward Look.—G. F. Watts has given to one of his allegorical pictures the title of "Aspiration," which has been thus described :

"The picture of Aspiration represents a young soldier with large, frank eyes, full of guilelessness, bareheaded except that his long, wavy hair, like that of Absalom, standing out round his brow, forms a bright halo which transfigures his face. He is clothed from head to foot with bright steel armour, and a chain shirt appears beneath his cuirass and breastplate. One hand is touching the hilt of the sword at his side, and the other carries a standard with the flag falling down unfurled from the staff. The earnest, lovable countenance, on which high hopes and generous aspirations are visibly imprinted, as well as the front of the armour, is lit up with the morning light of youthful endeavour."

The picture is full of inspiration as well as illustration. First of all the artist reminds us that "our only greatness is that we aspire." When we cease to look upward our day is over, we are dead as far as our usefulness in the world is concerned, and, like all dead things, we are a menace to health and to progress. Watts himself is the best modern instance of the ennobling power of aspiration. "I am nothing," he says of himself. "The only thing I possess, and I never remember the time I was without it, is an aim toward the highest, the best, and a burning desire to reach it."

The next thing Watts insists upon is that the sustaining power to those who aspire must come from within. The face of the youth glows with the quest of the ideal, his eyes shine with a mystic light ; he aspires to the unattainable, which is the only true goal of aspiration. "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." The third thing Watts declares is that aspiration is not an empty mooning for

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something unreachable, a dreamy phantasy of the soul, it is a fierce prolonged conflict, requiring full armour, and sleepless vigilance. Only by patience and perseverance, both words implying suffering, by bitter self-conquest, by endless defeats, does the warrior gain some foothold in the high hills and see the far-flashing vision of the city which hath foundations.

"Life is too short to waste
In critic's jeer and cynic's bark,
Quarrel or reprimand.
'Twill soon be dark !
Up ! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark."

Ideals.—Michael Angelo, it is said, hewed the marble oft-times without a model, as one who was setting free a figure imprisoned in a block, unseen to others, but clear to the artist's eye.

"The image," says Westcott, "is a just representation of the work of life. Our work in life is to set free from manifold encumbrances that which is present about us, good, true, and lovely. But we must see first the ideal which we desire to bring to view, and the vigour of action depends upon the clearness of our sight. Such clearness comes through self-discipline."

"My God,
What might I not have made of Thy fair world
Had I but loved Thy highest creature here ?
It was my duty to have loved the Highest—
It surely was my profit—had I known ;
It would have been my pleasure—had I seen ! "

Tennyson.

The Craving for the Ideal.—A picture with this title, painted by Frank Dicksee, R.A., appeared in the Academy of 1905. It seeks to represent that craving for

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the ideal which, though unattained, leads men upward to the heights in heroic aspiration. A youth has left the smiling and opulent valleys and set out upon the quest. He has climbed almost to the highest heights of the rocky steep, but yet he has not attained. For the beautiful figure which has enticed him upwards has now passed into the radiant clouds, while he with one knee upon the rock stretches out both hands in passionate desire to reach and possess. The picture, however, does not teach the impossibility of attainment, but that struggle here is to be continued hereafter, and attainment reached. "The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky," is not lost, but sublimated.

Tennyson has treated the same idea in his poem "The Voyage."

"For one fair Vision ever fled
Down the waste waters day and night.
And still we followed where she led,
In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen,
And fixt upon the far sea-line :
And each man murmur'd, ' O my Queen,
I follow till I make thee mine.' "

Consecration of Ideals.—Dannecker, the German sculptor, devoted eight years of his life to a marble statue of Christ. It is said that at the end of two years, having completed the work, he called a child into his studio, and pointing to the statue, asked, "Who is that?" She answered, "A great man." Bitterly disappointed, the sculptor decided to try again, and after several years' intense labour his statue was once more completed. Again he called a child into his studio, pointing to the statue, and asking the same

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question. After a short silence the child whispered in a voice full of awe, "It is He who said 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,'" and at last the sculptor was satisfied. But his earnest struggle after a true representation of Christ did not end there. It drew him to Christ himself. He realised that to express Christ he must possess Him, and that all his best inspiration came not from the study of classic models, but from the consciousness of Christ dwelling in his own heart.

Some time afterwards, when his rising fame began to draw the attention of the public to him, Napoleon saw his work, and so greatly admired it that he ordered him to make a statue of Venus for the Louvre. The artist refused on the ground that it would be sacrilege for a man who has seen Christ to enter sympathetically into the carving of a pagan goddess. "My art," he said, "is henceforth a consecrated thing."

Loss of Ideals.—That degeneration which follows the loss of ideals is nowhere more apparent than in art. Amongst the many illustrations which may be given, that of Edouard Frère may be taken as an example. He was in early days discovered by Ruskin, who compared his colour with Rembrandt's, affirmed of him that he "painted with his soul," and combined the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, and the holiness of Angelico. In those early days his work was full of simplicity and sincerity, then its qualities began to fade, and although they still show talent, the "soul" has departed from them. Instead of sincerity we have affectation, a "wallowing in the pathetic," and an appeal for popular appreciation through the adoption of a shallow sentimentalism. What produced this degeneracy in his art? The answer is that for

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twenty years he sold himself to a Brussels dealer. He put wealth, popularity, success before his art ; he made the world his god. It rewarded him with such gifts as the world can give, but wrote upon his pictures the shame of his life.

Jerome K. Jerome has a story of a man " who lost his own self ; who saw himself slowly die, and knew that he was dead for ever." The story is as follows :—

" Once upon a time there lived a poor boy. He had little in common with other children. He loved to wander by himself, to think and dream all day. . . . Ever amid the babel of the swarming street, would he hear strong, silent voices, speaking to him as he walked, telling him of the work he would one day have entrusted to his hands—work for God such as is given to only the very few to do, work for the helping of God's children in the world, for the making of them stronger and truer and higher—and he would raise his boyish hands to Heaven and pray that he might ever prove worthy of the trust. . . .

" And so the years passed, and he became a man, and his labour lay ready to his hand.

" And then a foul demon came and tempted him—the demon that has killed many a man before, that will kill many a great man yet—the demon of worldly success. And the demon whispered evil words in his ear, and—God forgive him!—he listened.

" Of what good to *you*, think you, will it be, your writing mighty truths, and noble thoughts ? What will the world pay for *them* ? What has ever been the reward of the earth's greatest teachers and poets—the men who have given their lives to the best service of mankind—but neglect, scorn, and poverty ? . . . Work for the world, and the world will pay you promptly ; the wages the gods give are long delayed."

" And the demon prevailed over him, and he fell !

" And, instead of being the servant of God, he became the slave of man. And he wrote for the multitude what they wanted to hear, and the multitude applauded and flung money at him, and as he would stoop to pick it up, he would grin and

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touch his cap, and tell them how generous and noble they were. . . .

"Thus he became rich, and famous, and great ; and had fine clothes to wear and rich foods to eat, as the demon had promised him, and servants to wait on him, and horses, and carriages to ride in ; and he would have been happy—as happy as such things can make a man—only that at the bottom of his desk there lay (and he had never had the courage to destroy them) a little pile of faded manuscripts written in a boyish hand, that would speak to him of a poor lad who had once paced the city's feet-worn stones, dreaming of no other greatness than that of being one of God's messengers to men, and who had died, and had been buried for all eternity, long years ago."

This story is steeped in the brine of tears. Many, many, alas ! can say, " I have heard the voice of God calling me, but I followed the world, *and now I am what I am.*"

Visions.—A recent writer has thus explained visions and visionaries :—

" Visions are produced by rays of light reflected from the several points of objects, received in at the pupil, refracted and collected in their passage through the coats and humours to the retina or the choroides, and thus striking, or making an impression on so many points of one of these membranes : which impression is conveyed to the optic nerve, and thence to the brain."

This is characteristic of much of the cynical unbelief of the present day, which dismisses those visions which flood the realm of the unseen with spiritual illumination by referring them to physical disorders. Jacob at Bethel was suffering from a brain-storm consequent on his leaving home for the first time, which was aggravated by the terrors of the night. Paul was an epileptic : the sinner convicted of sin is a

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sufferer from some obscure nervous disorder, and instead of seeking forgiveness in agony of soul would do better to consult a nerve specialist! What is the answer to all this folly? This: Epilepsy does not account for a *changed life*.

" Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the midnight hours
Weeping and waiting for the morrow—
He knew you not, you Heavenly Powers."

Goethe.

II. PRAYER

Women at Prayer.—Alphonse Legros has a picture in the Tate Gallery, "Women at Prayer," in which he subtly suggests how widely different an exercise prayer may be at different times and under different conditions. Here in this grey and subdued picture he shows how the inner character displays itself. In the faces of the women praying we see ecstasy, awe, anguish, doubt, weariness, formality. In any ordinary congregation during prayer these may be seen with equal vividness.

The Habit of Prayer.—Lord Shaftesbury wore to the last day of his life a watch given to him by his nurse, who, when he was a child, taught him to pray. "This was given to me by the best friend I ever had in the world," he proudly said. What that single woman did for the world, though occupying but an unimportant position in it, simply by teaching the child under her charge to pray, it is impossible to estimate. If parents who occupy spheres where their duties hinder them from offering any other service to God only taught their children to pray, and led them in the pursuit of holiness, they would do that which would best promote the Kingdom of God in the world.

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"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit
can meet,
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and
feet."

Tennyson.

The Rewards of Intercession.—One of Millais' most powerful pictures is that in the Manchester Art Gallery, entitled "Victory, O Lord." It represents the incident related in Exodus xvii. 10, 11, 12, of Moses sitting on the top of the hill, while Joshua is leading the Israelites against the Amalekites on the plains below. Moses, the great law-giver, is represented seated upon a stone, his body bent with age and weariness. Aaron and Hur stand on either side of him supporting his upraised arms, since as long as these were held up Israel prevailed. The faces of the two supporters are ablaze with zeal. They watch the conflict below, and can hardly remain passive through agitation. Yet there they remain holding up the arms of the aged leader. The whole picture is a lesson in the power of prayer, and how prayer sustains the weak and gives victory to the struggling. We may not be able to fight, but we can support those who do by prayer.

Transfiguring Power of Prayer.—In Henry James' story entitled "Roderick Hudson," the hero is an artist who has wandered to Rome, and there sunk into a life of sloth and selfish indulgence. But through all his vicissitudes, his mother, in the old home, has ceaselessly interceded for him at the Throne of Grace. In these moments of prayer when remembering her son she poured out her heart's request, her face became illumined and purified, and gradually took on a calmness and refined spiritual beauty. At

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last she crossed the ocean in search of her son, and they met in the City of the Seven Hills. The artist son, looking at his mother in surprise, said, "What has happened to your face, mother, it has changed its expression?" "Your mother has prayed a good deal," she replied simply. "Well, it makes a good face," the artist replied. "It puts fine lines into it."

"Oft converse with heavenly inhabitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind."

The Hearing Ear.—In the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral there is what is known as the "Whispering Gallery." Through the peculiar construction of the dome a whisper by a person at one side travels round and can be distinctly heard by another person standing at the other. An even more remarkable whispering gallery is that known as the "Ear of Dionysius" at Syracuse in Sicily. This is a vast cave, which externally bears a resemblance to a human ear. Entering by a low doorway, the visitor finds himself in a huge cavern. High up, concealed in the roof, is a chamber, which can only be entered by a concealed path at the top. The faintest whisper uttered below is distinctly heard by those concealed above. In this chamber the tyrant Dionysius was wont to sit listening to his slaves working or to his captives imprisoned below. All their plots against him were thus, to them, mysteriously discovered and circumvented. From this historical fact the cave has received the name of the "Ear of Dionysius."

According to the Apostle the whole world is a whispering gallery. "Your conversation," he says, "is in Heaven." Up the steep walls the faintest whisper

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travels, and is heard by the All-hearing ear of the Father in Heaven. And while the evil words travel upward, the bitter accusations and the querulous complaints, let it be remembered that the sob and the sigh of the bereaved heart, and the anguished, inarticulate cry of the penitent spirit are also heard in Heaven.

Childhood's Prayers.—One of the most popular of paintings is Reynolds' "The Infant Samuel," and its popularity lies not in its artistic effect so much as its suggestiveness of the most beautiful act of childhood. "I wish," says Hannah Moore to her sister after seeing it, "you could see a picture Sir Joshua has just finished of the prophet Samuel on his being called. The gaze of young astonishment was never so beautifully expressed." "We are hushed," says Smetham, "before the infant Samuel, who yet is only a modern child, 'called of the Lord,' sacred enough as such." It has been claimed that Reynolds created childhood in art, and that this is the one religious type in art which England has given to the world.

/ In the exhibition of French pictures in London in 1857 there was exhibited a beautiful and simple study of "Prayer," by Frère. It represented the interior of a cottage, and a little child kneeling reverently at her mother's knee, offering up to God her simple petitions for protection. It was thus described by Ruskin:—

"It needs no telling, surely it will speak for itself—the little bare feet, kept from the stone-cold by the night-gown which the mother has folded for them, bared of their rough grey stockings because as surely in God's presence as if the poor cottage floor were the rock of Sinai: the close cap over the sweet, pointed, playful, waving hair, which the field-winds have troubled and tossed as they do the long meadow-grass in May,

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and yet have not unsmoothed one wave of its silken balm, nor vexed with rude entangling one fair thread of all that her God numbers day by day : the dear, bowed, patient face, and hands folded, and the mother's love that clasps them close in a solemn awe, lest they should part or move before her Father's blessing had been given in fulness. Carry its message with you."

The Unending Prayer.—There is a tender and appealing picture in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, by Nicolas Maes, to which he has attached the beautiful title, "The Unending Prayer."

The picture shows a house interior with that clearness and fidelity in detail which are so characteristic of the Dutch School. At a table in the lonely room sits an elderly woman in a black dress with red sleeves, and before her is spread her frugal meal. Her eyes are closed and her hands are piously folded. She is asking God to bless to her the food He has provided, and to give her a grateful heart—that homely prayer which is never-ending, and which is offered up by pious lips the world over. The honest expression on the woman's face is finely drawn ; she has seen hard work, and, as the character of her room suggests, but little recompense ; her fine old face is wrinkled by care and the world's sorrows, yet through them all her simple faith has carried her until now, and will to the end. Those hands of hers, too, so humbly folded, so old and nerveless that one can almost see the rheumatism shooting through them, are full of an infinite pathos and appeal. Day by day, ungrudgingly they have performed their allotted task, have been unerring in duty and humble in service, and trustful in prayer. They are such hands as Christ shall rejoice to clasp in that day when He shall lead all such faithful souls into the presence

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of the Father and seat them amongst the saints in glory.

To the unthankful and complaining a single look at that fine old face and those folded hands would be enough to silence them and put them for ever to shame.

Wrestling in Prayer.—In that interesting and finely conceived picture, "The Night before Naseby," by A. L. Egg, A.R.A., the artist introduces us to the great Protector at a crisis in history. It is the night before Naseby, and the artist shows us Cromwell in his tent. The night has fallen, and the soldiers are asleep in the bivouac, but the General is on his knees in prayer. His face is tense with spiritual agony, he is here veritably "wrestling with God."

Through that long night he besought and entreated God, we are told, that the burden and the responsibility might not be laid upon him, but no answer came to his importunity, and he rose in the morning from the long night's vigil believing that God had laid this duty upon him. Buckling on his shield and sword he went forth calm, unflinching, terrible, and swept his enemies like chaff from the field. It was this that gave Cromwell and his followers their unconquerable strength, which made his troops invincible, which made his name a name of terror to every tyrant and wrong-doer in Europe, and a bulwark of hope and inspiration to all the depressed. Cromwell was what Morley describes as the most powerful combination in human character—a "practical mystic." The men who wrestle in prayer, who wait before God until conviction comes, and who then in the might gained in the secret hours go forth to do battle, are men to be feared by the unrighteous and the evil-doer.

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In this connection it is interesting again to quote Morley. In his "Life of Gladstone" occurs the following passage :—

"Mrs. Gladstone once said to me 'Whoever writes Mr. Gladstone's Life, must remember that he had two sides—one impetuous, impatient, irrestrainable; the other all self-control, able to dismiss all but the great central aim, able to put aside what is weakening and disturbing: that he achieved this self-mastery, and had succeeded in the struggle ever since he was three or four and twenty, first by the natural power of his character, and second by incessant wrestling in prayer—prayer that had been abundantly answered.' "

A Mother's Prayer.—Herbert Schmalz has taken Augustine and his mother Monica as one of his subjects but deals with the great bishop's early days, when as a riotous youth he came near to breaking his mother's heart. The picture represents the dawn breaking in upon Augustine's chamber, an Eastern room with tessellated floor, and open window where the blossoms enter in. On his couch is the youthful Augustine. He has spent the night amidst his wild companions, feasting and dancing, perhaps, in some heathen temple, after visiting the theatre, which St. Cyprian has called "the apotheosis of sin." Still crowned with his garland of crimson roses he has flung himself down upon his couch and fallen asleep. The midnight lamp is still alight, but grows wan now in the breaking of the day. Wan, too, is the face of a woman kneeling in prayer by the couch. She has watched and waited through the midnight hours, and now, after her long and weary vigil, her heart is seeking ease in intercession, while he lies there unconscious, uncaring. She who loves him pours out her soul's request to God. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous person availeth much," and it is

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a message of cheer and comfort to other mothers of such sons to know that Monica's prayers were heard and answered.

" If I were hang'd on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine.

" If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine."

Kipling.

The Angelus.—Millet's " Angelus " has been called the most religious picture painted during the nineteenth century. Its theme is simple enough, but it is the simplicity of truth, and of a great emotion. The evening angelus rings, and a man and woman, as they hear it, cease work, and together bend their heads in prayer. That is all, but the whole picture breathes with an atmosphere so rare, so tremulous with the deep mysteries of nature and of life, that prayer seems the natural action of the onlooker as well.

But the picture not only produces the emotional condition in which prayer is natural, it pierces into the heart of all worthy praying. These two humble folk pray with simple, confiding faith. They pray as children. They drop their work and turn to God with a perfect ease and naturalness, without the slightest incongruity or irreverence. Things hidden to the wise and prudent are revealed to their childlike minds. God is near. God is their Helper. There is nothing in their work which makes them ashamed to pray; there is nothing in their prayers which makes them ashamed to work. How many of us can pray thus? How

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many can turn from the ledger to enter the mystical gates, or from the stress of the streets to tread the silent City of God ?

" The great message of the picture is a message in practical religion. Let work in your life be wedded with prayer, and prayer with work. Beware of both when you cannot pass without uneasiness from the one to the other. No work is so common that it cannot be elevated by prayer, no prayer is so exalted that it cannot be enriched by work. Listen for the angelus in the midst of the day, and when you hear its appealing bell put down the pen, turn for a moment aside, close your eyes, shut out for a time the noises of the world, ask God to bless your work and those who work with you, to keep you in your engrossment in worldly things from forgetting the things that are spiritual and eternal. Unite these two great duties of life work and prayer—for by uniting them you double the blessing of both." See "Sermons in Art," pp. 19-40.

" For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves, and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Tennyson.

III. FAITHFULNESS

Faithful until Death.—Amongst the great characteristics which made the Roman soldier the conqueror of the world, faithfulness to duty, obedience to commands, the sacredness of his oath, occupied a conspicuous place. These great qualities are finely expressed in Sir E. J. Poynter's picture, now in the Walker Art Gallery, entitled "Faithful unto Death." It represents the story of the Pompeian soldier, who during the eruption, while all else were fleeing for safety, stood

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manfully at his post, until the ashen shower buried him. Through the narrow gate can be seen the refugees rushing through the darkness seeking a way of escape. The soldier grasps firmly his spear; in his eyes is the terror of that awful hour; duty struggles against the natural effort of the mind to rush from his post and save himself. But obedience is stronger. He fights his terrors and gains self-conquest. And so alone, but faithful to duty, he perishes, obedient unto death.

Faithfulness in the Least.—The Parthenon, though now a ruin, is still a place of pilgrimage for all lovers of the beautiful. Here is attained that harmony of line and unerring judgment of proportion which make the building a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. When the building is closely examined it is perceived that there has been brought to it, not only genius in conception, but that genius also which comes from taking infinite pains. The unknown workmen who chiselled the marble of Pentelicus, and whose names have never been chronicled, brought to their work, however seemingly commonplace it appeared, a noble faithfulness which would permit of no slovenly execution. The smallest leaf is chiselled with the same conscientious care as the ambrosial locks of Zeus; while the great drums of the columns are so perfect that no cement was needed, and even now fit so exactly that it is difficult to find where they join.

M. Angelo, being chided by an onlooker for spending so much care on the head of a statue, which being designed to occupy a lofty niche, would, according to his critic, "never be seen," answered, "God will see it."

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- " In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part :
For the gods see everywhere.
- " Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen :
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.
- " Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.
- " Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base :
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place."

Longfellow.

Under which Lord ?—Those supreme moments in life when we stand between two attractive forces—duty pulling one way, inclination the other ; or conscience directing us to withstand, and ease or worldly success tempting us to yield—may be illustrated by reference to a well-known picture by E. Long, A.R.A., entitled " Diana or Christ." The scene is the Stadium at Ephesus, the time those early years when to confess Christ meant the most cruel of deaths. Before the Roman magistrate a beautiful young maiden has been dragged, accused of being tainted with this superstition. The court of law is filled with spectators, and here are the lictors, the accusers, the soldiers, and the representatives of Roman law. Beside the magistrate there stands an altar, and dominating it a figure of the goddess Diana. The magistrate has given his decision. Death can only be averted by the accused throwing a handful of incense upon the altar in token

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of belief in the pagan goddess. The maiden's lover stands at her side entreating her. It seems so small a thing to do for love's sake, and for the saving of her very life. The maiden stands in this awful crisis with face averted, but with eyes uplifted to Heaven. There is no doubt what her decision is. For love's sake she will do a great thing. How can she be faithless to her Heavenly Bridegroom? How can she save her life by denying Him who gave Himself for her? This was the spirit which conquered the world. Men at last realised the Divine power in a religion whose votaries could die like this.

The Crown of Martyrdom.—The most terrible time through which the Church of Christ has passed was undoubtedly the fierce persecution of the Christians by Diocletian (A.D. 303). Seventeen thousand persons were said to have been thrown into the Coliseum in the space of thirty days, and the cry "*Christianos ad leones*," "the Christians to the lions," seemed to echo throughout the whole frenzied Empire. Bede says that the persecution reached even to Britain. To realise all that this persecution meant, however, is not an easy task for us who live in such security and whose lives are so immune from danger or persecution. The accounts left by historians horrify us, but they fail to awaken any profound realisation of what such martyrdom meant. To realise this we have to turn to art, and especially to a picture by Gustave Doré, who, though not a great artist, possessed a supremely great imagination. The picture is entitled "Christian Martyrs—Reign of Diocletian." The idea of the picture seems almost an inspiration. The scene is the blood-stained Coliseum after a day of slaughter. The

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time chosen by the artist to place the heart-rending scene before us is perhaps the most appropriate for effect that could well be imagined. Night reigns in all her solemn stillness, the stars are shining with the extreme brilliancy peculiar to an Italian sky. A vast arena is before us, but deserted, except by the dying and the dead. The Emperor and all his vile associates, who have been revelling in the delights of the cruel spectacle during the day, are gone—are sitting now laughing and feasting in their marble palaces ; while the wretched victims, human beings of all ages, are left alone to the beasts of prey, who, with the savage ferocity of their natures, are tearing their mangled bodies in pieces. And yet not alone. He who is ever watchful of them, in whose cause they have laid down their lives, sends His angels to carry their souls into His rest. In the centre of the picture, suspended as it were in mid-air, these heavenly messengers hover, and with such perfect skill and beauty has Doré managed his perspective, that this angelic host appears to extend into immeasurable space. This picture appeals to our tenderest sympathies, while at the same time it is a perfect idealisation of Christian faith, hope, and love.

IV. PERSEVERANCE

The Pre-occupied Heart.—A recent artist has depicted that scene in Tennyson's "Maud" in which, amid the laughter and gaiety of the dance, she stands laughterless and pre-occupied. In vain the music plays, in vain her feet whirl in the dance ; all the appeal of the ball-room, its gaiety, excitement, intoxication, knock at the door of her heart, but cannot enter. She is in the midst of it, but not of it. Why ?

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" There is but one
With whom she has the heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone ?
She is weary of dance and play."

That is it. Her heart has an inmate. It is possessed by another. And so all these other things into which she cannot enter become to her flat, stale and unprofitable. She cannot enjoy them. They make no appeal to a heart absorbed, possessed. So the heart possessed by a Divine love can walk amid the world's allurements and bear a charmed life. But the charm is the love within. It comes from a heart pre-occupied with Christ.

Spiritual Vigilance.—Tissot has a striking picture in his Old Testament Series which suggests a no less striking lesson. He represents the patriarch Abraham standing at the altar, having prepared his sacrifice and offering unto God. But even here he is not permitted to relax effort, or cease in spiritual vigilance. Nay, the need of this is deepened at the very moment of his approach unto God, for as he lays his sacrifice upon the altar the artist represents the vultures and birds of prey whirling around it, hungry and threatening, and Abraham has to battle with these at the very moment of worship. This experience of Abraham's strikes deep into our own. Even in our holiest moments evil thoughts, desires, temptations swoop down and threaten to defile our very petitions. In such hours our vigilance must be increased, that the very sacrifices we lay upon the altar be not rendered unclean.

Submission.—" To produce a perfect chord in music one thing is necessary. The things brought into play

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must be attuned to each other. Unless there is this perfect adjustment when the notes are struck, instead of the faultless chord you will have jarring dissonance, torturing sound." So, before there can be harmonious living and true communion with the Father of our spirits, our wills must be attuned to His, in loving dutifulness and submission.

" Our wills are ours, we know not how :
Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

Walking before God.—Stopford Brooke in his " Life of F. W. Robertson," tells of his entering a shop in Brighton and seeing hanging up on the walls a picture of the great preacher. Entering into conversation with the shopkeeper, he found him one whose life had been deeply influenced by Robertson's preaching and personality. " I keep his portrait hanging there," he said, " and I feel braced and uplifted by realising that *his eye is ever upon me.*"

So the Christian life is lived with the consciousness that God's eye is upon him, not in censoriousness or anger, but in compassionate and helpful love.

" Who mounts on eagle's wings,
Soars to the highest things ;
Who runs and wearies not,
Wins many a prize, I wot ;
Who walks and does not faint,
Is God's most perfect saint."

W. Griffiths.

Spiritual Reinforcements.—R. A. Stothard has a fine picture which illustrates the famous conflict of Christian with Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation. The valley is shrouded in gloom ; bare, precipitous rocks stand like remorseless sentinels on either side ; heavy,

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portentous clouds shroud the heavens, and come rolling up the valley with trailing mist and rain. Christian has been overthrown, but is not yet defeated ; he grasps his sword and thrusts it at Apollyon, who is represented as a hideous scaly being with wings like a bat. Christian holds the sword of the spirit, and is shielded by the helmet of salvation and the breastplate of righteousness. The following is the famous passage from Bunyan :—

“ In the valley of Humiliation poor Christian was hard put to it, for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him ; his name is Apollyon. And Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and a sore combat lasted for about half-a-day, even until Christian was quite spent. Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him gave him a dreadful fall ; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, ‘ I am sure of thee now.’ But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching up his last blow, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, ‘ Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy ; when I fall I shall arise,’ and with that gave him a deadly thrust. Christian, seeing that, made at him again, saying, ‘ Nay, in all things are we more than conquerors through Him that loved us.’ And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon-wings and sped him away that Christian, for a season, saw him no more.”

So in the hour of soul's dark distress there is a way of escape. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Reinforcement comes in the hour of need if we seek it aright.

“ For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave.”

The Rewards of Perseverance.—Marcel Pille has a painting entitled “ Demosthenes practising Oratory.” On a sheltering rock, confronting a wild and tempestuous sea, stands the young Athenian. His face is full

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of intense expression, for the waves rising in angry tumult are to him the sea of white angry faces surrounding the Pyx which he has determined to conquer and subdue. Beginning with great natural obstacles and defects, Demosthenes conquered them all, rose to the highest pinnacle of fame, and remains one of the great masters of the world.

To struggle against natural obstacles and defects which may exist within us, is the call of the Christian. We may not all desire to be orators, but we are all called to be saints, and the condition of success is struggle and perseverance. We, too, like Demosthenes, must face the howling tempest, and let our voices be heard above it. Man advances morally by effort, he gains in mastery only by self-conquest; no height is reached save through conflict. And this very conflict is supremely good. This was Browning's great message to his day and generation:—

“ When the fight begins within himself
A man's worth something. God stoops over his head ;
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
He's left, himself, in the middle : the soul awakes
And grows. Prolong that battle through this life !
Never cease growing till the life to come.”

Spiritual Concentration.—Sir E. J. Poynter, President of the Royal Academy, has as one of his most successful efforts a painting which he has entitled “Atalanta's Race.” The subject of the painting is taken from the “Metamorphoses” of Ovid, and is one which has attracted the attention of poets as well as painters, among the former being Walter Savage Landor and William Morris, who gives it a place in his “Earthly Paradise.”

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The story is as follows :—Atalanta was the daughter of Schoenus of Bœotia, and was famed above all others for her matchless beauty. Being so swift of foot that none could vanquish her, to every suitor for her hand she returned the same answer—that she would be the prize only of him who vanquished her in the race, defeat carrying the penalty of death to the unlucky suitor. Many were the youths who essayed to enter, but none was able to vanquish her. At length there appeared a youth, Hippomenes, who, overcome by her beauty, challenged Atalanta once more to the contest. Conscious that he could not conquer her by fleetness of foot he took with him into the contest, as advised by Venus, three golden apples :—

“ When first she heads thee from the starting-place
Cast down the first one for her eyes to see,
And when she turns aside make on apace.
And if again she heads thee in the race
Spare not the other two to cast aside
If she not long enough behind will bide.”

The race having begun, he carried out the instructions he had received. Feeling her breath upon his shoulder, and knowing that quickly she would be past him, he—

“ From his hand now dropt
A golden apple : she look't down and saw
A glitter on the grass, yet on she ran.
He dropt a second ; now she seemed to stoop :
He dropt a third ; and now she stooped indeed :
Yet, swifter than a wren picks up a grain
Of millet, rais'd her head : it was too late.
Hippomenes had touched the maple goal
With but two fingers, leaning pronely forth.
She stood in mute despair, the prize was won.”

In the picture Poynter has caught that determining moment when, with eyes turned from the goal,

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Atalanta stretches forth her hand not toward the maple crown, but toward the golden temptation. That turning of the eyes brought upon her defeat and shame. And the illustration carries with it the enforcement of the lesson, that the Christian must run with eyes fixed upon the goal, "looking unto Jesus." The enemy will constantly throw before us the apples of temptation. To divert our gaze is to court defeat and shame.

V. ATTAINMENT

The Earthly and the Heavenly.—In his early days, Burne-Jones came under the inspiration of Rossetti. He worshipped him as his ideal, strove earnestly to excel, and to follow in his master's footsteps. At length, with fear and trembling, he took his drawings to Rossetti, who looked at them long and carefully, and at last said, "You have nothing more to learn of me."

But Paul, following his Master throughout his life, was forced to say, "Not as if I had already attained."

"Our only greatness is that we aspire."

Jean Ingelow.

The Goal.—Frith says:—"An artist must see his picture finished in his mind's eye before he begins it, or he will never be an artist at all." A clear conception of what at the end any undertaking will be like is the mark of all wisdom. A true business man in all his investments looks to the end; only the foolish plunger lives for the day. So is it with life—in determining conduct look to the end. John Stuart Mill declares that his life was changed by his suddenly asking himself this question: "Suppose I attain what I am now pursuing, what sort of a man shall I be at the end?" The thought of the end showed him the unworthiness

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of the ambition. To the evil liver the end is death.
To the faithful servant, life.

We may recall here the beautiful lines written by Matthew Arnold on his father, expressing the greatness of the goal in a noble Christian life :—

“ Therefore to thee it was given,
Many to save with thyself :
And at the end of the day,
O faithful shepherd, to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.”

The Unaccomplished.—One of Watts’ profound messages to his age may be read in his picture called “ The Messenger.” A weak and emaciated figure lies back upon a couch, and beside him stands a stately form, bearing in her arms a child. Beside the figure upon the couch are the things he has lived for and pursued—science, art, music, literature, all now found unsatisfying. Death has come, and his task is still uncompleted, the goal has not been reached, the consciousness of failure makes this last earthly hour lonely and bitter. And the message of the little child is two-fold. First it teaches that nothing truly possessed is lost ; it is handed on to the generation that succeeds.

The other lesson is one which is hard to learn, yet which is so profound, so mysteriously and eternally true—that essential truth is only to be discerned by the pure in heart, and by the simple in spirit. Amidst the wise and prudent and learned, Christ is eternally placing a little child, and in His unfathomable wisdom pointing to it and saying, “ The things hidden from you, God reveals unto babes.”

The City of God.—A few years ago a picture by E. A.

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Abbey, entitled "Crusaders sighting Jerusalem," attracted deserved attention. It represented three knights drawing near to the end of their quest. They have come at last within sight of the Holy City, and transported with joy they gaze upon its walls. One knight holds up before him his sword, which makes the form of a cross, the other kneels on the ground, all three are filled with holy awe—too rapt for either speech or prayer. The setting sun is shown filling the air with calm and mystic light, and as it falls upon their upturned faces, it gives to them an almost unearthly radiance. It shines on their armour, too, which has been hacked and hewn by many a conflict. Now all their hardships, all their fears and doubts are forgotten. They are pilgrims of the quest, their feet soon will stand in the Holy Place, then they will unbuckle their armour and lay themselves down in peace to rest.

And what are these but types of those pilgrims who wend their way through the city streets, and miry clay, fighting a hard fight, but ever turning their faces Zionwards, hungering for that city which hath foundations, the eternal city, whose Builder and Maker is God.

"O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect,
O sweet and blessed country,
Which eager hearts expect.
Jesus in mercy bring us,
To that dear land of rest.
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest."

This illustration may be used to express another aspect of the hunger after the spiritual pilgrimage, and the vision of Jerusalem, the Holy City. This can best be expressed in the words of Blake :—

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"Bring me my bow of burning gold :

Bring me my arrows of desire :

Bring me my spear : O clouds unfold !

Bring me my chariot of fire.

"I will not cease from mortal fight,

Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,

Till we have built Jerusalem

In England's green and pleasant land."

The Unattainable.—In the Royal Academy of 1877, there appeared a picture painted by Haynes Williams, entitled "Ars Longa, Vita Brevis," which powerfully expressed that depression which falls upon all who struggle toward perfection. It represents an artist sitting in his chair with an easel before him, upon which is a picture he has been engaged on for many years. He has meant to make it the crowning work of his life, and has put into it all the best he had. And now with age coming upon him he looks at it, and a great despair seizes his heart. It seems so poor, so faulty, so weak an interpretation of the ideal, that he has cast away his palette and brushes in despair. To those who struggle to reach the heights in the spiritual life, such depression comes. When we recall the words of Christ, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," and then look at what we have attained, our hearts melt within us. The artist, however, while expressing that state of depression into which we sink suggests the way of escape. A daughter has picked up the palette and brushes, and is forcing them into her father's hand. Only by effort, only by renewed hope and faith can we conquer.

"If what shone afar so grand

Turn to nothing in thine hand,

On again ; the virtue lies

In the struggle, not the prize."

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The artist, also, has suggested another thought. The child of the ageing artist is seated on the floor busily drawing in a book, his own face lit up with joy, and all oblivious of his father's depression. So the world moves on and moves upward. The artist, musician, saint dies, but each hands on to others his hope and inspiration.

" Short life ebbs fast ;
But still the pathos of the saddened eye
Strains at the art, that shall outlive the life ;
And, painter more than lover, he that soon
Shall pass away and leave the loved-long art
Gazes, with dreamy soul, upon his work."

" Let us go on unto perfection."

" Forgetting the things that are behind."

The Unrealised.—The most pathetic symbol of human life is the broken column which stands over the sleeping places of the dead, and tells of life's unfinished tasks. Few there are who can say with Simeon when life is closing :—

" Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word ; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Most are like Moses, who stood on the heights of Pisgah and heard the words which denied him his life's quest just as it seemed to be near its accomplishment.

" This is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob saying, I will give it unto thy seed. I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

So over the last resting-place of Moses we place the broken pillar of the unrealised.

This thought of life's tasks left unfinished, of hopes unrealised, of men and women cut down in their

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prime, of buds withering before the blossoming, has drenched with unavailing tears all the poetry and all the thoughts of men since the world began. And of the greatest it is truest that they pass away seeing the goal as from afar, yet never reaching it. The promised land has never yet been reached, it still haunts the horizon of man's dreams, the pilgrim still sees it from afar, but never rests within it. Even Abraham, to whom the promise was made, saw it thus—a shimmering city of white against the far horizon—and holding out aching hands toward it, died with his longing unrealised. Where are there in all the literature of the world words more drenched in the tears of things, more full of the sob of the heart of man, more full of the pathos and the mystery of his life, than these :—

“By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed to go out unto a place which he was to receive for an inheritance : and he went out not knowing whither he went. By faith he became a sojourner in the land of promise, as in a land not his own, dwelling in tents, with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise, for he looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God. . . . These all died in faith not having received the promises, but having seen them, and greeted them from afar, and having confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims upon the earth.”

“ Show pity, Lord :
For we are frail and faint :
We fade away.
O list to our complaint.
We fade away
Like flowers in the sun :
We just begin,
And then our work is done.”

What now is man's attitude to the broken column ?
In some it awakens an embittered or a weary cynicism.

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"All is vanity and vexation," they say. In others it is accepted with the dull fatalism characteristic of the East as in Omar Khayyam :—

"The worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers—and anon
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

Or in the stoical spirit of men like Matthew Arnold :—

"Who weigh life well, and find it wanting, nor deplore,
But in disdainful silence turn aside,
Stand mute, self-centred, stern, and dream no more."

But these represent only the ephemeral and dreary outlook of pessimists. The explanation which holds the heart, and ennobles it as it views the unrealised, is that given by Scripture in this wonderful passage :—

"For they that say such things make it manifest that they are seeking after a country of their own. And if indeed they had been mindful of that country from which they went out, they would have had opportunity to return. But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly : wherefore God is not ashamed of them to be called their God, for He hath prepared for them a city. . . . And these all having had witness borne to them through their faith received not the promise, God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect."—HEB. xi.

Of this majestic faith, which uplifts and gives a Divine meaning and dignity to life, Browning is the poet who most deeply has felt the fire.

We are, he says :—

"The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false."

"No : love which, on earth, amid all the shows of it,
Has ever been seen the sole good of life in it.
The love, ever growing there, spite of the strife in it,
Shall arise, made perfect, from death's repose of it."

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And I shall behold Thee, face to face.

O God, and in Thy light retrace

How in all I loved here, still wast Thou ! "

"Christmas Eve."

" There shall never be one lost good ! What was shall live
as before :

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound :

What was good shall be good with, for evil, so much good
more :

On the earth the broken arcs : in the heaven a perfect
round.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too
hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard :

Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear it
by-and-by."

"Abt Vogler."

CHAPTER V

THE THREE "THEOLOGICAL VIRTUES"

FAITH

The Outstretched Hands.—In the Catacombs, and in very early Christian art, there is an attitude adopted by the person praying which has entirely disappeared, but which has a suggestion of its own. The suppliants, who are technically known as the Orante, are represented looking up to Heaven, *with their hands stretched out*. In all probability this attitude was suppressed on the plea that it was unbecoming, and yet does it not express the true inwardness of faith and loving trustfulness in God's promises? Those early Christians who adopted this attitude did not act as beggars caring only for the gift and nothing for the giver. They approached God with simple love and faith, conscious of need, and conscious of God's willingness to supply it.

Watts' "Faith."—There are two suggestions which are contained in Watts' picture of "Faith" which we do well to recall.

First in his figure there is nothing languishing, mediæval, or sacerdotal. The conventional type is that of a languishing woman gazing upward, with sentimental pose of head and expression of countenance. Instead of this he has represented her as a powerful and resolute figure belonging to our common humanity,

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not to the cloister or the Church. And by this he reminds us that faith is the conquering principle in all walks of life. It is not merely in order to possess the things above, but also to conquer the things beneath, that faith is essential. In all the ranks of life it is ordained that we must walk by faith and not by sight.

The second thought is that faith is a heroic, not a passive virtue. The characteristic act of faith is to lift up the eyes toward Heaven, but also to fight the evil things of earth. So Watts has represented her as holding the sword in her lap, and while she lets the waters wash her feet they wash away the blood of conflict. To gain faith we must fight, not meditate, not languish, and to make faith victorious we must make it the active principle of our lives. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Watts himself was a man of faith, he had

" The faith that Wordsworth had,
The faith of Hugo, Dante, and of all
Great deep-souled poets—a great faith in God
Apart from creeds and churches."

Faith in Divine Guidance.—A modern artist exhibited a picture recently which drew forth a considerable amount of adverse criticism. It was a large canvas; above was the blue ether, beneath, a haze through which could be seen, far below, the wide expanse of the desert. In the centre of the picture was a waterfowl on the wing. The title of the picture was "The Solitary Way." The objection to the painting was that there was very much for very little, and it was just such an objection as would be offered by the shallow and ignorant. Bryant, the American poet, gazing up into the sky at the close of day, saw just

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such a bird winging its solitary way, and, with his poetic imagination and swift sensitiveness, he saw in the lonely flight of the bird a great spiritual revelation. Here is his poem :—

“ Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

“ There is a Power whose care
Teaches my way along the pathless coast,
The desert, and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

“ He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky my certain flight,
In the lone way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.”

In the sculptures and frescoes of the Catacombs, as well as in the symbolic art of early Christianity, the dolphin occupies a prominent place. The dolphins, called “ the arrows of the sea,” were in Greek mythology the great guides and deliverers of those “ in peril on the sea.” Hence they are constantly found as a device on ancient coins. One of the famous stories connected with the dolphin is that Arion, the sweet singer, had so enchanted the dolphins with his music, that when forced to leap into the sea to escape his enemies, he was borne by them in safety to Tænarus. He is seen riding on a dolphin’s back, while he

“ With harmonious strains
Requites his bearer for his friendly pains.”

In Christian symbolism the dolphin is taken to represent Christ as Guide and Deliverer. It points

“ to Him who through the waters of Baptism opens up to

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mankind the paths of deliverance, causing them to so pass the waves of this troublesome world that finally they may come to the land of everlasting life."

Faith and Reverence.—The loss which comes to us through lack of faith is illustrated in the touching story of Psyche and Cupid, which Keats calls the

"Latest born, and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy."

The story has been illustrated in countless works of art, and there is hardly an artist of note who has not felt its spell and sought to give it expression. One of the latest pictures dealing with the most poignant incident in the story is that of H. Speed, entitled "Cupid leaving Psyche." The incident which it illustrates is as follows:—Psyche, a beautiful maiden, was loved by Cupid, who led her to his home and visited her often, filling her heart with happiness. This, however, was to last only as long as she did not look upon Love's face, the god coming at night and vanishing ere break of day. For long Psyche was content to live thus in faith and not by sight. Roused, however, by her jealous sisters, who filled her mind with cruel doubts, she one night lit the lamp and looked upon Love's sleeping face. Overwhelmed by his beauty her hand shook, and a drop of the burning oil fell upon his shoulder. Instantly he awoke and fled, leaving but a few feathers on the floor, relics of her lost love.

The story is full of subtle suggestion, and may be taken to illustrate that spirit of irreverent curiosity which forces itself into the most hushed and sacred realms, which leaves nothing holy, which will believe in nothing which it cannot analyse, or tear to pieces.

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There is a way in which we may possess knowledge and yet lose in reverence, in which the pursuit of information may be so conducted as to lower truth, and lose that which is worthiest. A man may in the name of science take a beautiful flower, and with coarse fingers relentlessly tear it to pieces and scatter its petals upon the ground, dissect it in order to catalogue it in a science manual, seeing nothing and caring nothing for the object with which God made it. Such a man outrages truth and loses the vision. And this is true also of spiritual things. Not to the relentless analyst does God reveal Himself, but to the humble, the reverent, and the pure in heart.

The beautiful story may also be taken to illustrate how we must learn to walk by faith and not by sight. Where there is distrust Love cannot abide. Not by the lamp of sight, but by faith's visions do we see Love, and hear His voice, and feel His touch. Blessed are they who do not see, yet who believe.

"If thou wouldst taste each dear surprise
Tear not the bandage from thine eyes :—
Within the heart love's vision lies.

"Dim then the groping, mortal sight,
Ere doubt can blind, or fear can blight :—
Love's arrow is his spirit's flight.

"Lest thou shouldst lose the dear surprise
And seek to probe each mood's disguise,
Tear not the bandage from thine eyes."

Victory of Faith.—In the Manchester Art Gallery there is a famous picture by Briton Rivière, entitled "In Manus Tuas, Domine!" of which the artist says: "I have failed indeed if the story does not carry some lesson to ourselves to-day,

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whatever be our doubts or fears." The message it conveys is the victory of faith.

The picture represents a fair-haired young knight clad in armour, seated upon a white charger whose downcast head, quivering nostrils and quivering limbs denote intense fear. At the charger's feet there crouch three bloodhounds, also gazing before them in terror. Behind the knight is the forest glade through which he has passed, rich in green sward and sun-kissed paths, but the path in front is full of gloom and unknown terrors. In his fear the knight is at one with the trembling brutes, but he has that within him which raises him above them and gives him aid. It is faith. Lifting his sword before his face, it forms itself into a cross. "Into Thy hands, O Lord," he says, and goes forward. He conquers fear by faith, and by it, "though he walk through the valley of the shadow, he will fear no evil."

Faith in the Future.—When art ceases to look forward with aspiration, and turns its gaze and seeks inspiration from the past, life straightway departs from it. It ceases to have any living message to its day and generation, and the period of decadence sets in. This is illustrated in the art of the period which followed that great outburst of artistic genius connected with the names of Raphael, of Titian, and Correggio. Despairing of adding anything to the excellence these great artists had reached, and having no power to originate or inspire a new movement, there arose a school known as the Eclectics or Mannerists. These men took the art of the past, and sought, by selecting something from each, to produce inspiring work. But art straightway became shallow and

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artificial. Like Lot's wife, artists became petrified by the backward look. Only as men push forward, gazing with hope and eagerness into the coming day, does there come into their art a message that will live :—

“ Canst thou love Me when creeds are breaking,
Old land-marks shaking
On earth and sea ?
Canst thou restrain the earth from quaking
And rest thy heart in Me ? ”

HOPE

Hope, the Anchor of the Soul.—One of the most realistic and appealing of modern pictures is Mr. Luke Fildes' picture “The Doctor.” It represents that dependence which at some time of life we must experience, when we call in science to battle with death. A child is upon a pillow, and bending over it, watchful, patient, absorbed, is the doctor. No finer figure could be imagined, his look and bearing alike betoken skill, knowledge and self-control. At the cottage window the dawn begins to steal in—the dawn which marks the crisis so often in critical cases. In the shadows of the cottage stand the father and mother, she hiding her face to repress her emotion, he laying his hand upon her shoulder to encourage her. It is a picture which expresses the dignity of a calling which seeks to save ; it expresses also one of those pathetic moments in life when hope is all that is left as support.

Hope that maketh not Ashamed.

“We usually paint Hope as young and joyous. Veronese knew better. That young Hope is vain Hope, passing away in rain of tears ; but the Hope of Veronese is aged, assured, remaining when all else has been taken. ‘For tribulation

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worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience Hope,' and that Hope 'maketh not ashamed.'"—*Ruskin*.

"Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be—
The last of life, for which the first was made :
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, ' A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half : trust God : see all, nor
be afraid.' "

Browning.

Watts' "Hope."—To many the famous picture by Watts entitled "Hope" seems rather to suggest "Despair." They point to the bent figure, the bandaged eyes, the lyre with the broken strings, and say "Where is hope to be found in such a picture as this?" It is to be found where it ought to be—in the heart. The message of the picture is that even to this figure, who has touched the depths of despair, hope has come with its blessed ministry. This is the very triumph of hope, that it does not forsake the heart even in its direst extremity, that when things are at their worst, hope dawns along the ridges of the dark night. So we are saved by hope, and the picture deals with its blessed work. Despair has no place in the economy of God, it cannot for long hold empire over the human heart. However dark the times may be, there is ever recovery, revival, the birth of hope. At the very moment when night is at its deepest there is the nearness of the dawn. Along the ridges of the night it breaks with its tranquil effulgence, bringing in the new day. So is it in human history and human experience. When Paganism and Judaism were at their darkest, God sent forth His Son, for the fulness of the times had come. So hope is ever re-born in the world and in the

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hearts of men. (See "'Watts' 'Hope,'" in "Sermons in Art.")

"The night
Wanes into morning, and the dawning light
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift!
I follow, follow—sure to meet the sun,
And confident that what the future yields
Will be the Right—unless myself be wrong."

Longfellow.

Saved by Hope.—One of the most wonderful facts of life is the survival of hope. Watts in his great picture has suggested this in the single string of the lyre. All the other strings are broken, but the fingers of the figure sitting on the globe are groping to touch the one string left and draw some music from it. And we know that this single string will save. There is a story told of a prisoner who found a plant growing between the flags of the court where he walked. He watched and tended it to distract his own sorrowful thoughts. It stretched forth young and tender shoots calling for love and protection. The man had come there almost a lost soul, but slowly the flower won a place in his heart, it became a messenger of hope. As it put forth fresh buds, his heart broke into blossoming too; it freed him from despair. It brought him back to simple and refreshing thoughts, to tender and innocent joys. The one thing which in his misery he had found taught him more than all he had lost. He had looked upon the whole world of flowers and learned nothing from them, but in the hour of his despair it was the music of the single string that saved him.

So in the life of the saddest there is something left, some single string upon which hope can play its heavenly music, and bring back blessedness to the riven heart.

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Immortality of Hope.—There is in the Tate Gallery a beautiful picture which illustrates the Christian hope of immortality. In the centre of the canvas there is painted a marble tomb, from which flowers are springing up, amidst them beautiful white lilies, which in art represent the life immortal. Standing in their midst is an entreating figure of a young woman clad in green drapery, who holds her hands upwards in prayer and longing. The stars are shining in the sky, but they are paling because it is the hour of dawn. The thought of the artist is revealed in the words engraven beneath: "If hope were not, life would break." It is this hope which is to the entreating figure the one "anchor of the soul." Without it she and we would be "most miserable."

And the message of all the great ones of the earth is "Hope onward."

"Yet yonder the presage
Of spirits is thrilling
Of masters fulfilling
Our life with their message
Of just men made perfect.

"They weave in the star-land
Of silence, as ever
For work, for endeavour,
The conqueror's garland,
And bid us—' Hope onward.' "

Goethe.

The Ministry of Hope.—In the Tate Gallery there is a beautiful study in marble of "Pandora and her Box," by Harry Bates, whose early death robbed British sculpture of one of its most brilliant exponents. The story of Pandora is one of those beautiful Greek myths of which artists in every age have felt the spell.

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Pandora, according to Hesiod, was the name given to the first woman. She was formed of clay by Vulcan, at the request of Jupiter, and was created for the purpose of punishing Prometheus, who, having stolen fire from Heaven, and given it to man, had incurred the Divine displeasure. Pandora proved to be of exceeding beauty, and all the gods vied in making her presents. Jupiter gave her a box filled with innumerable evils, which she was to give to the man who married her. She was then conducted to Prometheus, who would not accept the present, but his brother, Epimetheus, fell a victim to Pandora's charms, and accepted the box, from which on its being opened there flew out all the diseases and heart-aches that flesh is heir to. One thing, however, was unable to escape before the lid was closed—hope; and so it remains the only consolation for the sorrows of mankind.

As the sculptor has conceived her, she is a young and delicate girl of exceeding beauty; she kneels on her left knee, while her right supports a delicately wrought casket of ivory and bronze. Her face is full of questioning—of hindering fear and impelling curiosity, but even now her hand is on the fatal clasp. Sad as the consequences are, all is not lost if hope remains. The inner spiritual meaning of the story has as its text the great words of the Apostles:—

“ We are saved by Hope.” “ Hope we have as an anchor of the soul.”

“ **Mother's Hope.**” — To G. F. Watts, the painter of “ Hope,” there came one day a letter from a woman he had never seen, bearing the post-mark of one of our colonies. The letter was one of deep gratitude, and told how the writer had been saved from committing suicide

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by seeing his picture of "Hope." The incident was as follows:—In the streets of London, one night, the writer had touched the deepest depths of despair. In her misery, having nothing left to hope for, she determined to commit suicide by throwing herself into the Thames. Passing along the street with this object in view, she saw some people standing before a shop window, and involuntarily she stopped too. Her state of mind was such that for some time she remained unconscious of what the window contained, but at last she saw in it a picture entitled "Hope." She looked at the woe-begone figure, so expressive of her own wretched condition, and then lifted her eyes to the single string, and to the single star shining in the sky. Upon her mind there flashed the meaning of the picture. The painter was speaking to her, he was telling her not to despair, to try again, to give hope one more chance. Inspired by its message she tried again and succeeded. Now she was married and was happily settled, and in her room, counting it her chiefest treasure, there was a copy of the picture which had saved her life. "My children have long since discovered," she said, "how much I love it, and they call it 'Mother's Hope.'"

LOVE

Love's Magnetism.—One of Watts' most successful pieces of sculpture is that of Clytie in the Tate Gallery. The beautiful figure,

"So lovely, that if mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
Your heart would wish away that ruder glow,"

is seen in the process of transformation into a sunflower,

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the calyx of which forms part of the pedestal. It is an interpretation of the old Greek story of how Clytie was filled with a passionate love for Apollo, who changed her into a sunflower. So love's eyes follow the loved one in all his wanderings, and wherever he wanders love wanders with him.

The Craving for Love.—That everything without love equals nothing is illustrated in a picture by Sigismund Goetze entitled "*Vox Humana*." It represents humanity at the feet of Love craving for possession. The bride, newly-married but loveless, flings herself at Love's feet; the king, without it, finds his crown a golden sorrow; the millionaire brings his wealth and offers it in exchange; the musician finds his lute dumb without its inspiration in his heart; the warrior and the judge, the widow and the beggar, alike crave for it. Only one declines it, a Cistercian monk, whose face shows the workings of a false ideal and the penalty of defying the natural human instincts.

Love and Life.—In Watts' picture "*Love and Life*," the artist represents Life as a timid female form looking upward to the forbidding heights with shrinking and apprehension. The form is frail and undeveloped, the face inexperienced, and by this Watts represents that sense of fear and loneliness with which we all face the unknown and perilous way. For not one of us knows whither it leads, or what fortunes we shall experience as we journey. By the side of the female figure, however, there stands the strong figure of Immortal Love, who gently and patiently encourages. How strong and calm and compassionate Love is; so fearless of obstacles, so certain of the goal, so self-reliant, and yet so patient

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toward our weakness. Love, according to Watts, is the guiding and inspiring angel of life. He does not lift the shrinking form up the steep ascent ; he gently encourages, and so inspires with assurance and self-confidence. Love is thus the great educator also. He draws out that which is within, and so enriches the life and enables it to behold celestial visions.

" It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

" The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure our treasures must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift
Or tell the worth of the gold
By the love that cannot be told.

" Behold us ! the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in Thy service draw near :
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear :
Lord ! Master ! the love is here."

Love's Perseverance.—E. Armitage has a well-known picture dealing with a famous subject derived from the history of Gilbert Becket, who was made a prisoner in Palestine while fighting for the Cross. After two years' captivity he was released by the daughter of his captor, who had conceived a devoted attachment to him. She followed him to London, and after a fruitless search through the streets the artist depicts her at the door of Becket's house, to which she has come by chance. Her strange, foreign dress, her appearance and her beauty have aroused the curiosity of the crowd, who now surround her, much to her pain and discomfiture. She has attained the object of her quest, however, and

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her love and courage have given her a deathless place in history.

The Enriching Eyes of Love.—An artist painted the portrait of a friend whom he deeply loved, and lavished the utmost care upon it. When finished the friend looked upon it and said, "You have painted my portrait too fine for it to be true." "Oh, no," said the artist, "I have only painted it lovingly." And this is the enriching power of love. A child may be painfully plain, but to his mother he is beautiful and fair, for her love making him so to her, he is so. When Christ's eyes rested on the sinful woman He did not see what the Pharisee saw. The Pharisee, as he saw her at Jesus's feet, sneered at her as an evil woman of the street, but Jesus, looking through His great love-lit eyes, said unto her, "Daughter!" When our eyes are love-lit, the world becomes full of the carnivals of spring, and of the mercies of God.

"Love is the key of life and death,
Of hidden heavenly mystery :
Of all Christ is, of all He saith,
Love is the key.

"As three times to His saint He saith,
He saith to me, He saith to thee,
Breathing His grace-conferring Breath :
—' Lovest thou me ? '

"Ah, how, I have such feeble faith,
Such feeble hope to comfort me.
But love it is, as strong as death,
And I love Thee."

C. G. Rossetti.

Sympathy.—No work of Briton Rivière's has reached a greater popularity than his simple study called "Sympathy."

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It represents a little maiden sitting disconsolate and helpless before the house-door. She has, alas! forgotten her key and cannot get in. Yet in her distress she is not without a consoler; her little dog has laid his head upon her shoulder and looks up at her with evident understanding and sympathy.

It is only a little touch, but it conveys its own message to the heart.

Amongst the most successful works of C. R. Leslie, R.A., is his study of Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline. The picture represents the scene immortalised in "The Heart of Midlothian," by Sir Walter Scott, when Jeanie is presented by Argyll to the Queen, whom she imagines to be one of the ladies of the Court, and from whom her homely eloquence won for her her sister's pardon—

" 'Alas,' she is represented as saying, 'it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs, and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body—and seldom may it visit you: and when the hour of death comes that comes to high and low—and long and late may it be yours, O my leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for ourself, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly.' "

Sacred and Profane Love.—In the Tate Gallery there have been recently added two pictures by Burne-Jones contrasting two empires, which yet bear the same name of Love. The one picture is entitled "Venus Discordia," the other "Venus Concordia."

In the former Love sits upon a throne, but she is the old Greek goddess. The love she represents is

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the love of the Venus-berg, the love which steals men's strength away, which corrupts their minds and steals from them their zeal for the high enterprise of life. It is the love also which cannot shed love abroad, but which awakes in the hearts of others bitterness, and jealousy, and strife. This the artist represents by filling the canvas with angry forms and scenes of cruelty and bloodshed, while Venus sits on her throne unmoved.

In the second picture, "Venus Concordia," we are introduced to a very different scene. Here all is peace and harmony. On the throne there sits a woman with mild and quiet eyes, and face chastened with compassion, while all around are figures united in love's service, and in acts of mutual kindness. What has made this change? What new love is this which has entered into the world and created concord and kindness? The answer is given by the artist in the little Child sleeping on the steps of the throne at Love's feet. Upon Him Love's eyes are fixed, toward Him all others look, and as they do so love takes a new meaning and sacredness. In Him mother's love, and the love which springs up in the hearts of young men and maidens, are consecrated. For this is

"Love Divine, all loves excelling."

The message of the picture then is that love is only triumphant when consecrated by Christ. The love that is lit at the lamp of God never goes out. Shed abroad in human hearts it kindles love, and unites all the warring elements in human society, and in the human heart. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another. . . . By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples."

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" Life, with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear . . .
Is just our chance of the prize of learning Love,—
How Love might be, hath been indeed and is :
And that we hold henceforth to the uttermost
Such prize, despite the envy of the world."

Browning.

The Garden of Eden.—The power of love to make the dull and commonplace blossom as the rose is illustrated in a modern picture entitled " The Garden of Eden." This Garden of Eden is no rose-embowered cloister where nothing evil can enter, it is a public park in a modern city, crushed in on every side by lines of houses. The day is raw and drizzly, and there is nothing in the picture but what is suggestive of discomfort. What makes it then a Garden of Eden ? A young man and woman walk along arm in arm ; they belong to the middle-class, and they are walking homeward ; or perhaps it is the afternoon of a half-holiday and they are spending it together. They look in each other's eyes, both love-lit, and the divinest thing of life is theirs—that something which even the angel of the expulsion could not take from the lonely pair expelled from Paradise.

" For saving I be joined
To her that is the fairest under Heaven
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will, nor work my work
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm
Victor and lord. But were I joined with her
Then might we live together as one life,
And, reigning with one will in everything,
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live."

"Idylls of the King."

Love's Welcome.—In the Academy of 1871 a beautiful

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picture was exhibited by M. Anthony, entitled "The Return from Labour." The picture is a triumph in the treatment of landscape, and with rare depth of colour and breadth of treatment portrays the evening sky, the masses of cloud marshalling themselves in the west for the last peep of day, the gathering twilight haze, and the cattle lazily seeking repose. But the chief joy of the picture lies in love's welcome. A labourer is returning from his toil, and his wife has come out to meet him, carrying their little child. They have just seen each other, and joy and love have sprung up in each of their hearts. And this love of man and woman and little child is more beautiful than all the beauty of nature and of sunset. In this cottage home there is that without which a palace becomes a prison—there is love.

" Love wore a threadbare dress of grey
And toiled upon the road all day.

" Love wielded pick and carried pack
And bent to heavy loads the back.

" Though meagre fed and sorely tasked,
One only wage love ever asked—

" A child's white face to kiss at night,
A woman's smile by candlelight."

Love's Awakening.—A modern artist, dealing with this ever young and ever old theme, of the awakening of the heart to love, represents a young woman sitting by the fire, the room lit only by its glow. In her hand she holds a letter which has awakened her to read aright the secret of her heart. Suddenly all things change for her. She thinks of this unaccountable glorifying of the common day.

" Happy she had not been. She had been most wretched.
She had been blind and deaf. She was only half a woman

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... 'And I never saw that before,' she says aloud: 'I never saw a great many things before. I am amazed at the suddenness of my awaking. Love passed through this house to-day, this house that other people think is just the same dull place it was yesterday, but to me—there is a splendour in every room.'"

"Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther."

Thus love transfigures, and amazes, and glorifies.

"The might of one fair face sublimates my love,

For it hath wean'd my heart from low desires:—

Nor death I need, nor purgatorial fires.

Thy beauty—ante-past of joys above—

Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve:

For oh! how good, how beautiful must be

The God that made so good a thing as thee."

M. Angelo.

Love's Devotion.—There are acts of humble and beautiful devotion enacted every day in the realm of the home which, if only chronicled, would add one of the richest chapters to the book of life. How rich, for instance, would such a chapter be in instances of loyalty of wife to husband, of her faith in him, proving in his life the great buttress upon which he leans, and from which he draws support. One such instance is given in a picture by W. J. Grant, entitled "The Last Trial of Madame Palissy." Bernard Palissy lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and in his experiments to recover the lost art of porcelain enamel he and his family were reduced to the greatest distress. He was convinced, although the world laughed at his efforts, that he had found the right quantities at last of a combination, and only wanted a piece of gold to mix with the other ingredients. Gold, however, he had none, and could procure none. It was at this moment that his wife came forward, and by

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a beautiful act of love and loyalty showed that she believed in him. Taking off her wedding ring, we see her drop it into the crucible. This act of faith, it is good to know, was not in vain. The gold which the ring possessed was all that was needed to reach a perfect success. There are many women like Madame Palissy in the world, and they are its true aristocracy.

The illustration can also be used to show how the gold of sacrifice is that which is needed to perfect life. Christ asks us to sacrifice ourselves for Him, and many find it too hard a saying. But those who take what they treasure most and drop it into the crucible find that loss is gain. Life ever after becomes glorified.

A Mother's Love.—Amongst the many stories which tell of a mother's love, few offer such elements of wild tragedy and frenzied devotion as the Old Testament story of Rizpah. The Gideonites having been wrongfully oppressed by the Israelites under Saul, demanded from David a blood sacrifice, refusing all other compensation. To save themselves from the famine which had broken out in the land Israel complied with the request, handing over to them seven descendants of Saul—five of them sons of Menab; two sons of Rizpah. These the Gideonites took and exposed to death on a hill. To this place the frenzied mother resorted, and, spreading upon the rock her mourning cloak of sackcloth, she kept dreary watch over her beloved dead. Day and night she kept her eerie watch, scaring away the hungry vultures and the prowling jackals from their prey.

This story, so full of wild and immeasurable tragedy, has powerfully attracted two modern minds. The one the late President of the Royal Academy, Lord

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Leighton; the other the late Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson.

Lord Leighton, in his picture of Rizpah (1893), gives a powerful interpretation of the incident. The bodies are seen exposed upon a rude-shaped cross, but the mother has partly covered them over with sackcloth. She stands with a wild look in her eye, the look of an intense fear, but also of a mind deranged by grief; one arm is round the body of her son, with the other she grasps a weapon used by harvesters, for beneath in the fields the happy harvesters are cutting the corn, while up above them, on the "hill of God," this awful tragedy is being enacted. With this instrument in her hand Rizpah wards off the attack of the vultures who are whirling around her head, while behind a tree that grows near at hand are seen the heads of two panthers, their eyes shining like balls of fire, waiting with that tireless patience of the beasts of the field for the moment when the watcher's strength will fail, and when they may spring upon their prey. The picture is full of intensity, and reveals the awful fires of love which burned in that mother's heart.

Tennyson takes the story, lifts it out of its Old Testament rendering, and gives it a modern setting. This modern Rizpah is a widow whose only son, being led astray by wild companions, robs the mail and is condemned to death. Notwithstanding the mother's entreaties the son is hanged in chains, so high

"That all the ships of the world could stare at him, passing by."

The dreadful shame of the act, the awful horror of her son being eaten by ravens, and the restless agony of her love drove the mother to madness. She stands

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at her son's side protecting his body, but is imprisoned in a cell, and only regains her liberty when she is "stupid and still." Then she returns to the scene of the tragedy, for ever she hears the voice of her Willy calling to her :—

" Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea—
And Willy's voice in the wind, ' O mother, come out to me.' "

When she reaches the place where her son's body was hanging :—

" Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left—
I stole them all from the lawyers—and you—will you call it a theft ?
My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had laughed and had cried—
Theirs ? O no ! They are mine—not theirs—they had moved in my side."

" This is a cry out of the heart of all mothers of the world of man from the beginning, nay, the cry of all mother-beasts and birds before man was known on the earth. All the tragedy of motherhood which has loved and lost is pressed into that verse, maddens and loves and wails through the whole poem."

Standing by her Willy she gathered the bones as they fell :—

" Do you think I was scared by the bones ? I kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old. In the night by the church-yard wall.
My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'ill sound,
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground."

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And now she is dying, and the " Lord who has been with her in the dark " will make her happy with her son—and a vast cry, the cry of her son's love comes to her, shaking the walls, out of eternity :—

" But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the wind—

The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call in the dark,

And he calls to me now from the church and not from the gibbet—for hark !

Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking the walls—

Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good-night. I am going. He calls."

" It was but a common hanging : a common thief, and an old wife mad with grief, an every-day thing ! But a great poet came by, and we have this—the depths of sorrow, the depths of love, infinite pity, infinite motherhood, a world on a world."

" Tennyson," *Stopford Brooks*.

CHAPTER VI

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT

I. HOLINESS

The Spiritual in Art.—For holiness in art, breathing the spirit of celestial purity and intense religious conviction, we have to turn to Fra Angelico. Through this gentle artist, whose life was stainless, and whose faith was simple as a child's, we learn how the Kingdom of Heaven, the angelic host, the Gospel-story, were mirrored in the devout imagination of those early days. As we gaze upon his pictures we are transferred from the rude world into an atmosphere of purity and devotion, in which Heaven seems near, and the holy life inexpressibly winsome. No harshness of feeling was possible to this gentle saint, even the impenitent thief seems to repent under his brush, but so real to him were the saints of whom he read, and the angels of whom he dreamed, that they convince even the sceptical and enrich the coldest imagination.

When we seek in the life of this saintly artist for the secret of his holy life we find it expressed by himself in two sentences :—

“ He that would do the work of Christ must dwell continually with Him.”

“ He who practises the art of painting has need of quiet.”

The first suggests that unbroken fellowship with Christ in spirit which lifts Him out of the mists of the

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past and makes Him the daily and hourly companion of the soul.

The second suggests that emancipation from the selfish strife and ambition of the world which frees the soul from the world's unrest, and makes the growth of spiritual blessedness possible.

Daily companionship with Christ, and an encloistered heart—these were the secrets of his peaceful and holy life.

Spirituality.—It is the spiritual which is the supreme element in all the highest art. For the lack of this nothing will compensate. There may be beauty, technique, genius, but if the art does not reach into and interpret the spiritual it is not high, and it is not enduring art. An illustration of this may be given in the "Venus de Milo," and the "Medicean Venus." That which makes the former supreme is that it represents womanhood not merely as beautiful in form, but that it clothes her with mystery, with a pure majesty, and makes her worthy to be an ideal of "Woman before the Fall." The other is a beautiful woman, making her appeal to the senses, awakening joy and wonder, but not awe, or reverence, or humility.

And what is true of art is true of life. There is no great living when the life is not lived in communion with the Father of our spirits. There may be many gifts and attractions, but the nature has not reached the true centre of being. There are parts undeveloped, and these the highest parts. The nature is not whole, because it is not holy. Only when the spiritual dominates the life, and shines through the garment of the material, does character attain its true dignity and meaning.

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"Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name ?
Builder and maker Thou of houses not made with hands !"
Browning.

"Peace of Conscience."—No better illustration of this, either in art or in history, could be found than in the picture entitled "The Last Sleep of Argyle before his Execution in 1685," by E. M. Ward, R.A., which is one of eight pictures painted for the corridor of the House of Commons. To understand the picture it is necessary to recall the following passage :—

"So effectually had religion, faith, and hope, co-operating with natural courage and equanimity, composed his spirits, that on the very day on which he was to die he dined with appetite, conversed with gaiety at table, and after his last meal lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigour when he should mount the scaffold. At this time one of the lords of the Council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the Church of which he had once been a member, came to the castle with a message and demanded admittance to the Earl. It was answered that the Earl was asleep. The Privy Councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened, and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping in his irons the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him."

The picture itself is a work of great excellence, and records the scene with graphic effect. It contains but three figures—the Earl of Argyle, the turnkey, and the visitor. The purpose of the artist is to impress the mind on the one hand with the perfect tranquillity of Argyle on the very eve of his execution, and on the other to show the guilty perturbation of his corrupt visitor ; and in this the artist has succeeded.

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Argyle is habited in black, and sleeps on a rude couch, having near his head a Bible, a watch, and other incidental objects assisting the narrative. The Privy Councillor, who wears a red cloak, stands awe-struck, contemplating the sleeper from the door of the cell, which the turnkey has quietly opened. The perfect repose of the sleeper is impressed at once on the mind, and is made all the more intense by subtle contrast with the perturbed feelings of the visitor.

The Encloistered Heart.—Of the saintly men of art, few names are more deeply enshrined in human hearts than that of Hans Memling. He is the Fra Angelico of Flemish art. "In him, as in the Florentine saint, there is the same gentle and gracious humility. He did not live, like the brother of St. Mark's, in a cloistered retreat, but he had a cloistered heart; he had the quiet eyes which look out upon the world without envy of its pleasures, and without ambition of its gains. He was one of those men who spring up even in the most material age to vindicate by their lives the supremacy of spiritual ideals, and the beauty of the gentle life; who—to use the Psalmist's beautiful phrase—

"Seek peace, and pursue it."

"They walk the busy streets, those gentle souls, amidst the barter and exchange: they mix each day with the busy merchants and all the restless crowd, but their thoughts are far away: they are in the world, but not of it: they look, but do not understand, for they are the children of high degree, scorned by the worldly and ignorant, but loved by all those whose eyes seek, and whose hearts sigh for, that fair city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. To these gentle children of the Heavenly Kingdom are revealed by the good God things that are hidden from the 'wise and prudent!'"

"The Christ Face in Art," pp. 149-50.

The Inner Chamber of the Soul.—In the Brera Gallery in Milan there is a wonderful picture by Raphael. The gallery is full of noble works of art, but of all its noble possessions this picture by Raphael is the most noble. In the realm of art it is inspired. It is in a room all by itself. It is thickly curtained around, and the floor is carpeted that no sound may disturb the thoughts of the onlooker. The visitor enters this silent place where his footsteps are not heard ; he sits down on a chair, and looks long at the picture. Then after long silence and meditation there creeps into his heart a sense of its beauty, a sense of the mystery of all beauty, a sense of the greatness and mystery of life—of his own life, of all life. And thus he sits until the things of time and sense fall away from him, and out from that dim chamber his thoughts wander until he is lifted up amongst the stars, and swings amidst the constellations.

And what has been done with this picture of Raphael's ought to be done with many other great and holy things in life if we are to be truly blessed by them. There are great and beautiful texts of Scripture which have suffered almost irreparably at the hands of men. They have been soiled and tarnished by irreverent usage. They have been so placarded on walls, and shouted by raucous voices that with many they have gained that publicity in which they cease to arrest the mind by their tenderness and beauty. Even the loveliest and divinest things may become thus tarnished. The human mind is so constituted that when you have made a thing too common you have made it commonplace.

What we require to do to regain a sense of the exceeding loveliness of these great spiritual messages is

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to lift them out of that glaring publicity, out of the commonplace of acquaintance in which, being so accustomed to their proclamation, men pass them heedlessly by. We need to put them in a room all by themselves, curtain them round, bring men and women out of the crowd and the noise, make them sit down in silence before them ; then, after a long time of meditation and prayer, send them back with stilled hearts into the glare of the day, and into the troubled streets of the world.

"My soul, be thou silent unto God."—Ps. lxii. 5.

II. HUMILITY

The Greatness of Humility.—One of the proofs of greatness is willingness to receive instruction even from the less highly educated. This fine trait was constantly exhibited by Sir Joshua Reynolds. When a man who knew nothing about art asked "Why is half the face black?" instead of putting on his dignity, Sir Joshua felt at once convinced that the error was his own, and altered his work as a genuine lover of truth, even though critics had praised it for the depth of its tone.

" 'Great souls,' says Carlyle, 'are always loyally submissive—reverent to what is over them: only small, mean souls are otherwise.'"

The Attitude of the Humble.—In modern art the person whose portrait is to be painted usually assumes some rôle connecting him with his calling in life or with his pleasures. It was a beautiful thought which made many of the highest Venetian noblemen have themselves painted on their knees, adoring the Infant Saviour of the world. By this they wished to express

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to those who came after them that this position was the noblest they knew ; they sought to be remembered as men who placed divine things first, who sought to be great only as they honoured God, and who believed that the most gracious attitude a man can assume is the attitude of humility and adoration. These kneeling figures of statesmen and warriors are a lesson to us to-day in the things which constitute true greatness.

See picture by Catena in National Gallery, No. 234, "A Warrior Adoring the Infant Saviour."

The Humble Mind.—There is a picture in the National Gallery (No. 81) by Garofalo, known as "the miniature Raphael," which illustrates in a suggestive and interesting way a well-known incident in the life of St. Augustine, the great Bishop of Hippo. Whilst busy, he tells us, in preparing a discourse on the Trinity, he one day, walking along the sea-shore, beheld a child digging a hole in the sand, into which he attempted to empty the sea. Augustine paused and corrected the child, telling him that his task was absurdly impossible. "Not more impossible," replied the child, "than for thee, O Augustine, to explain the mystery on which thou art now meditating." The artist represents the learned Bishop as receiving the admonition of the child with the scholar's impatience, and further applies the lesson of the incident by showing the heavens, whose mysteries he would fain explore, opened behind him. He is unable to see because, proud of his own learning, he has turned his back upon them. Nor does he hear the angel choir, who in their song are proclaiming that he who would attain to divine truth must humble himself, and become as a little child, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

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" Jesus ! Who deemdst it not unmeet
To wash Thine own disciples' feet,
Though Thou wert Lord of all :
Teach me thereby this wisdom meek,
That they who self-abasement seek
Alone shall fear no fall."

Faber.

Mock Humility.—Justinian, in building the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople, ransacked Europe for marbles and treasures wherewith to adorn it. At length it was completed, and as such was, and is, one of the most glorious sanctuaries in the world. When the hour of consecration came Justinian, with marks of the most profound piety and humility, solemnly dedicated it to the worship of the most High God, whose glory alone, he declared, he sought. Then having performed his part, looking round the great building, he was heard to whisper exultantly to himself, " Solomon, I have outstripped thee ! "

III. Joy

Joy Transfiguring Labour.—In " Joy and the Labourer," by Mary Y. Hunter, a labourer is seen digging in the fields ; in the distance is the village from which he comes. His face is hardened by discontent at his lot, and at the character of his labour. He has no joy in his work, and the absence of it has made him a bad workman, and a hard, discontented, and unsuccessful man. Suddenly on this day he is arrested in the midst of his labour ; a young child behind him, with flowers in her lap, is singing and bidding him be joyful.

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“ Take Joy home :

And make a place in thine own heart for her.

And give her time to grow, and cherish her.

Then will she come and often sing to thee

When thou art working in the furrows ; aye,

Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.

It is a comely fashion to be glad,

Joy is the grace we say to God.”

(“ Songs with Preludes,” “ Dominion ”: *Jean Ingelow.*)

As the labourer listens a consciousness seems to dawn in him that what is wrong lies not in his labour, but himself.

Symbols of Joy.—In Christian symbolism the palm has always been used to represent joy, and especially that joy which comes from victory. Doubtless this symbol came into the Church through the use made of palm branches by the Greeks and Romans to celebrate their triumphs over their enemies. But to Christians the palm symbolises victory over self and the world. The great multitude of the redeemed are represented as standing before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands.

On an old dial which won the heart of Hazlitt, and upon which he writes beautifully, there is this happy inscription: “ I record only the sunny hours.”

“ ’Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.”

Longfellow.

Heavenly Joy.—Doré has a picture entitled “ The Heavenly Choir,” which gives the most profound impression of infinity and blessedness which modern

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art has to offer. Circle upon circle of white, shining angels are seen in number numberless, they rise tier upon tier, while the rays of glory, which strike upon their dazzling whiteness, seem to pour from the very Throne of God in Heaven. Dante heard in the eighth Heaven these blessed spirits chanting :—

“ Then glory to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit, rang aloud
Throughout all paradise : that with the song
My spirit reeled, so passing sweet the strain.
And what I saw was equal ecstasy :
One universal smile it seem'd of all things :
Joy past compare : gladness unutterable :
Imperishable life of peace and love ;
Exhaustless riches and unmeasured bliss.”

“ It would be natural to suppose,” says Lecky, “ that, owing to the sufferings the early Church underwent, the tone of art would be sad and sombre. The opposite is the case. Neither the Crucifixion, nor any scenes of the Passion were depicted; the wreaths of flowers, and some of the most joyous images of the pagan mythology, were mingled with all the most beautiful emblems of Christian hopes, and with representations of many of the miracles of mercy.”

This same exultation born of the Christian revelation is illustrated in the sepulchral art of the Catacombs—those dark underground dwellings where the early Christians hid themselves in the days of persecution, where they worshipped, and where they buried their dead. In the epitaphs engraven on their tombstones there is not to be found one word of scorn or defiance.

“ There is,” says Dean Milman, “ no sign of mourning, no token of resentment, no expression of vengeance, all breathes softness, benevolence, charity ; so serene is the resignation of Christian survivors, that ‘ dolens ’—grieving—the mildest term

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of sorrow is found but rarely : and ' infelix '—unlucky—occurs but once."

In these epitaphs on the sepulchral monuments of the early Christians there are two expressions which constantly occur. The first is repeated almost without exception. It is composed of two words, " In peace." And this earnest reiteration is full of pathetic suggestion. Above them was Rome with its unspeakable cruelties, and no day passed without its alarms, and hardly a day without its martyrdoms. But now the jars and fears are ended. They were " In peace." The other phrase is this : " Live in God," or " Thou livest in God," or " Mayest thou live in God." Death to them was no longer a cruel enemy, but a loving friend, and through the darkness of their earthly habitation they saw the blessed light of immortality. In contrast with this serenity and radiance is thrown the gloom of the pagan world. The most popular inscription on a pagan tombstone is the Epicurean motto : " Eat, drink, and amuse yourself." According to Strabo, the Greek philosopher, these words were engraven on the tombstone of Sardanapalus :—

" Sardanapalus, son of Anacyndarexes, caused the towns of Anchiales and Tarsus to be built in one day. Pass on, stranger. Eat, drink, and amuse yourself, for nought else is worth a fillip." (Compare Byron's verse.)

Frequently, however, the bitterness of the heart breaks through this thin veneer of indifference, and rises into agony and defiance.

" I, Procope, lift up my hands against the Gods, who took me hence, undeserving."

The hopelessness of the pagan world, which led

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many of the best men to terminate their lives by their own hands, finds an echo in such inscriptions as these:—

“ Hold all a mockery, reader, nothing is our own.”

“ Here it is, so it is, nothing else could be.”

“ To the unrighteous Gods who robbed me of life.”

The testimony of the art of the Catacombs to the triumphant joy of heart of the early Christians is thus finely expressed by the late Dean Farrar :—

“ Joy and blithe serenity which received death with no alarm or self-abasement were their marked characteristics. St. Luke throws a flood of light on the tone of their society—‘ drunken, but not with wine,’ intoxicated, so to speak, with the rushing influences of Pentecost—when he says that ‘ they did take their food with exultation and singleness of heart.’ The words indicate their bounding gladness, their simplicity and smoothness of feeling, as of a plain without stones, or a field without furrows.”

A joy beyond the joy of harvest was a priceless possession of which they alone held the secret, and what seemed passing strange to the ancient world was their divine paradox of gladness in the midst of anguish. They were “in much affliction, and joy of the Holy Ghost.” Acts v. 41; 1 Thess. i. 6.

“ Gladness be with thee, Helper of the World :
I think this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
Into a rage to suffer for mankind,
And recommence at sorrow.”

Browning.

IV. REVERENCE

The Reverence of the Great.—Reverence is not merely a thing of words, it is a high attitude of soul

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which ennobles the whole of life and conduct. It was reverence, reverence for himself, for his work, for the Divine presence, which made Michael Angelo, when a friend chided him for paying so much attention to the hair of a statue, on the plea that it would be so high up that no one would see it, answer :—" Aye, but God will see it." So to live, so to work, is to possess a reverent mind and soul.

" I would the great world grew like thee :—
Who growest not alone in Power
And Knowledge, but by year and hour
In Reverence and in Charity."

Tennyson.

A Noble Reverence.—In the house at Bonn occupied by Beethoven there still is preserved the piano upon which the great master played, and which he used in the composition of his great music. Among the recent pilgrims to this shrine was an American girl. She waltzed airily to the instrument and began playing a careless tune ; and then, turning to the custodian, said, " I suppose you have many visitors here every year ? " " A great many," was the reply. " Many famous people, no doubt ? " said she. " Yes, Paderewski came recently." " I suppose, of course, he played on the piano ? " said the girl, her fingers still thrumming the keys. " No," said the custodian, " he *did not consider himself worthy.*"

This is the reverence of the great in soul. The flippant enter the hallowed places, the sanctuaries of the world, with light laughter and careless jest ; they feel nothing in their shallow souls, and reduce everything to the flippant and commonplace ; but the high-souled enter with bared heads, they take the shoes

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off their feet, they stand awed and in silence. "They do not consider themselves worthy."

Reticence.—For many centuries no pictures of the first Person of the Trinity appeared in art, artists being withheld by a noble reverence. Instead of representing the whole person, however, when they sought to express the might and power of God, they did so by showing the Divine arm emerging from a cloud that veiled the awful brightness of the Divine majesty. This gave a suggestiveness and solemn impressiveness to the thought which could never have been gained by the representation of the Person of the Godhead, all attempts at which end only in lowering both the sense of majesty and power. This reverent reticence and limitation is an illustration of how a true and refined sense alone can interpret a spiritual truth, while the coarse mind destroys it.

Beautiful Behaviour.—A picture by A. Rankley offers the study of a contrast in behaviour in a country church. On the one side is a group of girls from a charity school, all dressed alike in the barbarous fashion of such institutions, having but little training in culture and deportment, yet all sitting quietly and attentively. On the other side are seen two young ladies dressed in the pink of fashion, the daughters of wealthy parents, whose dress, and also whose manners, offer a painful contrast. The one taps the other with her fan, with a heedless giggle, while the other with pretence at behaviour is secretly aiding and abetting. The picture suggests that flippancy and shallowness of character which exist often in their worst form in those whose advantages are greatest.

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In the Academy in which this picture appeared there was hung almost side by side of it another picture entitled "Evangeline in Church." As she kneels, the devout expression on her face and her simple piety attract the loving admiration of all.

"Many a youth as he knelt in the church, and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes on her as the saint of his deepest devotion."

V. MERCY

The Beatitude of the Merciful.—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." This beautiful beatitude might well be written over a picture by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, entitled "The Merciful Knight," in the Birmingham Art Gallery. It illustrates a legend of a knight who, having encountered his enemy, and overcome, had mercy upon him, and restored to him his horse and armour. Beneath, in the pale light, his adversary is seen mounted upon his steed riding slowly away, while the knight, having mounted a platform before the effigy of the crucified Saviour, lays aside his helmet and sword, and kneels down to pray. And lo! as he prays, the Christ of Mercy stoops down from the Cross and kisses his forehead. He accepts the act as done unto Himself, and rewards with His benediction those who do His deeds.

Sanctuary.—E. Blair Leighton exhibited in the Academy of 1896 a striking picture, which he entitled "In Nomine Christi." It represented a fugitive, weak and wounded, flying for sanctuary. Behind him are his enemies, cruel, revengeful, while he himself is without defence. His only refuge is to fly for sanctuary to the

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House of God. "Other refuge has he none." He is represented as falling upon the steps, while a nun, clad in white, holding up a crucifix, confronts his pursuers. "In the name of Christ," she cries, and his enemies can pursue him no further. Thus men, pursued by cruel enemies, fly still for refuge trusting "in Nomine Christi" for protection and salvation.

Mercy that is Twice Blessed.—How by forgiveness and mercy one may heap coals upon the head, and display the surprises of love and friendship, is beautifully illustrated by the following incident :—

"There had once been brought to his Highness as a present a very beautiful shield inlaid with gold. Every one in the Durbar Hall feasted his eyes upon this beautiful thing, and the courtiers edged anxiously nearer the royal chair in the hope that Amīr Sahib might perhaps, as he sometimes did, bestow the present upon a faithful and deserving slave. The Amīr slowly cast his eyes round the ring, and each heart beat high as the Amīr's eyes rested a moment on this man or that. Suddenly the Amīr called out, 'Nassir, Pesh biar, come forward.' Out of a far corner came Nassir. The Amīr turned to the anxious circle, and said :—'Look upon this man. He was with me in Samarcand.' The hearts of the courtiers sank ; Nassir then was to be the recipient of the shield. 'He was with me in Samarcand, and for a little thing he turned and cursed me. These were his words,' and the Amīr repeated the curse. 'Is this thing so ?' he said to Nassir. The old man hung his head in shame. 'He cursed me ; he half drew his sword on me his master. What is this man worthy of ?' There was a dead silence. The shield was forgotten, for behold Nassir's day had come. It had, but not in the sense anticipated. 'Give him the shield,' said the Amīr ; 'he was with me in Samarcand.'"

The surprise of this act exhibits a kingliness far more truly revealed than through the exercise of tyrannical

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power and revenge. It illustrates Shakespeare's great lines :—

" The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ; . . .
It is an attribute to God Himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

VI. SPIRITUAL VISION

Illumination.—A picture, which appeared first in the Academy of 1856, painted by R. Hannah, has the suggestive title, " Master Isaac Newton in his Garden at Woolsthorpe, in the Autumn of 1665." The great scientist is represented sitting in his garden beneath an apple-tree. The autumn tints are on the trees, and as Sir Isaac sits an apple dislodges itself from a branch and falls at his feet. The incident, as an incident, is trivial in the extreme. Many millions of times must men have sat under such trees in the autumntides and gardens of the world and seen an apple fall. But out of all the millions unrecognised this one falling apple conveyed to the brain of this man, and through his brain to the world, the message of a law so vast that it encompasses the universe and all that it contains.

Losing the Vision.—How easily we may be so engrossed in the material that we miss the spiritual is

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suggested by Giotto in his famous fresco at Assisi, on the death of St. Francis.

The brothers have all gathered round the couch on which St. Francis lies ; some are watching his changing countenance, others are examining with curiosity the "stigmata"—those wounds on his hands and feet which he bore in imitation of the Saviour ; one, like Thomas, inquisitively is thrusting his hand into his side. Only one looks away from these earthly things, and sees the heavenly vision sent to comfort the dying saint. He holds his hands before his eyes, which are dazzled by the heavenly glory.

Sight.—Ruskin once pathetically remarked " I don't wonder at what men suffer, but I wonder at what they miss." In this connection Dr. Channing tells of an American philistine in a gallery in Spain, standing before a noble treatment of the " Marriage of Cana in Galilee." " Well," said he, with a strong nasal accent, " he was a cute man that made that jar."

" Earth's crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with God :
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes ;
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware
More and more from the first similitude ! "

E. B. Browning.

Vision.—The great differences amongst men are not differences of rank, but of eyesight. Some men see so much, others are so pathetically and tragically blind. It was beautifully said of Keats that " he saw a dryad in every tree." On one occasion a friend was out walking with Schwind, the German romanticist. It was in the early morning when the dew was sparkling, and men were waking to a fresh and revived world.

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"Doesn't it seem as if gnomes and fairies had just been disporting themselves amid the leaves and flowers of this dell," said his friend laughingly. "Don't you believe it is so?" said Schwind, "I believe it." To some the world is nothing but a lump of coarse matter; to others it seems everywhere "bound with gold chains about the feet of God." One goes through a forest and sees nothing but trees, another takes off his shoes from off his feet, for "visibly in the Garden walketh God."

"Da gehet leise nach seiner Weise der liebe Herrgott durch den Wald."

("The dear God Holy,
He passeth slowly,
As His wont is,
Through the wood.")

That power of vision to find revelations in things which to other eyes are mere commonplaces is beautifully expressed and illustrated in these lines of Browning's:—

"I crossed a moor with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world, no doubt.
Yet a hand's breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about.

"For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forget the rest."

The Seeing Eye.—"I never saw that," said a lady to Turner once, when surveying a picture of some scene which she thought she knew well. "No, madam," he replied, "but don't you wish you could have seen it." It is this power to see which makes the poet, the artist, and the saint. Take a picture of some common incident, say Peter Graham's picture entitled "A

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Rainy Day." In this climate of ours we have abundant opportunity of realising the effect of rain upon the atmosphere, upon Nature, and the things around us. Suppose one of us were suddenly endowed with a power to express our ideas in colour upon canvas, and were set down to paint a rainy day, what appalling ignorance we should exhibit. The fact is that though we have months of rainy days each year, we are as ignorant almost of their atmospheric and other effects as if we lived at the Equator. Look now at Peter Graham's canvas, look at the wet, glistening backs of the perspiring horses, at the sopping and spongy thatched roofs, the moist umbrellas and damp skirts of the women, the shining pebbles, the trail of the rain-laden clouds, and the enjoyment of the cattle and the ducks. This is how the artist sees.

" These and far more than these
The Poet sees.
He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung or said.
For his thought that never stops
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down to chasms and gulfs profound
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers underground :
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colours seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun."

The same differences of sight are found in the spiritual life. To see the eyes must first be opened. That we do not see beauty in Christ and His Gospel sufficient to leave all and follow Him does not

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prove for us that the beauty is not there, it proves that we are blind. The saints see it, the specialists in the spiritual life all see it ; all who have their eyes open see it, and if we do not see it, then it is the touch of Christ's finger upon the eye of our souls that is the most urgent need of our lives. Wordsworth, it will be remembered, deals with this dulness of eye in "Peter Bell."

" A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

VII. PURITY

The Cultivation of the Pure Heart.—To cultivate a pure taste it is necessary to study the best. Sir Peter Lely, the celebrated painter, made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience this so affected him that when he began to paint his mind was obsessed by it, and even his brush seemed to be tainted. And this is true in the cultivation of inner purity. Such purity can only be preserved by refusing even to look upon evil, well knowing that in through the channels of the eyes there can flash pictures which pollute the mind, and poison the imagination. Nothing keeps the heart so pure as the upward look.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The Symbol of Purity.—From the earliest ages, and amid all peoples, white has been accepted as the type of purity and innocence.

The priests of Osiris, of Zeus, of Brahma, as well as the Druidical priests, all wore symbolical white garments. The Levites at the dedication of Solomon's

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Temple were "arrayed in white linen." At the Transfiguration of Christ His garment, we are told, was "white as the light," while the angel at the empty tomb, on the Resurrection morn, was clothed in "raiment white as snow." In art this synbolism has been retained. In such scenes as the "Annunciation," the "Presentation in the Temple," and others in the Virgin's life unconnected with suffering, she is clad in white garments to indicate purity and holiness.

"But as I sat scrawling those silly figures on brown paper it began to dawn on me, to my great disgust, that I had left one chalk, and that a most exquisite and essential one, behind. I searched all my pockets, but I could not find any white chalk. Now, those who are acquainted with all the philosophy (nay, religion) which is typified in the art of drawing upon brown paper, know that white is positive and essential. I cannot avoid remarking here upon a moral significance. One of the wise and awful truths which this brown-paper art reveals is this: that white is a colour. It is not a mere absence of colour: it is a shining and affirmative thing: as fierce as red, as definite as black. When (so to speak) your pencil grows red hot, it draws roses, when it grows white hot, it draws stars. And one of the two or three defiant verities of the best religious morality—of real Christianity, for example—is exactly this same thing. Chastity does not mean abstention from sexual wrong: it means something flaming like Joan of Arc. In a word, God paints in many colours, but He never paints so gorgeously—I had almost said so gaudily—as when He paints in white."

G. K. Chesterton, "Tremendous Trifles."

The Blameless Life.—In the "Quest of the Holy Grail"—the mystic cup used at the last supper, in which according to the Gospel of Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea caught the last drop of blood which fell from the side of Christ on the Cross—Sir Galahad is represented as the stainless knight. Along with the

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other knights of the Round Table he set out on the quest. Each saw the vision of the holy vessel in proportion to his purity of soul. To some it was swathed in cloud and mist; they had a distant, indistinct, momentary glimpse of its glory. Launcelot, who has set out in search of holiness while his heart is set on sin, sees the grail covered, but sees it as holy wrath and fire, as stern and awful retribution. Only to one, the knight of the white soul, is the vision clear and radiant—to Sir Galahad, who loses himself that he might find himself, whose “strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure.”

Watts, in his famous picture, has seized upon that awful and glorious moment when the young knight receives the spiritual vision. He has descended from his milk-white charger, he stands with bare brow and head thrown back, gazing with rapture unspeakable at the vision which breaks through the clouds and fills the heavens with patterns of bright gold.

The lesson this noble illustration of the Arthurian legend conveys to the onlooker is that spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned, and that the pure in heart alone can see God and the things of God. The source of deep-seated unbelief, of that view of the world which reduces it to force and matter, arises not from intellectual doubt, but from a darkened soul. The eye cannot discern because the soul is dark within. Purity has its own blessed and radiant vision.

The illustration also of Sir Galahad beholding the grail, and passing into the spiritual city, suggests how the lofty visions which come to the soul in harmony with God, refine it, until it enters into full union with the world beyond, and needs not death to open the gate into eternal life.

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Watts' painting has found an appropriate place in the chapel at Eton College. To all the youths who enter there it will be a reminder that victory comes through "wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

In contrast with the joyfulness which is the companion of the pure heart, and which Sir Galahad typifies, Tennyson has sketched with rare insight the misery of Sir Launcelot, whose conscience is stained by sin :—

" For what am I ? What profits me my name
Of greatest knight ? I fought for it and have it.
Pleasure to have it none, to lose it—pain :
Now grown a part of me—but what use is it ?
To make man worse, by making my sin known ?
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great ?
 . . . May God, I pray Him,
Send a sudden angel down
To seize me by the hair, and bear me far,
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,
Amid the tumbled fragments of the hills."

Of the awfulness of lost purity there are few passages in English poetry more steeped in anguish, or which offer a more solemn lesson, than the words Tennyson puts into the lips of Guinevere :—

" He, the King,
Called me polluted : shall I kill myself ?
What help in that ? I cannot kill my sin
If soul be soul, nor can I kill my shame.
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and make the years,
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn."

Chastity.—There is a beautiful and suggestive picture in the National Gallery, by an old and unknown Florentine of the fifteenth century, in which he represents

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the triumph of Chastity. Clothed in the white garment of innocence, she is assailed by the darts of temptation. But as these darts strike against her polished shield their points break, and burst forth into tiny golden flames—showing how temptation when overcome only strengthens and causes the fire of purity to burn more brightly.

“ Why comes Temptation, but for man to meet,
And master, and make crouch beneath his feet,
And so be pedestall'd in triumph ? ”

Browning.

The conventional treatment of chastity in art is usually that of the nun in the convent, white of face and of soul, bending before the crucifix until her body becomes almost transparent, and her being almost consumed with her spiritual love for the Heavenly Bridegroom.

Watts, in his picture of Britomart, that British maiden who is the personification of chastity—“ that first virtue, far above the rest,”—gives a more modern, more true, and more healthy representation. He paints her, not as an encloistered nun or vestal virgin, but as a British maiden, strong in body, resolute in mind, and pure in soul. Nor is she the maiden of the drawing-room, bred “ to finger the fine needle and nice thread,” thinking of love and life in sentimental strain. She has gazed into the magic mirror, has seen the face of her lover, and love has not awakened in her fruitless repining, but resolute determination to do battle for the right. So Watts has painted her strong in limb, and athletic in frame, yet beside her there is the jar with the long-stemmed lily, emblem of purity.

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Watts leads here a healthy revolt against the en-cloistered view of chastity, springing up only in those sworn to perpetual virginity; against also the weak and sentimental form of it, so popular in past days. It is a new ideal he calls for in the young maiden of to-day, to realise, amid her modern liberties, the white flower of a blameless life.

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear."

VIII. SPIRITUAL UNION

Unequally Yoked.—In his picture called "The Symbol," Frank Dicksee suggests a deep spiritual lesson. Through the gateway of a Roman house there passes a marriage group. The bride and bridegroom come first, with garlands on their head and in gay attire, followed by their young friends. On the one side there is a tree laden with apples, toward which the bride raises her hand; on the other side sits a pilgrim holding up before the bridegroom a crucifix which he invites him to purchase. Beneath the gaiety of this festal procession there is a deep, tragic note. These two are unequally yoked, they look already in different directions—she looks gaily toward the world, and holds up her hand to pluck its fruit; he looks towards the Cross, and feels its poignant appeal. What is to be their life-history? "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," said the Apostle. This seems a hard saying, but it is steeped in life's tragic experience. These two will drift apart because between them there

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can be no true intimacy. Life's rough way cannot stand the strain unless in the high things of the soul there are sympathy and mutual understanding. Most of the tragedies of married life lie here, in the dissonance which springs from conflicting desires. Will he lift her up? or will she drag him down? or will each go separate ways drifting ever wider asunder? The peril of such a union to those who seek first the Kingdom of God is too great, says the Apostle. Human love is not lasting which is not based on love divine.

Spiritual Companionship.—The command of the Apostle, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," obtains its validity from the fact stated above that where there is no true union of soul there can be no lasting union at all—none of that deep mutual sympathy with and understanding of each other which are necessary to life's companionship.

This truth is further suggested in a modern picture which represents two lovers seated in a room. They are engaged in conversation, and into it the youth is pouring his whole soul. He is speaking to her of his ideals, his ambitions and longings, and the pale, ascetic face indicates that these are not material, but lofty and ideal. The girl is pretty and well-meaning, but her face has no depth. She loves him and strives to sympathise and understand, but it is all beyond her depth and a trifle wearisome, and she cannot keep her mind from wandering to take notice of the ring on her finger, which tells her that she is actually engaged! It is not difficult to see that these two are "unequally yoked"; in after days they will drift apart, perhaps both becoming embittered. It is only to be hoped that they will find it out before it be too late.

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Browning, it will be remembered, in his own subtle way, works this out in "Men and Women." Andrea del Sarto loved Lucrezia, but they were "unequally yoked," she was unworthy of him. It was not only that she debased him, turned him away from his craft, stained his name. The bitterness to him lay in the *impossibility of self-disclosure*. When he spoke from his soul of high things, *she did not understand*.

"But had you—Oh, with the same perfect brow
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!"

The same idea is treated in a powerful way in a modern novel. A youth uneducated, but possessing genius, is admitted into the society of a beautiful young woman of good social position. They love each other, and love lifts him up on wings, and awakens his genius, and sets fire to his being. It cannot do the same for her, because it is not in her. So she listens to his outbursts without discernment, she cannot sympathise because she cannot understand. For a while her love helps her to simulate interest, and his love for a while blinds him to her want of it. But at last it cannot be hidden, and so they fall apart—disenchanted, embittered—into pitiful despair. And the lesson is this, that for all union that would last, the union must be of the soul.

IX. SPIRITUAL VICTORY

Victory over Sin.—Sin cannot live where Christ is enthroned. An artist once presented an Oxford undergraduate with an engraving of Hoffman's "Christ."

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" Hang this in your room," he said, " and it will banish the ballet-girls and the jockeys."

With the eye fixed upon Christ the assaults of the world can no more overthrow us

" Than loud south westerns, rolling ridge on ridge
The buoy that rides at sea, and dips and springs for ever."

Victory over Sin.—To express the terrible seductiveness of sin, the Greeks invented the story of the Sirens, who, beautiful in form, sang their bewitching songs to the mariners as they sailed past their island-home, and so allured them to destruction. On two occasions, however, and by two different means, their evil plans were thwarted, and those whom they sought to allure escaped. Both have been continually represented in art. The first occasion was when Ulysses filled the ears of his sailors with wax so that they could not hear, while he himself was bound with thick cords to the mast. Thus they escaped, but barely, and with agonising effort. The second occasion was when Jason and the Argonauts, having set out on the quest of the Golden Fleece, persuaded Orpheus to accompany them. Then coming to the dread vicinity of the Sirens, they began to play their seductive strains, but Orpheus, tuning his lyre, sang a far more beautiful song, and so made the music of the Sirens hateful and discordant.

These two stories illustrate how victory may be obtained over temptation. It is possible to overcome by self-discipline, and by device, but such victory is hard and perilous, there is no certitude of victory. It is only when we take Christ on board that victory is certain and complete. For then He sets our affections on things which are so noble and appealing that the

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passionate music of sin not only fails to allure us, it creates within us nausea and revolt.

Expulsive Power of a Pure Affection.—R. L. Stevenson tells a story of a young man travelling in Spain, and in a lonely part, finding lodgment in an old castle. In the room he occupied there hung on the wall the picture of a beautiful but sensuous woman. Gradually the woman's face inflamed his imagination, it became an obsession which he could not shake off. Even in sleep the face haunted him, awaking within him evil thoughts and poisoning his heart and mind. Vainly he struggled against it, but without success; the image pursued him wherever he went. In this castle in which he lived he had only met the señor and his wife, both of noble origin but poor. One day, passing up the staircase, he met face to face their daughter, of whose existence even he was ignorant. Young and beautiful, their eyes met, and in that momentary glance love, fresh and pure, awoke in his heart. Filled with its strange glow and amazement he entered his room and looked up at the picture. Then he found its spell was gone. Instead of holding him he felt hatred and shame. The pure affection had done what no mental struggle could do.

Such is the expulsive power of a pure affection. Victory over sin is not gained by self-effort, but by opening the heart to the love of Christ. His love rushing in sweeps all foul affections out, and raises the whole being into the heights of peace and victory.

CHAPTER VII

CONDUCT AND CHARACTER

Character.—The original and simple meaning of the word “character” is an engraving—something carved or inscribed in a man’s nature; it is the potential fact about the man—the inmost truth of him written upon his personality, which on the whole his fellow men can read and perceive accurately, and from which God at last will judge him. When the books are opened in the Day of Judgment, it is not some scroll or parchment, accurately chronicling his deeds and posted up to date in Heaven that will be produced. It is the man’s own character, the writing engraven within upon himself which shall be read, and which shall determine his doom or bliss.

On a monument in Liverpool, raised to William Rathbone, one of that city’s noblest men, there are engraven on its four sides these sentences which sum up his character :—

“He helped the poor by giving his heart with his help.”

“Having faith in God he never could despair of man.”

“He deemed the fear of obstacles to be the greatest obstacle.”

“Seeing the best in others, he drew from them their best.”

Character-Building.—Few buildings which the world possesses show such triumphs of man’s patient industry as the palaces and churches of Venice. Of all soils likely to sustain the weight of massive buildings, that upon which Venice is built is the most unsuitable.

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"Let the traveller," says Ruskin, "follow in his boat at evening the windings of some unfrequented channel . . . and so wait until the bright investiture and sweet warmth of the sunset are withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the night, pathless, comfortless, infirm, lost in dark languor, and fearful silence, except where the salt rivulets plash into the tideless pools, or the sea-birds flit from their margins with a questionable cry ; and he will be enabled in some sort to enter into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation."

Yet it was upon this soil that were reared palaces, the noblest and most enduring that the world knows.

And this may be taken as an illustration of the building up of Christian character. St. Paul in his epistle describes the natural soil :—"The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these : fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness," etc. Yet upon this soil Christ the Master Builder can rear buildings beautified by love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance. See Gal. v. 19—23.

The early Venetians, in order to overcome the natural instability of the soil upon which their city is built, and to make building possible, let down into it solid and enduring shafts of wood, which they drove in to a great depth. In preparing the foundations, for instance, of the church of the Madonna della Salute, it is said that more than a million and a half piles were used. Upon these, which grew harder and more enduring with time, they placed the foundations of their palaces ; and so secure were these foundations that though earthquakes have shaken the mainland, and on one occasion emptied the waters of the Grand Canal, these buildings have never been seriously damaged. And it is in such ways that character is built. Down

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into the heart and will of the natural man, with its weakness and its pitiful irresoluteness, there have first to be let down enduring principles, convictions, beliefs. By these the nature, otherwise shifting, is steadied, and upon these the edifice of a noble life can alone be securely built. Without these the building, however outwardly beautiful, will sink down into the slime, dragging its inmate with it.

" Not in the clamour of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat."

Longfellow.

Conscience.—Watts represents conscience as "The Dweller in the Innermost." In the centre of a luminous mist, far withdrawn, sits a figure with stern, glowing eyes. And this figure is meant to remind us of that mysterious faculty which dwells within each of us, with its voice that can only be stilled when sin has corrupted the very core of our humanity. On the lap of this female figure there are lying the arrows with which she pricks the hearts of men, awaking them from sleep, forcing them to realise the penalty of wrong-doing.

" O Conscience : into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me, out of which
I find no way—from deep to deeper plunged."

Milton.

Beside the arrows, also, lies a trumpet, that instrument of summons whose loud peals shall awaken even the dead and draw them before Heaven's dread judgment seat.

Watts also represents Conscience encircled with feathers and wings, some dark, some light, declaring the swiftness with which conscience condemns or comforts the actor, whether the deed be evil or good.

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" Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought :
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

"Hamlet," iii. i.

Compromise.—In ancient churches there are to be found in the stalls, often grotesquely carved, seats which are known as the 'Miserere.' These are seats which, when turned up against the stalls, reveal a small projection of wood on the under side, and thus, while the ecclesiastic appears to stand, give him some support. They thus offer a compromise between sitting and standing, and were for the use of weak brethren during the long services of the Roman Church.

Consideration for Others.—It is related of Turner that he once sent a picture of Cologne to the Royal Academy. It was hung between two pictures of Lawrence, and the colours in his own painting were so intense that they deadened the tones of the paintings on either side. On the morning of the opening of the Academy the friends of Turner were amazed to find a dark and somewhat unsightly shadow thrown across the most glowing part of his picture. Mentioning this to Turner, he explained that seeing the effect of his vivid colouring upon the more sober tints of his friend's pictures, he had temporarily spoiled his own by covering the sky with a wash of lamp-black.

" The kindly deeds that we increase,
And all the generous gifts we've given,
Ascend as messengers of peace :
To plead for us they never cease,
Before our Father that's in Heaven."

The Talmud.

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Moral Courage.—Courage is of many kinds, and of various values, but few subjects expressing courage of the very highest order are more worthy of representation in art than one by Jean Paul Laurens, entitled "St. Jean Chrysostom," in which is depicted the golden-mouthed Chrysostom denouncing the Empress Eudoxia from the pulpit of St. Sophia in Constantinople. Chrysostom, called the "golden-mouthed" because of his eloquence, was one of the noblest men who ever served God in the service of His Church. Raised to the See of Constantinople, and made Bishop much against his will, he soon, by his eloquence, and much more by his example, produced so profound an impression as to change the whole character of the city. His zeal, however, and especially his fearless denunciation of the vices of the great, raised against him a whole host of enemies, prominent amongst whom were Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, and the Empress Eudoxia. Crimes were invented, of which Chrysostom was accused, found guilty, and for which he was expelled from the city. The indignation of the populace was so great, however, that his enemies were forced to recall him, and he returned to Constantinople amid the wild rejoicings of the people. A few months after a statue was publicly erected in honour of the Empress, but its dedication was attended by such gross forms of rejoicing that the scandal could not be passed over. Chrysostom, too, was the last man to pass over it. Instead of seeking to conciliate her, he denounced her iniquities to her face. The picture represents the scene when, addressing her from the pulpit of St. Sophia, he condemns her for her iniquitous life, and calls upon her to repent. But repentance was not in her heart. The artist represents her rising from her

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seat in the apse of the Cathedral, her eyes blazing, the whole pose of her body expressing rage and vowing revenge. Nor was she long in putting her power into force against Chrysostom. An edict was immediately issued. Driven into exile, he had to endure the most terrible trials and privations. Although at the instigation of the brother of the Emperor he was finally permitted to enter Armenia, the permission came too late. Worn out by ill-usage, he died on the way, and his name was added to that illustrious band of martyrs who counted not their life dear unto themselves, but who fearlessly proclaimed their message as prophets of the most high God.

Illustrations of similar acts of dauntless moral courage are found in

John the Baptist condemning Herod ;

Ambrose refusing permission of entrance to Emperor Theodosius (See Vandyck's picture in National Gallery) ;

Savonarola condemning the wickedness of the Pope from the pulpit of the Cathedral in Florence ;

Luther confronting the Papal Legate at the Diet of Worms ;

John Knox condemning Mary from the pulpit of St. Giles'—

all of which have been frequently represented in art.

Courtesy.—One of the finest compliments ever offered was the compliment offered by Sir Joshua Reynolds to Mrs. Siddons, the great Queen of Tragedy, whose portrait he painted. When it was finished Mrs. Siddons noticed a peculiar brocaded effect upon the corner of the robe, and found on closer examination that it was the painter's name inscribed upon it. Turning to the

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artist she was met with a stately bow. "I could not resist the opportunity," Sir Joshua explained, "of sending down my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Culture.—Culture is that process by which the natural qualities of the mind are developed and polished, until they gain their maximum efficiency and yield their highest results. The value of education and perseverance in attaining it is finely illustrated by a column of Aberdeen granite, which stands in the museum of the University of Edinburgh.

"The column is of one unbroken piece, but it is arranged in ascending sections to represent the different processes and stages through which the granite passes, from the quarry to the polished issue. The pedestal is rough, jagged, and primitive, just as it left the quarry, bearing all the marks of the blasting. And then follow layer upon layer, each succeeding one being subjected to a more rigid discipline than its predecessors, until every uncouthness is left behind, and all its wealthy and exquisite veins are discovered in the refined and shining issue.

"And that, I say, is how many people reason about eternal life. Eternal life is just common life perfected. Common life is the rough-hewn block: eternal life is the same block, chastened and refined. The two do not represent a change of substance, they represent differences effected by labour and culture."

J. H. Jowett.

This may be taken also to illustrate the power of education, which is to draw out the powers and graces which lie undeveloped within.

Duty.—Dante in his *Purgatory*, Canto X., represents a certain portion of the Mount of Purgatory, formed of

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white marble, upon which are engraven figures representing incidents illustrative of the virtue of humility. Among these is an anecdote of Trajan (sometimes told also of Hadrian) which relates that one day, when setting out on an expedition, surrounded by his legions, he was accosted by a widow, who, with tears in her eyes, exclaimed :—" Grant me vengeance, sire, my son is murdered." Trajan replied, " Wait till I return." " But if you do not return ? " urged the widow. " Then my successor will right you," said the Emperor. The widow still pressing her case asked, " What is another's good to you, sire, if you neglect your own ? " Upon which the Emperor said, " It seems that my duty should be performed ere I move hence. So justice wills, and pity bids me stay." The Emperor then turned and rode back to the city, obeying the call of humble duty.

" Three things never return :—

The spent arrow,
The spoken word,
The lost opportunity."

Ancient Persian Proverb.

" In the street of By-and-By
Stands the hostelry of Never."

Misdirected Energy.—Doré in his " Illustrations of Don Quixote " has a realistic picture of the famous knight's amusing encounter with a supposed army. Seeing a great dust along the road which he and Sancho are pursuing, Quixote is persuaded that an enemy is approaching, and bravely determines to do battle. After a while it is plain enough to Sancho, who is the incarnation of solid common sense, that the dust is caused by the approach of a flock of innocent sheep, but his information is scorned by the redoubtable

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knight. Couching his lance he urges his steed to the gallop, and like a whirlwind charges the enemy, with great valour, laying several of the sheep dead and wounded on the ground. He is rewarded for his mighty deed of chivalry, however, by a terrible stoning from the enraged shepherds, who are too ignorant to appreciate knightly valour, and who do considerable damage to his ribs, as well as knock out several of his teeth.

There is a great deal of Quixote's energy in the world, directed against figments of the brain, which only end in personal discomfiture, without advancing any good object.

Doré has an equally amusing illustration of the even more famous occasion in which the knight, imagining some windmills to be a set of giants, with enormous whirling arms, boldly made at them full-tilt. Sancho is seen with his arms raised to Heaven, while the brave knight comes crashing to the ground.

On one of the great pediments of the Parthenon there were sculptures representing the following legend. Athena and Poseidon were contending against each other for the sovereignty of Attica, and were not only arousing within themselves bitter passions, but were directing their energies to rouse the passions of the gods. The contention became so embittered and prolonged that at length the deities intervened, and ordained that they should direct their energies in the producing of some useful gift which would prove of lasting service to humanity. Poseidon then struck the rock of the Acropolis and made to spring up a fountain of brackish water. Athena followed, and won the contest by causing an olive tree to spring from the flinty soil—the olive being the most fruitful and

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valuable of trees. Thus by directing their energies to useful pursuits, instead of wasting them in quarrels, they added to human wealth.

Enthusiasm.—Watts, in his picture “Jonah Preaching in the Streets of Nineveh,” portrays a type of character which all who are complacent, tolerant, and ease-loving in the world, hate. In the fierce, fanatical face of the prophet, his blazing eyes, his passionate gestures, his disordered dress, and burning words, we realise the enthusiast and the prophet, the man who speaks for God and lashes the sin-loving by exposing their sins. Such men are always hated by their day and generation, and hated by the cultured and complacent even more than by the profligate and debauched. Such men, however, are the saviours of the race; their burning words stir the benumbed consciences of men, they lash them into wakefulness, and though they have to pay the penalty of their lonely mission often with their life, they arouse men as much by their death as by their life to the horror of their sins. In the frieze which runs round the walls of Nebuchadnezzar’s palace are represented the degrading sins to which the heathen were addicted, and of which Jonah warned them to repent. These were gambling, drunkenness, and especially the iniquities which spring from covetousness. There is no doubt that Watts was thinking more of his own day than of Jonah’s, and of Britain’s sins rather than those of Babylon, and in the gaunt figure of the prophet was proclaiming the need of a modern Jonah to curse the sins which are biting into the life around us to-day.

Matter-of-Fact.—The dull matter-of-fact, behind whose thick defences the shafts of guile cannot pierce,

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is charmingly and humorously illustrated by Leslie in his well-known picture in the National Gallery entitled "My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman." The scene is taken from "Tristram Shandy." The widow has by a series of dexterous moves reached the sentry-box in which the portly and middle-aged figure of Uncle Toby is seated, smoking his long clay pipe, the very type of the confirmed bachelor, rooted in his bachelor's ways, and impervious to, because unconscious of, feminine wiles. The widow complains of something in her eye, and turns her charming, coquettish face to Uncle Toby, asking him to examine and see if he can discover the mote.

"'I protest, madam, I can see nothing whatever in your eye,' answers Uncle Toby with stolid truth. 'It is not in the white,' said the widow. My Uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil. But he could see nothing!"

Fidelity.—In sepulchral effigies of early times the dog is frequently introduced lying at the feet of married women. In such cases it represents fidelity—the faithful watcher and defender of the home, quick to warn of the approach of danger, ready to defend to the death the friend who is attacked. It is this same suggestion of fidelity which led Greek artists to paint a dog chained to the outside post of houses, and place over them—as in the well-known picture at Pompeii—the motto "Cave Canem"—"Beware of the Dog." One of the most touching incidents in ancient history is the joy of the old dog Argus, who expires at the feet of his master, Ulysses, when he returns after an absence of twenty years.

Freedom.—Freedom is the only soil in which the mind of man can grow, and in which he can rise to his

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full stature. This is abundantly illustrated in art. Through those centuries in which the human mind was fettered, when the imagination of men was imprisoned in ecclesiastical chains, and no freedom either of fancy or of execution was allowed, art perished. The spirit which calls forth high endeavour became atrophied, and artists became mere drudges and hacks, endlessly repeating their soulless Madonnas and emaciated saints. The joy and amazing artistic splendour of that period which we term "The Renaissance" came with the recovery of freedom. When the doors were burst open men were thrilled with glorious amazement at the world and at themselves.

" When a deed is done for Freedom,
Through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
Trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers,
Feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as
The energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed
On the thorny stem of Time.

" For mankind are one in spirit, and
An instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle,
The swift flash of right or wrong ;
Whether conscious or unconscious,
Yet humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres
Feels the gush of joy or shame :—
In the gain or loss of one race all
The rest have equal claim."

James Russell Lowell.

Independence.—The intensely interesting picture,

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"Dr. Johnson in the Ante-Room of the Earl of Chesterfield," which is now in the Tate Gallery, was exhibited first in the Academy of 1845, and brought the artist, E. M. Ward, R.A., into public notice.

The picture represents a large ante-room, filled with suitors waiting for an audience with the powerful nobleman. From the audience chamber there has just issued a lady of fashion clad in the costliest garments : she leans affectedly upon the shoulder of her black page who carries her guitar, while she glances round with supercilious eye, and surveys the needy suitors who wait in vain for an audience. The artist with great skill has introduced amongst those neglected suitors such as deserve the consideration of the great—a widow and her child ; a naval officer who has lost his limbs in the service of his country ; and the neglected man of genius, typified in the great lexicographer, who, as the minutes fly, and as he sees the frivolous and indolent pass him by with their condescending and vulgar stare, grows white and stern with moral indignation. The picture is a fine study of manly independence, of the nobility of honest worth as compared with mere rank and empty fashion.

The incident, so powerfully portrayed by the artist, drew from Dr. Johnson a letter which is one of the gems of English literature. The letter is as follows, and it forms the best key to the interpretation of the picture itself :—

"Feb'y., 1755.

"To the Right Hon. the Earl of Chesterfield,

"My Lord,

"I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little

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accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

“ When upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address : and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself ‘ *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre* ’—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending : but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and courtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

“ Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your doors ; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, but I never had a Patron before. . . .

“ Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help ? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed until I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

“ Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less : for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s most humble,

“ Most obedient servant,

“ Samuel Johnson.”

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" Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that :
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that :
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that."

Burns.

Industry.—Few men have taken more pains to gain accuracy and truthfulness than Meissonier, the great French artist.

" There have been beautiful things in my life," he said—
" glory, love ; but nothing equals the passion for work."

This explains his personal attitude toward his art. No trouble was too great, no research too abstruse, when truth was to be attained, no labour too arduous to reach the standard he had set himself.

" The nearer I get to the end of my life of labour the more easily do I detach myself from all things which do not make truth and right their first object ; and if I long to leave a painter's fame behind me, I desire even more to leave the name of a man."

When Michael Angelo was forced to paint the Sistine Chapel in fresco, of which art he knew nothing, he went down into the Pope's gardens behind the Vatican, and with a shovel dug out ochres, red and yellow, mixed them with glue and water with his own hands, and having, after many trials, at last suited himself, climbed his ladders and painted away, week after week, month after month, the sibyls and prophets. He surpassed his successors in rough vigour as much as in purity of intellect and refinement. He was not

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crushed by his one picture left unfinished at last. Michael was wont to draw his figures first in skeleton, then to clothe them with flesh, then to drape them.

" Ah ! " said a brave painter to me, thinking on these things, " if a man has failed you will find he has dreamed instead of working. There is no way to success in our art but to take your coat off, grind paint, and work like a digger on the railroad, all day and every day."

Emerson.

Reynolds upon being complimented upon his " Infant Hercules," and the apparent ease with which it was done, replied :—" There are ten pictures under it, some of them better, some of them worse."

" All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
" We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time."

Longfellow.

Industry.—The mediæval illustration of the industrious boy is naïvely given in a picture of Augustine at school by Benozzo Gozzoli. Augustine was distinguished for his learning and eloquence. The scene of the painting is set in a handsome street, and the story is told in two separate incidents. In the first Monica is placing her son Augustine under the care of a very self-conscious and pompous schoolmaster. In the next we get a glimpse into the school on an interesting occasion. The same schoolmaster, with unflagging zeal, is castigating with a birch a little chubby boy, who is raised for that purpose on the back of a bigger companion. One small urchin, peeping round the

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pillar, looks on with fascinated interest, and only too evident foreboding. This is one side of the painter's moral lesson. The other is represented by the young Augustine, who, notwithstanding the sport, *never lifts his eyes from the book.*

The Education of Illusion.

"There is a picture in the National Gallery painted by John Crome, and called 'Mousehold Heath.' Noble in its simplicity, it shows a wide expanse of sky and moor. All the mystery of the work—and what great work ever lacked mystery?—lies in the road which threads the heathland, now falling out of sight as the hill dips in a hollow, now re-appearing until it is lost in the dimness of the far horizon. Whither it goes you know not. In every turn and twist of it there is an unanswered question. So long as paint and canvas endure the path will fall and rise mysteriously over Mousehold Heath, and to read aright its riddle is to read the riddle of life. The road over the hill—these five words sum up whatever mankind knows and feels of romance."

"Letters of an Englishman."

This road over the hill, too, reminds us of how God has made the way of life. Its charms and allurements rise from the fact that it rises and falls, that there are dips we cannot see, and distances hardly visible. Were the world a dead flat, and all its roads dead straight, who would care to tread them? With what heavy and uninspired hearts we should tread even the shortest of them. But the ups and downs, the windings and the turns, whet our curiosity and excite our imaginations. In these tremulous distances we place our castles, and, as children, brave the weariness and inconveniences of the day in order that we may reach them. What though they be insubstantial—of such stuff as dreams are made of? They lead us on, they give us courage to live, they are life's great incentives.

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The distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attained, another yet succeeds
Far fairer than before.

Kirke White.

This same thought is expressed in a poem by Cardinal Newman, written in 1836 :—

" Did we but see,
When life first open'd, how our journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing day,
Or view ourselves as we one time shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesus' sake.

" But Thou, dear Lord !
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to come,
Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word ;
Willing me, year by year, till I am found
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound."

Commercial Integrity.—Ruskin declares that it was the pride of his life to have been the first traveller in Venice to discover a famous inscription on one of its stones. Near the Rialto Bridge stands one of the oldest churches in Venice, San Giacomo di Rialto, built in the fifth century. On its northern gable which faces the bridge, which was the commercial centre of the city, where the merchants met to transact their business, there are carved upon it the following words:—*Hoc circa templum sit ius mercantibus æquum, pondera nec vergant, nec sit conventio prava.*—"Around this temple let the merchants' law be just, let not their weights be false, nor their covenants unfaithful." The inspiration for this conduct is found in the simple cross set into the wall above it, upon which is inscribed this prayer: " May Thy Cross, O Christ, be the true safety of this place."

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This honesty and equity in business were the characteristics of Venetian merchants. The words on the old church, Ruskin says, "were the first Venice ever spake aloud," and they form the foundations upon which all commercial morality and commercial success must be based.

Justice.—In the Roman Empire, throughout its best days, no statue was more honoured than that of Themis, the Goddess of Justice. The statue was erected in every public place, and stood by the judge in every court of law, and it embodied all that was finest and strongest in the Roman character and nation. Throughout the whole vast Empire it stood for the rights of the weak against the tyranny of the strong, assuring all men alike of judgment given without passion and without partiality as between man and man. It was the first realisation in the world of absolute impartiality in the administration of law. The statue standing beside the judge was a declaration to all the races of men Rome governed that the whole might of the State was there to administer its laws with scrupulous fairness, and to regard the claim of even the poorest and weakest solely from the standpoint of equity. It was a noble claim, for long worthily fulfilled. How far Rome fell from its high regard in degenerate days may be realised by recalling that the statue of Themis stood by the side of Pilate !

Loyalty.—In Venice there was from the earliest times a law forbidding the erection of monuments in the public streets to people who had sacrificed anything for the good of the State. The reason for this was that all Venetians were supposed to be filled

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with loyalty, and that, therefore, the erection of such monuments was a reflection on others who were equally ready to sacrifice themselves for the good of the State should opportunity arise.

On the other hand, it was held that treason and disloyalty must prove so rare that only to the infamous publicity ought to be given. "Stones of infamy" were therefore erected in public places to record the deeds of betrayers and dishonest citizens, and the smallness of the number testify that the Venetians' claim of the loyalty of their citizens was no idle boast.

Liberty.—When Madame Roland was being led through the streets of Paris to the guillotine, and saw standing in the "Place de la Révolution" the statue of Liberty, she uttered the famous apostrophe: "O Liberty! Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" Of a more sacred name an even more bitter apostrophe could be uttered. The name of the Saviour of men has been used by His votaries to cover the most blasphemous of deeds.

Memory.—At one of the entrances to the Forum there stands a marble statue dedicated to Mnemosyne, the Goddess of Memory. Upon the face, graven in beauty with a Greek's matchless skill, there has fallen a strange, intense stillness, upon her brow a crushing weight of thought. She seems to call the restless passer-by to pause, to wait in silence until that tangled thread which so deeply absorbs her has been unravelled. What is it that absorbs her as she turns ceaselessly over in her mind the pages of past recollection? Is it grief, "the tender grace of a day that is dead"? Is it scorn—the scorn of one who looks back

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and weighs life well, and so "stands mute, self-centred, and dreams no more"? No one can say. The artist has—with all the refined genius of the Greek—produced not a phase of memory, but Memory herself. There she stands reflective, dispassionate, aloof, detached, thinking her own deep thoughts, and to the restless generations which rush to and fro around her she says, not in words, but by her intense abstraction and absorption—"Remember!"

Moderation.—A famous historic symbol to express moderation is the device of a dolphin twisted round an anchor. This was inscribed on his coins by Titus, the Emperor of Rome, and was meant by him to express that golden mean between hurry and delay—the failure which comes from rushing without premeditation, and hesitation through overmuch caution. The anchor is thus the symbol of delay, as it is also of firmness and security, while the dolphin is regarded as the swiftest and most mercurial of fish. Frequently the dolphin and anchor are used as a family crest, with the explanatory motto, *Festina lente*, "Hasten slowly." The symbol, therefore, fitly expresses the idea of moderation, of that just balance between two opposing forces. It represents, also, that maturity in business which is the medium between too great haste and too great hesitation.

Mystery.—"It needs to be constantly kept in mind by all painters," says Ruskin, in criticising the work of R. Carrick in the Academy of 1858, "that good painting must be reserved as well as expressive—it withholds always as much as it reveals. All mystery, or all clearness, is equally wrong, though clearness is the

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nobler error. Nature is simple, and therefore intelligible, but she is also infinite, and therefore mysterious. Whenever you can make a bit of painting quite out, that bit of it is wrong. There is no exception to this rule."

Nobility.—Nobility of character can nowhere be more securely tested than in its treatment of the vanquished. Of the nations of antiquity the basest were the Assyrians, the noblest the Greeks. And this is revealed in their art. The Assyrian friezes represent the glorification of brute strength, and exhibit scenes of revolting and relentless savagery toward the vanquished. On the other hand, it is one of the chief glories of Greek art that it could depict victories and triumphs with glowing power, and yet without refusing sympathy to the vanquished.

Patience.—There is a modern painting by Shields which symbolises the qualities of patience. A figure with great strong wings is represented as standing with ankles chained to a sundial. She possesses powers of flight, but these she cannot use until God's appointed time comes. Meanwhile she waits, crowned with thorns, encircled with briars and brambles—briars which put forth fresh green shoots, which speak of increasing troubles. But she clasps to her breast the Word of God. She bears on her shoulders the yoke of Christ. Her lips are closed uncomplainingly; her eyes are looking forward to things afar. So she waits in faith, knowing that in God's good time the call will come, the fetters be struck from her, and her wings given opportunity to soar.

The Law of Selection.—The character of a man, as

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also his place in life, is determined by the wisdom with which he selects and omits. Nature acts thus, selects the best, omits to use the unfit. Emerson speaks about the "science of omitting," and this science has to be learned by all who would succeed. It is the test of the artist. "The artist," says Schiller, "may be known rather by what he omits." To crowd the canvas with the discordant, the common, the unharmonious, is fatal to high art. Pater says of Watteau, "Sketching the scene to the life, but with a kind of grace, a marvelous tact of omission in dealing with the vulgar reality seen from one's own window." As a true artist, his greatness was shown in choosing the salient, the harmonious, the true, and rejecting, omitting, all that struck discord into the conception. The modern realists who steep themselves in the coarse, the vulgar, the obscene; who fill their canvases or pages with gross detail, and justify it by declaring that it is true to nature, only reveal their own inherent vulgarity. They are not artists, they have neither the seeing eye nor the understanding heart, they have the genius neither of selection nor omission, and so their pictures and books fail to elevate, but coarsen all who regard them. To be true artists also in life we must learn, if we would attain, to omit the trifling and the vulgar, and select the ennobling and divine.

The Law of Self-Revelation.—Every man's work betrays his character, but especially is this true of art. It is an unerring self-revelation of the character, both of nations and of men. In art, as in an open book, can be read the moral tone and the religious temper of each age, and country, and artist. Insincerity, unreality, unbelief may veil themselves, and for long

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escape detection in literature, or in outward conduct, but in art these are instantly detected.

"If any one desires a near and striking proof of this fact," says the late Dean Farrar, "he has only to walk thoughtfully through Westminster Abbey. Let him read the pompous, futile, and interminable, and often lying epitaphs of the eighteenth century and compare them with the 'In Christo,' or 'In Pace' of the Catacombs, or the three words 'Cornelius Ep. Mort.' which sufficed for the grave of a Pope, a Martyr, and a Saint. Let him contrast the eighteenth century piles of incongruous statuary, their meaningless paganism, their crude vulgarity, their conventional commonplace, and their affectation of being terribly at ease in Zion, with the noble images of dead Crusaders, their hands humbly folded upon their breast. The antithesis between the way in which life and death were regarded by an age of belief, however erring, and an age in which scepticism and worldliness were prevalent, is written on the walls and tombs of the great Abbey in language which all may read."

Simplicity.—All great revivals in art, as in religion, exhibit as their supreme characteristics a return to simplicity and naturalness. And this the closing period of the eighteenth century did for both. Wesley in this respect joins hands with Hogarth. The Wesleyan revival was a protest against the choked, formal, and conventional religion exhibited by the Churchman of that day. Religion had become mummified and academic, and Wesley, casting the whole system from him, brought men back to primitive truths and to simple faith. So Hogarth, looking at the bombastic art which had come down from the Renaissance, with its artificialities and unreality, its false gods in which none believed, and its conventional saints, pitched the whole thing from him, looked squarely upon life, and with strength and simplicity painted life as he saw it, bringing men back to reality.

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Sincerity.—The origin is doubtful, but in all probability the word "sincere" is the English rendering of the two Latin words *sine* and *cera*, meaning "without wax." The Latin words were introduced frequently into builders' contracts and for the following reason. In the trans-shipment of marble, or in its preparation by the workmen, it sometimes happened that the block would receive a chip or the statue some defacement. To cover the defect workmen were accustomed to fill in the broken edge or flaw with a preparation of white wax, in which they grew so skilful that it was almost impossible even for a skilled eye to detect it. That which the eye of man could not detect, however, was remorselessly laid bare by the finger of time. The soft wax could not resist the winds and frosts, and soon the ugly scar appeared. To insure against this trickery, it became customary in all contracts to introduce a clause stipulating that the statue or work of art, when completed and handed over, would be *sine cera*—without wax.

Sincerity in art, therefore, is the absence of deception, the thing being what it appears to be—all of one piece. A statue may possess striking beauty in parts, and yet the whole effect be marred by some fatal flaw, covered over at first, but at length remorselessly laid bare; just as there are certain men, greatly gifted, who, through a latent insincerity which they cannot hide, fail to gain respect, their very gifts being neutralised or even forgotten.

The Greek word for sincerity is *eilikrinēs*, which means, "to be found pure when examined in the sunlight." This refers to the dimly-lit bazaars of the East, and to the articles exhibited in the interiors of shops in the narrow streets. Within, the article might

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appear flawless, but when taken out into the street and exposed to the bright sunlight, its real quality was immediately discerned.

“ This above all,—to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”
Shakespeare : “ Hamlet.”

Simplicity and Sincerity.—It is said of Washington that he commissioned General Morris when in Europe to buy him a watch—“ not the watch of a man desirous to make a show, but of which the interior construction shall be well cared for, and the exterior air very simple.” No better definition could be given of sincerity than this—“ the interior well cared for, and the exterior air very simple.”

Trifles.—Ruskin's life, we are told by himself, was determined in its bent by seemingly trifling incidents—the gift of Roger's “ Italy ” ; the first sight of the Alps ; a bit of ivy around a thorn ; the tomb of Ilaria ; the Campo Santo ; Mont Blanc ; and a Veronese in the Louvre. In the realm of human life and destiny, however, there is no such thing as a trifle. The downward course in a young man's career can often be traced to a casual word spoken heedlessly by another, by a single glance from evil eyes. These seeming trifles possess the potency and germinating power of seeds dropped into a prepared soil. And what is true of the downward course is true also of the upward. One of the greatest spiritual forces of last century had the bent of his life consciously determined by overhearing a street preacher say, “ God loves you.”

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The Importance of Trifles.—At the foot of the Acropolis at Athens there stand a few beautiful Corinthian pillars. These are all that remain of the once famous Temple of Olympian Zeus. The Athenians regard these pillars with the utmost veneration, and everything has been done to preserve them. To their great pain and regret, however, they awoke one morning to find one of these matchless pillars prostrate upon the ground, and the visitor can still see its scattered and broken drums and examine the beauty and finish of their workmanship. As no storm had shaken them during the night, the collapse of the pillar seemed inexplicable until it was found that a colony of ants, having found a small crevice where one of the drums of the column joined the other, had forced an entrance and had gradually eaten away the cement, so effecting at last its ruin.

It is thus that even noble characters are often brought down into the dust. Evil thoughts gain an entrance into the imagination, trifling but dangerous habits into the character. Once admitted they begin to undermine the props and eat away the defences, working so silently and insidiously that one is unacquainted with the extent of the danger. Then comes the crisis, the sudden rush of temptation, and he who once was respected and admired is now a subject of pity or of scorn.

“ Little by little all things grow—
Plants and trees—from the seed we sow :
The beginning of life is under the ground,
In darkness and silence all profound,
Then a tiny shoot comes up to the light
And the plant increases in beauty and might.

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" Little by little bad habits grow,
How they begin we scarcely know,
A little wrong act, a little false word,
One pleasant drink in the poison-cup stirred,
Repeated once in a while and again,
And lo ! we are fast in a cruel chain.

" Little by little good principles grow
Steady and sure though sometimes slow :
A little act done because it is right
Soon comes to be choice—a real delight,
Until ' second nature ' it grows to be,
And we walk in its light and liberty."

Mistaken Values.—Doré has a beautiful picture of a woodland scene, with its solemn growth and undergrowth, its warm, brooding twilights, its glimmer of broken sunbeams, and with a still pool in which a stag is beholding itself as in a glass. The stag is admiring its beautiful antlers, but complains bitterly that Nature has given it legs so slender and disproportionate. Shortly afterwards the creature, hearing the deep baying of the hounds, makes off in terror, and finds that, whereas its beautiful antlers delay its speed and threaten its capture, its safety is secured by the slim legs which enable it to fly as swift as the wind. The picture, which illustrates a fable of La Fontaine's, illustrates also how we foolishly admire the ornamental, and despise the useful, and how often our estimate of values is mistaken.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ORDEAL OF TEMPTATION

The Subtlety of Temptation.—Charles A. Collins has a picture entitled "Convent Thoughts," which suggests an idea frequently chosen by artists. A nun has been walking in the convent garden reading a book of devotion, and has paused by a little pool, the banks of which are enclustered with flowers. She sees her fair face reflected in the mirrored surface, and then stoops to pick a flower. It is a marguerite, and almost unconsciously her memory has slipped its sheath, she is back in her past days, as she whispers to herself, "He loves me, he loves me not." So doubts come to tempt us after every sacrifice. Was it worth while? Was the loss not greater than the gain?

The Rich Wooer.—Thomas Faed, in his picture "The Silken Gown," deals with a very common form of temptation—that of bartering honest love for wealth and position. A wooer has come to the house of one whose heart is given to a poorer suppliant. He is rich, and has brought to tempt her a flowered silk dress. He sits in the parlour behind, while her mother—whom he has easily won to his side—displays the silk with many words of approbation. But the heart of the maid cannot thus be won.

" And ye shall walk in silk attire
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent tae be his bride
Nor think of Donald mair.

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" Ah, wha wad buy a silken gown
Wi' a puir broken heart ?
Or what's tae me a siller crown,
Gin frae my love I part ? "

Manifold Temptations.—Temptation meets us wherever we are. To fly behind convent walls, or shut oneself up in a monastic cell, will not keep temptation from us. The records of the past reveal how often, goaded by temptation, monks have fled from their retreats, and madly plunged into all the vice of the city. " How often," said Jerome, " when alone in the desert with the wild beasts and scorpions, half-dead with fasting and penance, have I fancied myself a spectator of the sins of Rome, and of the dances of its young women."

This sudden rush of temptation even into the midst of holy acts and hours is powerfully expressed in Arthur Hacker's " Cloister and the World." While walking in seclusion in the convent garden, reading her breviary, a nun is suddenly disturbed by an entering vision of the world without. A figure has appeared to her of one perhaps whom she knew before she took the vows, happy and alluring, and the vision threatens to sap her whole life and faith at the root. It is only for a moment, however, her life's long discipline tells, and sinking upon her knees she takes refuge in prayer. The Divine help which comes from supplication is represented by the angel who descends to her side, and who holds a wand with a lily emblem of purity and immortality.

" Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat to sift us, and we all
Are tempted :
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

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No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter :

No heart hath armour so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat

The stronger :
And conscious still of the Divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer."

Longfellow.

Withstanding Temptation.—To listen to temptation is to be lost. "For," says good old Thomas à Kempis, "first there cometh to the mind a bare thought of evil, then a strong imagination thereof, afterward delight and evil motion, and then consent." And his advice is "Withstand the beginnings." The danger of listening to the voice of the tempter, and the subtlety by which he accomplishes his wiles, is illustrated by R. Spencer Stanhope in a picture in the Manchester Art Gallery, entitled "Eve." In it he represents the serpent whispering in her ear while she, listening, plays with the sin within her mind. At the same time, unseen by her, he bends a branch of the tree with a coil of his body, and lo! as she dallies with the sin in her mind, an apple drops into her open hand. When the temptation has once been permitted to enter, the means of gratifying it is at hand.

The Agony of Temptation.—One of Etty's finest works is found in the Manchester Art Gallery, and is entitled "Ulysses and the Sirens." It is a profoundly realistic picture of one of those Homeric tales which convey a deep moral lesson. It represents the attraction of sensuous beauty for the heart of man ; its power to excite furious and uncontrollable passion, and its

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blighting effect upon the character which yields to it. The Sirens in Greek mythology personified deceptive beauty, and certain death awaited anyone who yielded to the fascination of their song. The safeguards recommended to Ulysses are thus detailed in the the *Odyssey*, Book xii. :—

“ First shalt thou reach the Sirens, they the hearts
Enchant of all who on their coasts arrive.
The wretch who unforewarned approaching hears
The Siren’s voice, his wife and little ones
Ne’er fly to congratulate his safe return,
But him the Sirens, sitting in the meads,
Charm with mellifluous song, while around
The bones accumulated lie, of men now putrid,
And the skins mouldering away. .
But pass them thou, and lest thy people hear
Those warblings ere thou yet approach, fill all
Their ears with wax, moulded between thy palms.
But as for thee, thou hear them if thou wilt,
Yet let thy people bind thee to the mast
Erect, encompassing thy feet and arms
With cordage, well secured to the mast foot—
So shalt thou, raptured, hear the Siren’s song :
But if thou supplicate to be released,
Or give such order, then with added cords
Let thy companions bind thee still the more.”

The artist represents the terrible nature of the conflict—Ulysses straining at the mast, feeling the awful force of temptation, and escaping barely with his life.

Through such hours of agony most men have to pass, and if we be not bound by some cords of conscience and of purity, wound round us in early days, who is there that can withstand in the hour of trial ?

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" Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power :
Your Redeemer's conflict see—
Watch with Him one bitter hour."

Montgomery.

The Temptress.—In the Academy of 1895 Mr. Bertram MacKenna had a sermon in stone on the "Temptress," under the title

"For she sitteth . . . on a seat in the high places of the city . . . but he knoweth . . . that her guests are in the depth of Hell."—Prov. ix. 14-18.

The Temptress sits with scornful face and erect pose upon a seat of which the back is a relief of the head of Sin—hidden sin—with vice at the corners. Love lies crushed beneath her feet, and in her hand—the nervous, expressive hand of the neurotic woman of to-day—she holds toward the spectator a scarlet rose, the emblem of a short-lived passion. This is not the "foolish woman" which Solomon describes, more sinned against than sinning, it is the clever, cruel, impenitent temptress of to-day who has sold herself to sin. The pose of the head, the look which has lost all sense of shame, the consciousness of the flesh, make her a dread symbol of deadly sin.

Overcoming Temptation.—In the Greek story of the "Quest of the Golden Fleece," Jason persuaded Orpheus to accompany them; and he, doing so, proved their saviour as well as guide. For so wonderfully and appealingly could Orpheus play upon the lyre that even the wild beasts of the field felt their passions tamed and grew gentle and compassionate. When his theme was of sorrow, he could make the strings wail so pitiful a lament that tears trickled down even the scarred

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cheeks of the rocks. This power to exorcise the passions and turn the savage to gentleness, to melt the hard and bring from the coldest and least responsive sympathy and contrition, made Orpheus to the early Christians the type of Christ. In the Catacombs he is constantly represented with the lyre in his hands, and with wild beasts crouching at his feet. Safety, then, was assured to Jason with Orpheus on board, as it is to all who take Christ with them in life's adventures and in the quest for the supreme riches.

The most terrible of all the perils Jason and his adventurers had to undergo was that which came upon them when they heard the alluring strains of the Sirens. Those sweet strains awoke in them the deepest passions, and all the animal nature sprang into ardent desire. No restraint which self could impose could prove sufficient to give to those who heard the Sirens sing self-mastery. But Orpheus led his companions safely past by *singing a sweeter song*. So the sailors could not hear the bewitching strains which sought to allure them to destruction, for their ears were captured and their hearts already entranced by heavenly melodies.

Only thus are we safe in the dire hours of temptation, only that which is replaced is destroyed. To empty the heart and leave it empty is only to give opportunity for the ejected spirit of evil to return with seven other spirits more evil than himself. The last state of such a man is worse even than the first. When the ear and eye and heart have replaced the ejected evil by the supreme good, then evil returns and knocks in vain. The door is shut. The Christ is within.

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"I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me."

Lyte.

Youth's Temptations.—As a companion picture to "In Manus Tuas, Domine," in which a noble youth is represented as discarding the pleasures of the world, and, trusting in Christ, entering into the darkness of a cave—Briton Rivière painted a picture called "Youth," in which a sadly different type is depicted. Seated upon a noble steed, beautifully caparisoned, this youth urges it along a narrow and dangerous path. So enamoured is he of his falcon that he is heedless of the way he is treading, and so has come to the edge of a precipice, when it is destruction to proceed, and almost impossible to return.

"The perils that we well might shun
We saunter forth to meet :
The path into the road of sin
We tread with careless feet.
The air that comes instinct with Death—
We bid it round us flow :
And when our hands should bar the gate
We parley with the foe.

"The ill we deem we ne'er could do,
In thought we dramatize ;
What we should loathe, we learn to scan
With speculative eyes.
Alas ! for ignorance profound
Of our poor Nature's bent !
The wakened sympathy with wrong
Becomes the Will's consent."

Bright.

The Soul and the Flesh.—Arthur Hacker has a noble study of the conquest of the soul over the flesh in the

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hour of bitter temptation through the power of the Cross in his well-known picture "The Temptation of Sir Percival." The artist has sought to give a spiritual interpretation to Malory's story in the "Morte d'Arthur." Sir Percival was a noble and very perfect knight, and with Sir Bors and Sir Galahad was pure enough to see the Christ "smite Himself into the bread," which the Bishop gave them as they partook of the Sacrament. In his travels there came to him a temptress in the shape of a "wondrous faire lady" in sore distress, whom he sought chivalrously to relieve, but slipping under her spell he was about to fall when "by adventure and grace he saw his sword lie upon the ground all naked, in whose pommel was a red Crosse, and the sight of the Crosse bethought him of his Knighthood . . . then he made the sign of the Crosse upon his forehead . . . and thus he was saved from the fiend."

The artist has added to the story by way of artistic licence in making the spell fall upon him through drinking the charmer's wine, but even as he lifts the cup to his lips the sight of the Cross on the pommel of his sword awakens conscience, and the temptress, seeing the new light in his face, knows that her power is gone.

Temptations of Asceticism.—The favourite saints in the works of those artists which deal with the ascetic life seem to be St. Jerome and St. Anthony. Both encountered temptations which are common to those who have lived such secluded lives, and whose minds have been unhinged by neglect of healthy occupation and interest in life, and whose bodies have been weakened by fasting. St. Anthony's temptations were of the flesh; and early, and especially German artists revel in peopling the air around him with devils and

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fiends. St. Jerome's temptations were more of the spirit. When little more than thirty years old he forsook the world and retired to the deserts of Arabia. Often when in this dreary abode strange visions tempted him, and in his frenzy he collected pieces of flint and rock which he threw at the crucifix, accompanying his act with blasphemous words. Then recovering his senses he was filled with the most terrible remorse, and with the same stones and flints tore his breast in an agony of repentance.

This type of piety, though it affected powerfully the minds of men in the early centuries, fails to make any great appeal to the conscience or the judgment of modern times. To many it appears repulsive to the last degree. Lecky describes the ascetic as "a hideous, sordid maniac, without knowledge, without patriotism, without natural affection, passing his life in a long routine of useless and atrocious self-torture, and quailing before the phantoms of his delirious brain." "Such," he says, "had become the ideal of the nations which had known the writings of Plato and Cicero, and the lives of Socrates and Cato."

Small Beginnings.—In the Academy of 1882 there was exhibited a picture by Vicat Cole, R.A., entitled "The Source of the Thames." The scene is in the Cotswold Hills, and in the midst of a wood there gush out the seven tiny streams, known as the Seven Springs, which are the source of the great river. So small each is that it may almost be covered by a child's hand. Yet follow these tiny springs and you come to a great majestic river, on whose ample bosom are anchored fleets and argosies which sail to the uttermost parts of the sea. So small beginnings may have great endings.

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The mustard seed is the smallest of the seeds, but when it is grown it becomes a mighty tree in which the birds build their nests, and beneath which the beasts of the field find shelter and shadow. So is it with the seeds of good and evil.

Betrayal.—Solomon J. Solomon has a remarkably realistic picture now in the Manchester Art Gallery, entitled "Samson Betrayed." The moment chosen by the artist is that intensely dramatic one in which Samson, awaking out of sleep, and finding himself bound with stout ropes, bends his mighty muscles to set himself free. He struggles furiously, but in vain ; he has been caught in the meshes of sin, and the sinner, however mighty his strength, can never conquer in that fight. The surprise mixed with indignation in Samson's face illustrates that intensely suggestive statement in the narrative in which, when wakened out of sleep, Samson said :—" I will go out and shake myself . . . and he wist not that the Lord had departed from him." A long course of sin had stolen from him his powers of resistance, and yet so subtly—when he was asleep—was all this done that he himself was unconscious that he had become enslaved. This is the very snare and subtlety of sin ; it goes on slowly sapping the moral defences, covering over its work, dulling the senses of the sinner, while at the same time it corrupts the moral character. Then comes the cry, " The Philistines be upon thee " ; the sinner wakes as at other times, and says, " I will break loose as before," only to find that his strength has gone, that " the Lord hath departed from him."

Another suggestion powerfully worked out is the attitude of the temptress. Having brought this great

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man down to the dust by her temptations, no pity awakes within her at his betrayal. On the contrary she swings her lithe body about in glee, and points the finger of mockery at her captive, laughing the while. Added to the shame of defeat, Samson realises the hollowness of his temptation, how hellish is the heart of sin, full of soft enticements while it lures its victim on, then cruel as Hell when it has accomplished its purposes. Sin's purpose, it is to be remembered, is to betray ; its secrets will not be hidden.

Love's Blindness.—Herbert Schmalz' picture "Love is Blind" illustrates how often Innocence is lured to ruin through men versed in the world's deceits. The picture, which is semi-classical in treatment, represents a young girl, blindfolded, kneeling in front of a sundial and stretching forth her hands toward the pure and beautiful mask of a Greek god's face. This is young and artless love stretching out its innocent and trustful hand, believing in the love of others and unconscious of guile. Crouching behind the mask, however, which he is holding in front of him, is an evil monster with luring eyes and sensual face, who exults at his base deception. Underneath the picture the artist has written this inscription :—" Maidenhood, blinded by Innocence, knows not that behind the god-like mask there lurks the soul of a Satyr."

" Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring of gold,
A bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold."

Swinburne.

Love's Disillusionment.—A companion picture, " The Days that are no More," expresses that sad disillusionment which comes, also, to many in life. A girl

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is represented as bowing in grief over the harp of love, whose music now is mute, for the strings are broken, and can never be renewed. Her face is filled with a blank horror, for upon the radiant morning of her trustful love dark night has descended. A circle of pansies, "soft as the tresses that they twine amongst," forms the dark jewel of the crown of grief which is to bind her to its kingdom henceforth.

Of that disillusionment which comes to warm and romantic natures, who begin life with radiant trustfulness, and then encounter its bitterness, and the consequent shattering of their faith, Matthew Arnold is the chief modern exponent.

"The Sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round Earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.

But now I only hear

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar

Retreating to the breath

Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear

And naked shingles of the world."

Bribery.—A noble illustration of poverty, rejecting the attempt of wealth and influence to corrupt, and rising above ignoble temptation, is given in a picture by Landseer in the South Kensington Museum entitled "The Temptation of Andrew Marvell."

"Andrew Marvell represented Kingston-upon-Hull in the Parliaments of Charles the Second's time, and the Merry Monarch was much delighted with his lively conversation. On the morning after an evening spent in Marvell's society, the King sent the Lord Treasurer Danby with a particular message from himself, and to request his acceptance of 1,000 guineas. Marvell lodged on the second floor in a court near the Strand; his Lordship found him writing, and delivered his errand. "Pray what had I for dinner yesterday?" said Marvell,

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appealing to the servant. 'A shoulder of mutton, sir.' 'And what have I to-day?' 'The remainder, hashed.' 'And to-morrow, my Lord, I shall have a sweet blade-bone broiled; and I am sure, my Lord, His Majesty will be too tender in future to bribe a man with golden apples, who lives so well on the viands of his native country.' The Lord Treasurer withdrew with smiles, and Andrew Marvell sent to his bookseller for the loan of a guinea."

Marvell is seated at a table. A female servant is bringing in his dinner. Lord Danby is seated opposite; behind are two of his pages, who have carried the gold.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay . . .
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done."

Shakespeare.

Evil Company.—One of Orchardson's most famous pictures is entitled "Hard Hit."

A fashionable youth has been enticed to play by three scoundrels, who have rooked him of all he possessed. Of the three, one represents callous old age shuffling the cards, the look of cunning expressed in his eye; a middle-aged man stands at the table, upon whose face vice has graven its heavy marks, while the precocious villainy of youth is represented by a young man who flippantly stretches himself out and watches the retreating figure with an indolent yawn. The young man thus defrauded is seen standing irresolutely at the door—his hand upon the handle. His eyes are opened to the character of his companions, and he is tempted to turn upon them in burning scorn, but his eyes are open also to his own folly, and sick and ashamed he leaves their company.

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Dangerous Companionship.—In Doré's pictures of the Old Testament there is a striking representation of the Deluge. In a vast range of heaving waters there juts out one solitary boulder of rock. All else is submerged. To this rock, for safety, has swum a huge lioness with her cubs, to which a few desperate human beings also cling. Wild animals and men and women stand side by side, the fierce passions of the one and the fear of the other alike forgotten in a common peril.

Henry Drummond tells of an incident which this picture suggests. Once during some floods in India the whole valley was inundated, and the inhabitants who escaped drowning were gathered on the peak of a solitary hill, which alone remained uncovered. As they stood there, waiting anxiously for the waters to subside, they saw a huge Bengal tiger swimming through the flood with a cub in her mouth, making for the jutting peak. Terrified at her approach they huddled together, but the tiger as it reached the place of safety showed no signs of attack; instead it lay peacefully down, a common terror having driven out its natural ferocity. An English officer, however, who was one of the company, taking his revolver from his belt, went up to where it lay and shot it dead. Being upbraided for his cruelty, he pointed to the waters now beginning to subside. "Fear," he explained, "had for the moment arrested its ferocity, but when the occasion for its continuance disappeared, the old passions would return and it would turn and rend them."

This is true of all evil companionship. For a time their evil influence and passions may be held in abeyance, but sooner or later these emerge to tear, and ravage, and destroy. It is so also with evil thoughts. When first admitted they seem to lie down tame, and

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without intent to molest, but soon they arouse themselves. The only way of safety is to destroy them.

Disenchantment.—Doré has a characteristically suggestive picture entitled "The Neophyte," the subject of which is the dismay of a young monk but too soon awakened to the truth that the cloister is not the house of pious meditation and holy life he had pictured in his imagination. He is seen at his duties in the choir. Two ranges of Carthusian monks occupy the stalls. The tremendous force of the picture lies in the contrast between his fine, sensitive young face, with eyes burning with spiritual enthusiasm, and the row of monks whose faces represent the effect of their vocation. As he looks at them dismay, disenchantment, even terror, seize his heart. Here they are with their doting, weakly, credulous, sensual, smoothly hypocritical countenances. And these are to be his companions ; this is what he is to become.

The agony of that moment of disillusionment is finely conceived, and it expresses in a vivid way the tribulation which the high-minded, the pure-souled, and the intensely earnest meet with in life. There are such moments which come to most in life, when the enchanted castle of dreams shivers before the cruel actualities of life, and in the disillusionment all that is best seems ended. These are moments of danger and terrible temptation. And the secret of victory is to turn to Christ. There is no disillusionment to those who trust Him. All else that we imagine so fair may on close acquaintance disenchant, but the more we gaze on Him, and the nearer we approach, the more this grace and perfectness grow upon us.

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Forbidden Fruit.—Rossetti has a beautiful, mysterious painting which he has termed "Proserpine." Proserpine was captured by Pluto, the God of the Underworld, and was carried down by him to the realm of darkness. Ceres, her mother, after weary search, finds out her daughter's abode, and petitions Zeus to set her free. But alas! she has eaten the pomegranate, and so is condemned to live six months of the year as queen of the lower realms. This is the old story, which is one of the most touching of the Greek nature myths, and Rossetti paints her with wan, mysterious face, holding the pomegranate in her hand. But this old myth contains a deep message. Here is one whose birthright gave her right to citizenship in Heaven, spending her life in the gloomy realms of Dis. She looks out of the picture with her large melancholy eyes, and seems to say "Beware of my sad fate. You belong to the high realms by royal birth, your citizenship is in Heaven. Watch that ye eat not the forbidden fruit of low desire, else ye will sink into the realms of gloom, and despair, and death."

Misspent Gifts.—Ruskin in his "Modern Painters," asks, "How did the art of the Venetians so swiftly pass away? How did it become, what it became unquestionably, one of the chief causes of the corruption of the mind of Italy, and of her subsequent decline in moral and spiritual power?" The answer he gives is: "By reason of one great, one fatal fault—recklessness in aim. Wholly noble in its sources, it was wholly unworthy in its purposes. Separate and strong like Samson, chosen from its youth, and with the spirit of God visibly resting upon it—like him it warred in careless strength and wantoned in untimely pleasure."

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Degeneration.—Criticising Millais' work in the Academy of 1857, Ruskin uses words which, though harsh as applied to the artist, have in them so wide an application and deep a warning that for this reason they deserve to be remembered.

"The change in his manner is not merely Fall—it is Catastrophe ; not merely a loss of power, but a reversal of principle, his excellence has been effaced, 'as a man wipeth a dish—wiping it, and turning it upside down' (2 Kings xxi. 13). There may still be in him power of repentance, but I cannot tell ; for those who have never known the right way, its narrow wicket-gate stands always on the latch ; but for him, who, having known it, has wandered thus insolently :—the by-ways to the prison house are short, and the voices of recall are few."

Deterioration.—There are in the National Gallery two paintings (Nos. 745, 1129) of Philip IV. of Spain, which have only to be put side by side for us to have a sermon in art on the deterioration which marks itself even upon a man's countenance, who neglects self-discipline, and gives the rein to pleasure. By comparing the King in early and later life one could almost trace his career without further historical knowledge. In the youthful figure we see, with certain touches of weakness, on the whole an attractive bearing, with fine, open forehead, and a figure slender and graceful. There is no weakness which could not be controlled by courage and moral determination. But the young King did not choose the better part. He took the line of least resistance, and his crafty minister Olivarez did nothing to discourage him. So the less pleasing traits in his character are seen to have triumphed at the time of this later portrait. He was devoted to sport, and the cruelty of the Spaniard is conspicuous

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in the lip, more underhung now than before. "In the growth of the double chin one sees the increasing grossness of his character"; in the impassiveness of his expression his "talent for dead silence, and marble immobility."

Don't Care.—An amusing picture illustrating the end of the heedless, and those who refuse to take wise warning, is given in a picture by J. C. Dollman entitled "Don't Care was Hanged." It tells the story of a foolishly venturesome crow, who, though warned by his elders not to pirate in a certain corn-field else evil results would follow, answered with his favourite formula, "I don't care." The sad issue of his heedlessness was that Master Crow was shot, and his body hung up in the middle of the field as a warning to others. To this field at break of day the crow fraternity has come. There is their departed brother hanging by the legs, swinging in the wind, and the crows look at him and receive their lesson—one particularly hoary prophet is rubbing it in, and is quite volubly dilating on the text, "I told you so, but he wouldn't take my advice."

Good and Evil Influence.—The art of Rubens shows the definite influence exerted upon him by two women of very different temperaments. His first wife was a woman of culture and refinement, and exerted upon the artist an influence of restraint. It was during her life that he painted his great masterpiece the "Descent from the Cross," and the finest of his religious works. Four years after her death, "not being able to accept a life of celibacy," he married Helena Fourment. He chose her as of "middle-class origin," so that she "would not blush to see me handle a paint-brush."

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The effect upon the art of Rubens everyone knows. "His wife appears, clothed or nude—as saint or courtesan—always the same voluptuous, indolent, unintellectual type of bovine woman." The influence is all the more noticeable since Rubens had a deep sense of culture, and at the same time another side which made him delight in coarseness and sensuality. The change which came over his life and his art is a striking illustration of the profound influence companionship exerts upon character.

Neglect.—One of Holman Hunt's most successful pictures, entitled "The Hireling Shepherd," contains the artist's message to his age. It is a sermon in art on the danger of neglect in the solemn duties and responsibilities of life. The painting represents a shepherd in charge of sheep neglecting his duty. He has found a death's head moth, and this has so excited him that he seeks consolation and assurance from his loved one, who has strayed into the field, and who now absorbs his attention. Her character is no more worthy, since she permits the lamb on her lap, which she pretends to love, to eat the unripe apples. Meanwhile, while they waste the hours in dalliance, the sheep which he has been given to tend have burst bounds and strayed into the farmer's corn. It is not only that the wheat will be spoilt, but the sheep are doomed to destruction through over-eating, becoming what the farmer calls "blown."

Holman Hunt meant this to convey a lesson to all unfaithful pastors and teachers who engage themselves in silly inventions or unworthy pursuits, while they neglect the main, palpable duty of life with which they have been entrusted. But it applies also to all who fasten upon selfish love or ease, and neglect the claims

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of the spiritual life, duty to God, and service to their fellows.

Coils of the Serpent.—One of the most famous pieces of sculpture in the world is that known as The Laocoon, which was discovered in 1506, and is now one of the treasures of the Vatican. With almost agonising naturalness it represents the famous incident immortalised by Virgil (*Æneid*, Book II.), of the tragic fate of a son of Priam, who seeing his two sons caught by a serpent rushes to their aid, but is himself caught in its toils, and with them is slowly crushed to death. The group may be taken as a powerful illustration of the malignity of sin, its remorseless cruelty, and the fate which befalls those who are caught in its toils.

The serpent, as typical of sin, is accepted almost universally, and is stamped upon every mythological fable which deals with the underworld. *Ophis* in Greek means the creature that looks all round it, and *Drakon* one that looks piercingly into a thing or person. In Latin, *Anguis* was the strangler; *Serpens*, the winding creature; *Coluber*, the animal that strangles by its coils. In Saxon the snake meant the crawler, and adder the groveller.

A writer in the *Daily Telegraph* of July 23rd, 1883, giving an account of the new reptile house in the Zoological Gardens, dwells upon the surpassing beauty of a python, and its deadly power :—

“ Once let those fangs strike home, and all hope is gone to the victim. Coil after coil is rapidly thrown round the struggling object, and then with slow but relentless pressure life is throttled out of every limb. No wonder that the world has always held the serpent in awe, and that nations should have worshipped, and still worship, this emblem of destruction and

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death. It is fate itself, swift as disaster, deliberate as retribution, incomprehensible as destiny."

The real danger, however, as with sin itself, arises not from the huge python and the other large species, but from the smaller and deadlier kind, which lurking unseen, or indifferently regarded, attack with deadly effect the human race.

In Christian art the serpent is placed under the heel of the Virgin in allusion to the promise made to Eve after the Fall: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." The heart of the serpent being near the head renders a severe "bruise" there fatal.

The serpent is emblematic of the Fall (Rev. xii. 9); of wisdom (Matt. x. 16); of subtlety (Gen. iii. 1); and of eternity, since a serpent in a circle with its tail in its mouth is the symbol of that which is unending.

The Weak Spot.—There is a modern picture by Stanley Berkeley, entitled "The Hidden Danger," which deals with an interesting event at the Battle of Waterloo. This battle decided the fate of Napoleon; upon its issues hung the destinies of Europe, and there occurred in it a crucial moment. Throughout the day Napoleon kept his famous cavalry in reserve. They were the finest soldiers in the world, the "Old Guard," who had never known defeat, and impatiently they awaited the command to charge. Napoleon, seeing the issue going against him, gave at last the order, and hurled them against the thin British lines. On they came in gallant array, the ground shaking beneath their tread, riding neck by neck, seemingly invincible. But there was a dip in the road, a sunken part, of which neither they nor Napoleon knew, but of which Wellington had taken advantage by filling it with his sharpshooters.

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As the thundering lines came on they were met by an unexpected and decimating volley. They wavered for a moment ; then, forming once more, came on at the gallop, but the fire was too deadly, and when the lines were reached their force was spent. Waterloo was lost ; the fate of Napoleon and Europe was decided by a dip in the road, by that hidden danger on which Napoleon had not counted. This one weak spot ruined him, and turned victory into defeat. It is often so in life. Men are met of great force of character, of outstanding genius, whose victory would have been certain had it not been for the one weak spot, the dip downward, where the enemy lay concealed, and which changed dazzling victory into humiliating defeat. How true this is, for instance, of Judas. He must have had great gifts, or he never would have been chosen one of the twelve. But the weak spot tore victory from him, and changed him into a "son of perdition."

The Lure of the World.—Gustav Kuntz, the German artist, has a painting which he has called "Greeting from the Outside World." It represents a young and beautiful nun standing at the window of her cell, her face on her hands, looking out upon the world. It lies outside full of bewitching beauty, calling to her young heart to come out and be Nature's glad companion. And in her there arises an unsatisfied longing ; she has crucified the world, but the world will not die in her, and Nature takes revenge in slighting her.

Warnings.—The old adage that "coming events cast their shadows before" is built upon universal human experience. The world is full of warnings and premonitions, and long before any course of conduct

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comes to actual fruition we receive intimations and illumination if only we are open to receive them. Even Nature rings her alarm bell, mutters before the storm, rumbles before the earthquake, sends her intimations of disease before it bursts with full fury upon us—gives us opportunity of preparation or escape. This truth is illustrated in a startling picture by Poussin. He represents Pharaoh clad in sumptuous robes, reclining on a couch, suddenly awakening to see the infant Moses trampling upon his "Crown." The soothsayers around him are worked up to wildest excitement, and one of them threatens to destroy the child, who is saved by the protection of the Princess Thermutis. The warning has come, but they have not learned that repentance and justice alone can save them.

CHAPTER IX

THE NEMESIS OF SIN AND UNBELIEF

Sin's Illusions.—In Christian art the spirit of evil is frequently represented by the figure of a basilisk. The basilisk was a fabulous animal which grew to an enormous size, having the body of a cock, which represented sleepless vigilance, a tail composed of three serpents, which suggested diabolical cunning, while its beak and claws, being composed of brass, made it remorselessly cruel. The glance of the basilisk was supposed to cause death, therefore the only way to conquer it was to hold a mirror before it, when, seeing itself, it died in horror.

In order to loathe sin we require to see it as it is. The most terrible fact about it is that it blinds the eyes of those into whom it enters. When once our eyes are opened, when we see ourselves reflected as we are, then sin's power is broken. We fly then for safety and salvation.

“ Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel as others see us !
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
and foolish notion.”

Burns.

Sin's Aftermath.—In one of his most dramatic works, entitled “ Challenged,” John Pettie reminds us of the Nemesis which is the aftermath of wrong-doing and evil living. “ A young gallant of the time of James II. has been rudely awakened after a night of excess by the arrival of a challenge. The cartel has been delivered

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by a visitor, who is just seen in the open doorway to the left, the shape of his long rapier swinging ominously under his red cloak as he departs with swaggering stride. The recipient of the challenge, in blue 'robe de chambre' and sparkling white satin breeches, leans on the side of his bed, and with his hand pressed to his brow, and a look of bewilderment on his face, strives to recall the events of the past night. He remembers 'a mass of things, but nothing particular, a quarrel, but nothing wherefore,' yet he well understands the consequences." The cruel code of honour enacted by the world allows of no repentance, no explanation; the duel must be fought with all its dread consequences, for the world exacts its own terrible law of retribution and is without compassion for ignorance, youth, or weakness.

"There seemeth a way that is right to a man—*nevertheless afterwards*. . . ."

Sin's Awakening.—There is a well-known picture by the artist Rude entitled "C'est l'Empereur!" It represents the grey dawn of the early morning with opposing armies near. A sentinel has been placed on the outskirts, and upon his watchfulness the safety of the sleeping army depends. But, faithless and careless, he has allowed himself to fall asleep. Napoleon passing along, sleeplessly vigilant, discovers him, and taking his musket stands sentinel through the night. In the dawn the sleeper awakes, and to his horror beholds the Emperor on guard. The nature of the awakening is forcibly expressed, one can almost hear the hoarse whisper in the soldier's throat. There is always the awakening to be reckoned with when conscience is lulled to sleep. The grey dawn comes, and the hour of reckoning. Cf. Mark xiii. 35-37.

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Sin's Betrayals.—The solemn warning, "Be sure your sin will find you out," is illustrated by Miss Brickdale in a picture entitled "Rosamond," which appeared in the Academy of 1903. The fair Rosamond stands at her spinning-wheel in her labyrinth at Woodstock, her lover, Henry II., having just left her. On the spur of his mailed foot, which is seen at the bottom of the doorway on the left, a red thread has attached itself, and following this thread gives the clue to the justly indignant but cruel Queen Eleanor. "The Queen," we are told, "came to her by a clew of thredde, and so dealt with her that she lived not long after." Rosamond is represented gazing out of the door from which her lover departs with strange apprehension in her eyes. Coming events are throwing their shadows before. Sin always carries its threads of betrayal.

Sin's Detection.—In the Roman Gallery of the British Museum there is a long line of marble busts erected on pedestals, bearing the name of each. These are of intense interest, for they enable the visitor to look upon the likeness of the Roman Emperors, who, for weal or woe, held in their hands the destinies of the world. Even the most careless and uninformed onlooker is bound to be struck by two faces—one of exceeding attractiveness, having the name Marcus Aurelius written under it; the other of exceeding brutality, bearing the name of Nero. Gazing upon these two faces one realises how character writes itself indelibly upon every feature; how a long line of goodness or debauchery is chronicled by Nature on every lineament of the face. An earlier bust of Nero, also, shows Nature at work. Here the nature is less coarse, the brutal element less pronounced; there is still an

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inclination, though fugitive, toward better things. In the later bust, however, we see written for us in indelible marks, the change produced upon a human countenance by unbridled passion and unchecked cruelty. In the interval between these two likenesses Nero had murdered his mother, set Rome on fire, and burned the Christians to appease the populace ; and we see in his brutal face, his heavy eye, his sensual lips and thick neck, the marks of the beast he had become. When we turn to Marcus Aurelius we see the other side of Nature's working. Companionship with noble thoughts, and the inspiration of noble deeds have refined and chastened a face otherwise ordinary, for Marcus Aurelius was a Christian all but in knowledge and in name, and the noblest Roman of them all.

The lesson which these illustrations convey to us, however, is this. There is in Nature a law of detection. Ceaselessly Nature strives to unveil the hidden things of the heart, that the world may not be corrupted by deception, and that men may receive the judgment due to them on account of their sins or virtues. Even if the sinner succeeds in deceiving the world, if men do not find him out, sin finds him out. In coarsened face, in weakened will, in shifting look, in gnawing fear, in unappeasable hunger he is found out, tracked, detected, marked, condemned. Nor even can virtue, nobly seeking self-effacement, long succeed. The things of love done in secret are shouted from the house-tops.

Sin's Imprisonments.—Copping has a picture of a man imprisoned in an iron cage, vainly endeavouring to break the bars and escape. The idea is taken from Bunyan, who tells of a man who built up around himself the bars of sin, always thinking that he could step

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out whenever he was inclined. But at last he found that he had built around himself a prison, and that he was a helpless prisoner and the victim of his own folly. So in the imagery of Bunyan the sinner goes on building bars around himself, thinking in his vain, deluded way that he can escape any day, only to find at last that he is a helpless slave.

The Nemesis of Sin.—Oscar Wilde tells a story in one of his books of a youth of infinite charm of manner, of noble face, and of great wealth, whom no one meeting could resist. In these early days a portrait was painted of him which hung in his room, and which seemed to reproduce in perfect detail both the charm of feature and the noble character he possessed. Unfortunately, however, he met and began to mix with evil companions, and to pursue a course of vice and evil living. The strange thing was, however, that notwithstanding his evil life and debaucheries, no change was discernible in his appearance, which still retained its health and purity and charm; only a change began to take place in the portrait, the eyes losing their openness, the face becoming more coarse and sensual. This continued until the youth could no longer bear to look at it gazing down upon him, and convicting him by its increasing brutality, so he hid it away in the attic. One day, after a long course of evil, he was seized with an irresistible desire to look again upon the portrait which he had not seen for some time. When he gazed upon it the change was so awful that, seizing a dagger, he struck furiously at the portrait as it stood before him. The next day, his friends searching for him found in the attic a portrait of a beautiful youth with smooth face and gentle

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eyes, while beside it lay a dead body with a dagger in its heart, and with a face revolting in its coarse sensuality and demoralisation.

The Penalty of Sin.—There is a striking picture by A. Thomas, a Belgian painter, which deals with sin's penalty and its inevitable retribution. The scene is outside Jerusalem on the night of the Betrayal. Two men have been sent to prepare the Cross for the morrow. One of them is busy fashioning it by the light of the fire, while the other lies asleep. Judas, with the bag containing the thirty pieces of silver, torn by conflicting emotions which would not allow him to rest, has been wandering aimlessly about, and comes suddenly upon the scene. He gazes upon the Cross, and is transfixed in horror. But now it is too late; the deed is done and cannot be undone, the transaction with the Pharisees is completed, but his sin goes before him unto judgment. His next step is to seek those whose tool he has become, fling the money at their feet, and then go and hang himself.

The Ruin of Sin.—Watts' picture "Among the Ruins" suggests a thought that is frequent with us all. Before us is a Greek temple, once stately and beautiful, now in ruins. One fluted pillar stands upright, but its foliated capital is defaced, another pillar is broken off near the pediment, and the ground is strewn around with fragments of ruin. In the shadow, on a prostrate column, a solitary figure sits; his head is bowed upon his hands, he is wrapped in deep thought. No need to ask the subject of his thoughts. He is comparing the past with the present in his own life—what he was

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with what he is. Hartley Coleridge has expressed the bitter thoughts which sweep into the heart at such an hour in his sorrowful lines :—

“ When I received this volume small
My years were barely seventeen,
When it was hoped I should be all
Which once, alas, I might have been.

“ But now my years are thirty-five,
And every mother hopes her lamb,
And every happy child alive,
May never be, what I now am.”

The depression which is bowing down this lonely figure seated on the pillar is the sorrow of mis-spent years, of ruined hopes, of broken purposes. The picture would be altogether depressing were it not that the ruins of man's work are contrasted with the ever reviving life of God in Nature. Around the ruins of man's temple there is bursting the perennial freshness of the spring. All around there are whisperings of hope, and the promise of renewed life. And God is whispering to the lonely pilgrim that out of the winter of his despair He can bring a new flowering of love and fruitfulness if only he will submit to His divine and blessed Will.

Subtlety of Sin.—It is one of the saddest facts of human experience that sin lurks in the holiest acts, and that temptation has to be faced, often in its most terrible forms, in moments devoted to the most holy spiritual exercises. This is suggested in a quaint picture of Quentin Matsys in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin. St. John is represented as about to hand the chalice to a suppliant ; in the act of handing it he holds his hand in blessing over it, when there leaps

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out of it a repulsive dragon. It is the old dragon of sin. Even in the holy cup it has hidden itself to catch the unwary. So in this holiest act sin does not absent itself by reason of its holiness. Even here a man may so drink as to bring condemnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's Body.

Sin's Slavery.—Sin can offer no rest or harbourage for the soul; however richly adorned is its chamber, it is only a gilded prison. Within it there is no peace or permanent delight. Frederick Goodall has a picture, "A Gilded Cage," which illustrates this truth. A Circassian woman of exquisite beauty reclines on a divan in a room of an Eastern palace. A slave child lights the brazier at her side, a Nubian parts the curtains and obeys her slightest command; every wish is gratified, but

"How can a bird that is born for joy,
Sit in a cage and sing?"

All this is nothing, for within there is gnawing unrest.

The Effect of Vice.—"A story is told of a painter who saw a child so perfect in his beauty that he painted him, and said that if ever he found a face as vile as that face was angelic he would paint that as a 'pendant' to it, to show the extremes of human nature. Years passed, and the painter had not seen a face so absolute in its degradation as that child's was in its loveliness: but one day he visited a prison, and there saw a felon, still young, but with a face almost devilish in its vicious demoralisation. He painted this wretched prisoner, and while painting him he found, with appalled imagination, that this man was that very lovely child as lust, and greed, and hate had made him. And the

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two pictures, it is said, hang side by side in some Italian gallery. But the awful tale they tell is a tale of everyday experience."

Dean Farrar.

Belief and Unbelief.—To know the different effect of belief and unbelief in relation to Jesus Christ, we need only turn to art and compare the same subject treated by different men—say the "Crucifixion" or "Descent from the Cross," by Fra Angelico and by Rubens. The picture of Fra Angelico, who never painted Christ upon the Cross without tears, and never took up his brush without prayer, is full of saintliness and love. From a technical standpoint it is far from perfect, but such criticism is forgotten in the depth of pathos and of holy sacrificial love which the painting suggests. When, on the contrary, Rubens took up the brush to paint the face of Him whom he nominally acknowledged as the Son of God, he approached his solemn subject "without any clearly perceptible traces of a soul." His greatest work is generally recognised to be the "Descent from the Cross," in Antwerp Cathedral, and this painting has been selected as one of the twelve greatest paintings in the world. "It is a terrifying production in its force and brutality. The immense pictorial power of the artist is here, the grouping is marvellous, the colouring no less so, but the effect is terrifying. No painter ever depicted that awful scene with less spiritual mystery and greater disregard of Christian feeling than did Rubens here. The Christ in it is dead, hopelessly, finally dead; no glimmer of the Resurrection morn lights with its tranquil rays the dreadful scene; Christian hope or feeling have no place; the workmen

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handle their victim with that callousness which comes from frequent and irreverent contact with the dead, and the whole and awful tragedy is chosen to exhibit the artist's skill in grouping and to give his subject dramatic effect. This picture is art's great commentary on the words of the Apostle :—The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him ; neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned."

"Christ Face in Art," pp. 163-4.

Spiritual Blindness.—How men may live in the presence of the noblest inspirations and yet be blind to them is pathetically illustrated in the present condition of the "Last Supper," by Da Vinci, the greatest and noblest triumph in the whole realm of art.

Of the many acts of vandalism which have been perpetrated in the realm of art none stands out so gross as that through which this immortal work has suffered. Painted on the end wall of the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, in Milan, the holy monks were able to gaze upon it as they sat at table. But so much did they value it, or esteem its spiritual power, that, finding the passage into their dining-hall too distant from the kitchen, they actually made a way through the wall upon which the picture was painted, cutting out as they did so the feet of the Saviour ! Surely that blindness of soul which makes men dead to spiritual realities was never more astoundingly illustrated. For here were men whose duties were spiritual, and who had consecrated their lives to spiritual things, so blind in soul that they carelessly sacrificed the most spiritual work of art ever produced to the cravings of appetite.

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"And the winds and the waters in pastoral measures
Go winding around us, with roll upon roll,
Till the soul lies within in a circle of pleasures
Which hideth the soul . . .
And we shout so aloud, we exult, we rejoice !
Till we lose the low moan of our brothers around ;
And we shout so adeep down creation's profound,
We are deaf to God's voice."

E. B. Browning.

Holman Hunt illustrates the shallowness of the world toward the spiritual things of life in an incident he records when he had returned from Palestine with his great picture "The Scapegoat."

"Mr. Gambart the picture-dealer was ever shrewd and entertaining. He came in his turn to my studio and I showed him 'The Scapegoat.'

" 'What do you call that ?'

" 'The Scapegoat !'

" 'Yes, but what is it doing ?'

" 'You will understand by the title, *Le bouc errant*.'

" 'But why 'errant' ?'

" 'Well, there is a Book called the Bible which gives an account of the animal. You will remember.'

" 'No,' he replied, 'I never heard of it.'

" 'Ah, I forgot, the Book is not known in France, but English people read it more or less,' I said, 'and they would all understand the story of the beast being driven into the wilderness.'

" 'You are mistaken. No one would know anything about it, and if I bought the picture it would be left on my hands. Now, we will see,' replied the dealer. 'My wife is an English lady ; there is a friend of hers, an English girl, in the carriage with her. We will ask them up ; you shall tell them the title ; we will see. Do not say more.'

"The ladies were conducted into the room.

" 'O how pretty ; what is it ?' they asked.

" 'It is "The Scapegoat,"' I said.

"There was a pause. 'O yes,' they commented to one

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another, 'it is a peculiar goat; you can see by the ears, they droop so.' The dealer then, nodding with a smile toward me, said to them, 'It is in the wilderness.'

"The ladies—'Is that the wilderness now?' 'Are you intending to introduce any others of the flock?'

"And so the dealer was right!"

Betrayal.—One of the pathetic stories which have come down to us from the Greeks, and one which still profoundly attracts the artistic mind, is that of Ariadne. Although she led Theseus safely through the maze to where the dreadful Minotaur lay and provided for him a means of escape, his only return, was to carry her to the island of Naxos and cruelly abandon her to her fate. Among modern painters the sorrow of Ariadne appealed to the powerful and imaginative mind of Watts. In his well-known picture he shows her in the act of waking out of sleep and finding herself alone, betrayed by him whom she had helped and trusted. Seated by the sea-shore with the waves moaning in sympathy at her feet, she gazes with startled eyes across the ocean where her faithless lover has fled, while her hands, hanging limply at her side, and her look, which is of utter forlornness and dejection, testify to her agony and disenchantment. Her face is cast, not in a Grecian but an English mould, and as she sits there the artist means her to represent all those sorrowful and disenchanted lives which have awakened from the dream of love, and found those to whom they have given their all unworthy of their trust. It is, perhaps, life's most bitter experience, and few there are who encounter it whom it does not leave hard and embittered. Watts, however, in painting so sympathetically the agony of the betrayed, suggests also the only way the heart may be

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upheld. Ariadne's handmaiden, seated at her side, points to the brightening east. It is only the Divine love which never betrays.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Losing the Vision.—G. Richmond, R.A., father of Sir W. B. Richmond, was in his youth greatly influenced by that mystic and seer William Blake. Once, finding his invention flag for a whole fortnight, he went, as he was wont, to Blake for advice. He found him sitting at tea with his wife. He related his distress, how he felt deserted by the power of invention. To his astonishment Blake turned to his wife suddenly and said, "It is just so with us, is it not, for weeks together, when the visions forsake us! What do we do then, Kate?" "We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake," she answered.

That sad experience which comes to many in middle age when, returning to scenes of childhood, they realise that they have lost the "vision," is pathetically expressed in the following lines by Sir Walter Scott:—

"The sun upon the Weirclaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet :
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore :
Though evening with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.
"With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree —
Are they still such as once they were ?
Or is the dreary change in me ?"

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The Carnal Mind.—The carnal mind is not only enmity toward God, it is also enmity toward all noble and spiritual art. This is revealed in a striking way by a picture in the National Gallery (No. 29) by Barocci. Barocci lived in the days of decadence which followed the great artistic outburst of the Renaissance. The artists of this later period, without inspiration or conviction in themselves, became the soulless imitators of those who preceded them. The picture referred to is known as "La Madonna del Gatto," from the circumstance of a cat being introduced into it. The subject is the Holy Family, though there is nothing to suggest holiness, except the presence in the picture of conventional types of the Madonna and Child. The infant St. John is represented leaning with one arm upon the lap of the Virgin, while he teases a cat by holding up a little bird just beyond its reach. The cat is frantic with the lust of killing, the bird frantic with fear, and this is the incident which the artist represents as affording amusement to the Holy Family. The Madonna directs the attention of the infant Jesus, who turns to look, while Joseph, who stands behind, is equally engrossed and interested. The artist with unconscious irony has himself satirised the scene by placing in the corner a cross which has been thrown aside.

Conventions.—The power of conventions to strangle life and mummify it can be seen by anyone who will stand before the Madonna of Margaritone in the National Gallery. It is a picture which represents art when it was hide-bound by conventions; when laws were imposed by the Church to which artists under severest penalties had to conform, and when all freedom of invention or treatment was denied. The

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result was that art lost its soul. Artists became mere lifeless copyists repeating the same attitudes in the same mechanical and lifeless way, without a quiver of the heart or a gleam of the eye. Here in the picture is shown a lifeless Madonna, gaunt and forbidding, looking with dreary eyes out upon the world, her face as immobile as a doll's. She holds on her lap a little formal being, neither young nor old, a child in size, but old and wearied in look and gesture, as he raises his hand to bless.

Now turn to the Madonna of Cimabue near it, and see how marvellous is the change. Here is life, naturalness, the dawns of a new spirit. These men were only separated from each other by a few years. What had happened in the interval? The spring had come! The Renaissance had dawned. The graveclothes of convention with which the human spirit had been wound were everywhere being cast off, and men were going forth in the splendour of a new-found freedom, conquering and to conquer.

"The curse of the system-ridden, of the pedant, of the doctrinaire, is loss of clear-seeing simplicity, of initiative, of that power of direct and spontaneous action which is simplicity's reward."

Lucas Malet.

"So when the world is asleep, and there seems no hope of
her waking
Out of some long bad dream that makes her mutter and
moan,
Suddenly, all men arise to the noise of fetters breaking,
And every one smiles at his neighbour and tells him his
soul is his own."

Kipling.

Cruelty.—The observant student who walks through the Assyrian department of the British Museum cannot fail to perceive that the chief characteristic of its

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art is its glorification of brute force. And this throws a startling light upon the Assyrian character. The Assyrian was the most cruel tyrant of the ancient world. It was from Assyria that the cross came, the most revolting and cruel form of death that the mind of man has conceived, so revolting that no crucifixion was ever practised upon a Roman citizen; it was only used for the lowest form of criminal. "The bas-reliefs of Assyrian art," says Reinach, "show scenes of revolting carnage, of horrible tortures inflicted on the vanquished in the presence of the conqueror. The cuneiform inscriptions that accompany the bas-reliefs celebrate the most hideous butcheries as high exploits." This national characteristic is shown also in their treatment of the human form. The effort of the artist was not concentrated upon the face, but upon the body, not in the expression of intelligence, but brute force, so that the muscles are made to stand out like whipcords and present a systematic exaggeration of physical force. The famous line of Byron's

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold"
is a true description of his innate ferocity.

Criticism.—A cobbler detected a fault in the shoe-latchet of one of Apelles' paintings, and the artist, recognising his superior information, rectified the fault. The cobbler, blown up by his success, and over-estimating his importance, next ventured to criticise the legs, for which he was indignantly kicked out. "Keep to your trade," said the painter. "Let not a cobbler overstep his last."

"From all rash censure be the mind kept free—
He only judges right, who weighs, compares."

Wordsworth.

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Cynicism.—There is a cynicism which expresses itself in a total disregard or even a total blindness towards all those things which to reverent minds appeal. This cynicism in the modern Englishman is laid bare in a painting exhibited in 1856 by J. F. Lewis, which Ruskin declared was worthy to rank amongst the most wonderful pictures of the world. It is a picture of a Frank encampment around Mount Sinai, with portraits of an English “sporting” nobleman and his suite. Painted with great delicacy and yet breadth of detail, it expresses in a subtle way the contrast between antiquity and modernism. The ancient mountain where Moses received the tables of the law, around which the hallowed thoughts of countless generations have rolled, which is one of the holy places of the world, is painted full of awe and suggestion. In its deep shadows and recesses even still the prophet may be supposed to be speaking with God face to face. When we turn to the principal figure we see that his hand droops negligently at his side, yet so as to point to an unfolded map at which he is gazing. When the map is examined it is found to have written upon it, “Map of Syria : Ancient and Modern.” Then a glance at the picture again reveals the painter’s indignation. He has painted Mount Sinai *with a foreground of dead game*. Modernism in the shape of this representative of British nobility has turned the mountain of the Lord into a shooting range, and those awful fastnesses which once echoed with the Voice of the Most High now echo with the shots of the sporting rifle and the death-cry of God’s helpless creatures.

But the deadly thing in the picture is not the dead game, but the deadness in the minds of these sportsmen—dead to reverence, to the august things of the

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past, to the things which count in the spiritual progress and redemption of the race. To all these things this sporting lord with his gun is dead, and, counting his game, he does not know—and would not understand if he did—that men turn from him and such as he with heads bowed with shame, and with utter sickness of heart.

This cynical indifference of the British sportsman recalls the famous phrase of Ruskin, that if the angel Gabriel appeared in the heavens some English sportsman would have a shot at him !

Despair.—No more noble men exist than those who in the awful hour of storm run the life-boat into the sea and, leaping on board, brave the foaming tempestuous waves, on their blessed errand of rescue. But W. Small, in his picture "The Wreck," has pictured with great force and genius the awful emotions which tear the hearts of those on shore who behold their loved ones perishing—*and who have no lifeboat*. There on the shore—demented because they see their loved ones waving to them, and can do nothing, can but stand in helpless agony and see them die—is a group torn by such grief. One has only to look upon such a picture to become a subscriber to the National Lifeboat Association.

" Oh, God ! this is indeed a dreadful thing,
And he who hath endured the horror once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home but he remembers it,
And thinks of the suffering mariner."

Decline.—All things in this world run their course, "they have their day and cease to be." New movements arise possessing initial force, and inspired by

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some living message. While the force lasts the movement sweeps down opposition, but with the expenditure of that initial energy nothing else can keep it alive. It cannot live on its past. This finds illustration in the history of art. Through the Renaissance period art blazed into marvellous splendour, difficulties seemingly unsurmountable were overcome with ease, the most amazing triumphs were attained by men possessing the slenderest resources. Then with almost dramatic suddenness virtue seemed to pass out of art, the fire of attainment died down in the heart, and a generation of artists arose who, having no inspiration of their own, contented themselves in imitating the works of the inspired men who had gone before. The art historian puts his finger upon the year 1530, after the death of Raphael, as the date when the light went out and art passed into twilight and obscurity. Many attempts were made to keep art alive by the Mannerists and Eclectics, but it was of no use. Art cannot be kept alive by galvanising it from without. Life comes only from within. It is of no use, therefore, trying to live on past experiences. We must ever go to the source for new inspiration and, like the Israelites, get manna for each day.

Disdain.—Landseer in his picture "Alexander and Diogenes" has taken the old story of the king and the philosopher, and retold it in a way which brings a smile to the soberest face. This is the cleverest dog story ever told, and the expression on the faces of the dogs is inimitable in its skill and humour. Alexander, in whose attitude and eye and general swagger there are all the marks of a superior "pedigree" animal, stands haughtily before the dilapidated tub of Diogenes, his

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body stiff with pride, his tail swaggering with insolence. Inside on his straw lies the canine cynic ; his head only is visible, but his expression is surely as forcible as any that could be deduced from a human countenance. Alexander has indicated that to this mongrel out-cast he is willing for a time to grant the favour of his companionship. But this condescension is entirely thrown away on the philosopher reclining upon the straw. His head hangs down in cynical indifference, while his eyes only too clearly indicate that he deprecates the shadow that Alexander's pose casts over him, and is quite willing that he may go and drown himself if only he will get out of his sight.

Discontent.—It was the ambition of the artist Maes to be regarded as a portrait-painter, for which he had no talent, whereas he regarded with extreme dissatisfaction and discontent his painting of incidents of common life. This is frequently found amongst artists as well as in other walks of life.

“ As a rule a man's a fool,
When it's hot he wants it cool,
When it's cool he wants it hot—
Always wants it as it's not.”

Discourtesy.—How much we may lose by want of courtesy may be illustrated by the following incident. There came to the National Gallery one day a gentleman, rather shabbily dressed, carrying a picture under his arm, who asked to see Sir William Boxall, the Governor. He was peremptorily refused an audience, and only after repeated rebuffs was he granted a moment's interview. The stranger intimated that he had a picture in his possession which he wished to give

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to the National Gallery and began to unbuckle the straps to show the painting within. Sir William, however, brusquely ordered him either to leave it or take it away altogether, saying that he was too busy to look at it. "But you had better have one glance—I ask for no more," said the stranger. Again Sir William refused, and was just on the point of turning away when the covering fell off the picture, and there was revealed one of Terborch's masterpieces which the Governor himself some time previously had failed to gain, though he had offered for it £6,000. "My name is Wallace," said the stranger quietly, "Sir William Wallace, and I came to offer this picture to the National Gallery." "I almost fainted," said Boxall in relating the incident afterwards. By my discourtesy I had nearly lost for the Gallery "The Peace of Münster," one of the wonders of the world.

Doubt.—One of the most pathetic of Greek stories is that of Orpheus and Eurydice, interpreted to us in these modern days in the well-known picture of G. F. Watts.

Orpheus, having loved a beautiful maiden called Eurydice, was plunged into unassuageable grief at her early death. He besought the gods to restore her to him, but all unavailingly, and at length he determined himself to seek her in the underworld and bring her back with him to the light. Passing down through the gloomy way haunted by ghosts and phantoms, he at length stood before the dread throne of Pluto, God of the Underworld. Tuning his harp, he poured forth so bitter a lament and so passionate an entreaty that even

"The iron cheeks of the Eumenides
Were wet with pity . . .
Nor King nor Queen had heart to say him nay."

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Calling Eurydice, Pluto bade Orpheus depart and lead her back to the light. Yet one condition he imposed. "Lead on in front," said Pluto, "while she behind must follow, nor dare to doubt or look even once behind until the upper air is reached, else the boon is null and forfeit."

Gladly did Orpheus accept the conditions, and striking his lyre now with joyful notes passed through the crowds of phantom shapes amazed to see them pass. Struggling upward he approached the light, but as it grew a great fear fell upon his heart. Had his loved one followed or had she dropped by the way? Was it true, or was all a deception and a dream? He stood now almost at the gate of exit, when, tortured by his doubts, he turned to see if indeed his loved one was there, and then with infinite joy beheld her. Stretching out his arms he clasped her, but, alas! even as he clasped, the mists of death enwrapped her round and she faded from his grasp.

" ' Oh ! what ! ' she cried, ' what madness hath undone
Me ! and, oh wretched ! thee, my Orpheus, too !
For lo ! the cruel Fates recall me now :
Chill slumbers press my swimming eyes—Farewell !
Night rolls intense around me as I spread
My helpless arms . . . thine, thine no more . . . to thee.'
She spake, and like a vapour into air
Flew, nor beheld him as he claspt the void ! "

It is this pathetic moment that Watts depicts. We see Orpheus, his lyre hanging by his side, clasp with longing embrace his beloved Eurydice, yet he cannot retain her. Even as he clasps she fades away and leaves him comfortless. And as she fades the very air seems to vibrate with the cry, " O wherefore, wherefore didst thou doubt ? "

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"Only believe," says Christ; but how much our doubts rob us of. He comes so near, union with Him is almost attained, and then we fear and faint, we doubt His word, we doubt our hearts, we refuse to trust Him, and with our distrust He fades away and leaves us comfortless and chilled in hopeless unbelief.

See also pictures by Burne-Jones, Leighton, and others.

Danger of Familiarity.—Robert Hichens, in one of his books, tells the story of an artist who desired to paint a picture to be called "The Sea Urchin." "I made studies of the sea for that picture," the artist said. "I had indicated the wind by the shapes of the flying foam. Now I wanted my figure, but I could not find him. Yet I was in a sea village among sea-folks." The children, he goes on to say, were browned by the sea, but they were unimaginative; as a matter of fact, they knew the sea too well, they were so familiar with it that the wonder and the grandeur of it never moved them. So he went to a London slum, and found a child who had never seen it. He took the child home, pictured the sea to him, told him of the strange voices that cry in the storm, of the croon of its lullaby as it rocks itself to sleep, and at last he was rewarded by seeing the wonder and the mystery of the sea awaken in the child's eyes.

So familiarity is itself a danger. The people of Nazareth were the first to reject Christ. The Gospel story has had its most glorious triumphs in lands far distant from Palestine, and has glowed in eyes which have never rested upon Galilee. Those who most frequently hear the Gospel message are often most unaffected by it.

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The Extirpation of Heresy.—The idea that heresy can be extirpated by force, and the Kingdom of God safeguarded by fear, is of ancient lineage, has had the support of many illustrious names, and has played a peculiarly malign part in the history of mankind. It has also played an equally malign part in the history of art. Of the extent of this Spain may be taken as an example. The influence of the Spanish Inquisitors upon Spanish painting can be seen at a glance. They crushed it within certain prescribed channels, they banished everything that was secular, and strictly forbade "the making or exposing of any immodest paintings or sculptures on pain of excommunication, a fine of 1,500 ducats, and a year's exile." They had officers whose duty it was to see this carried out, and it is recorded of a painter of Cordova that he was imprisoned for introducing into a painting of the Crucifixion, St. John in trunk-hose, and the Virgin in an embroidered petticoat.

"Thus it comes to pass," says Mr. E. Hutton, in his "Introduction to Spanish Artists," "that the Spanish painter is the slave of his subject, a kind of lay preacher, repeating the words of the priest, illustrating them, as it were, without any freedom whatsoever. Hence, in a picture of the Crucifixion, for instance, there must be four nails, not three; the Cross itself must be just so high, so broad: it must be made of flat wood, not of round or knotted. The Virgin, too, must be of such an age, must be dressed in a certain way prescribed by the Inquisition: even to show her feet was heresy."

Not only did this intolerance check all artistic aspiration, it stamped the whole of Spanish art with a sombre hue. The repression and cruelty with which religion was surrounded produced its own Nemesis. It affected the representation of Christ, who was made

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to look down with tortured eyes upon the worshippers below. These men lost the sense of His divine love and gentleness ; his physical agony is almost brutally forced upon you, and instead of the gentle Friend, He becomes the cold and tortured Victim.

“ For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight :
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.”

Pope.

“ Creeds and Confessions : High Church or Low :
I cannot say, but you would vastly please us
If with some pointed Scripture you could show
To which of these belonged the Saviour Jesus.
I think to all or none.

“ Not curious creeds,
Or ordered forms of Church Rule He taught,
But soul of love that blossomed into deeds,
With human good and human blessing fraught.
On one, nor priest, nor presbyter, nor pope,
Bishop or dean may stamp a party name.
But Jesus with His largely human scope,
The service of my human life may claim.
Let prideful priests do battle about creeds,
The Church is mine that does most Christlike deeds.”

Professor Blackie.

Intolerance.—Intolerance, class prejudice, and race hatred have taken many forms, but in none have these shown such persistence and bitterness as toward the Jew. In no country, also, have these borne more bitter fruit toward that race than in Spain.

Cano, for instance, a Spanish painter, was famous for his magnanimity, but toward the Jew he exhibited a

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hatred which was almost demented in its blind relentlessness. If his clothes brushed a Jew he would immediately discard them, and his wily servant made a rich harvest by suggesting that during his walk abroad he had, unknown to himself, rubbed against one of the hated race. Once when a Jewish pedlar was discovered by him in his house he dismissed his housekeeper as a "quarantine precaution," repaved the flooring where the Jew had stood, and burned the boots with which he had kicked him out !

Ingratitude.—Doré, in his illustrations of Cervantes' famous story, has an amusing picture entitled "Don Quixote Moralising on Ingratitude." Don Quixote and Sancho, wandering about the country in search of knightly adventure, fall in with a train of criminals, fettered to each other, and being conveyed by the officers of the Holy Brotherhood to serve in the King's galleys. The knight, on questioning the several villains, and finding that they are going much against their own will, demands of the officers in charge that they shall be released. The demand being indignantly refused, Don Quixote makes so sudden and vigorous an onslaught on the officers that they are put to flight. The rogues are then triumphantly set at liberty, and show their gratitude, after their kind, by stoning Quixote and Sancho, and making off with their clothes. Sancho is seen sprawling on the ground, in no hurry to get up, while his master's charger is on its back amid the thorns, kicking its scraggy legs in the air, unable to right itself. Quixote, however, has raised himself on his hands, and moralises on the incident thus to his squire :—"Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do a kindness to clowns is like throwing

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water in the sea. Had I given ear to thy advice, I had prevented this misfortune ; but since the thing is done, it is needless to repine."

Doré has also another picture which illustrates the same moral, taken from a fable by La Fontaine. It is entitled "The Vultures and the Pigeons." The fable tells how once there was a quarrel amongst the vultures over the body of a dead dog, which resulted in a terrible encounter.

" With tooth and nail
They battled : many chiefs fell dead,
Many a dauntless hero bled."

All this aroused pity in the tender hearts of the pigeons, who succeeded in pacifying the quarrellers, only, however, to have them unite their forces against the defenceless peacemakers. In the illustration a long array of vultures is seen swooping down upon the huddling pigeons who have interfered in their quarrel, and who now are beaten to the ground by those whom they have so lately helped.

Remorse.—In a picture by Fred Roe, entitled "Martyrdom," there is represented an incident from the closing hours of the life of Joan of Arc. After having been condemned on false testimony to be burned to death, the young girl, clad in white, was led to the stake. The picture represents her calm and undismayed, with look intently fixed upward, while the crowd and soldiers stand around. "Suddenly a man was seen to push his way through the crowd and throw himself at Joan of Arc's feet, imploring her forgiveness. It was the priest Loisleur, Joan's confessor and betrayer." The priest is represented torn by the agony

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of remorse, while his victim calmly walks to meet her fate, calm in her innocence and in her trust in God.

Evil Spirits.—In representing Satan and the spirits of evil, mediæval artists threw all their power into representing them as fiendish and horrible. They pictured them as revolting in shape, with twisted limbs repulsive bodies, and glaring eyes. The conviction that their nature was merciless and inhuman warranted them, they conceived, in making their external appearance correspond. So in them all traces of their original nature is lost, they are wholly sunk in baseness, and lost to all appearance of good. Many modern writers have adopted this representation, Newman in his "Dream of Gerontius" being the latest and most distinguished.

The Miltonic conception is entirely different. The great author of "Paradise Lost" makes Satan retain, even in Hell, something of his original angelic beauty. Standing in that dark abode he—

" had yet not lost
All his original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured."

Nemesis.—A. Solomon has a tragic picture which conveys a deep and grave warning to the evil-doer. The picture is entitled "Drowned! Drowned!" and the scene is on the Embankment at Waterloo Bridge. At the extremity of the bridge the body of a young woman has been drawn from the water; it is placed on the pavement at the top of the steps by a bargeman and others, while a policeman turns the light of his bull's-eye upon her face. At that moment a party of

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revellers pass on their return from a *bal masqué*, and pause to see what has happened, and one of them, on seeing the face, recognises the features as those of one whom he himself had been instrumental in deluding from the path of virtue. The artist has added the following lines :—

“ The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.”

In those obscure causes which lead up to great events it may be claimed that M. Angelo laid the first stone of the Reformation. His monument to Julius II., who cared more for the arts than for theology, and more for pleasure than for piety, was such as to demand a building of corresponding magnificence. So the great church of St. Peter was erected. To procure money indulgences were sold, and the flagrant abuse to which this led brought Tetzels and Martin Luther face to face. The means taken, therefore, to erect the most splendid edifice in Christendom at the same time shook that religion to its foundations. Pride thus met its own Nemesis, and while it raised a gorgeous building it rent the Church in twain.

Recollection.—“ O God, if I could only get rid of bye-gones,” said one once who had sinned deeply. To forget the evil past, to have it blotted for ever from the memory, is the craving of all who know the agony and shame which sin brings. The Greeks in their wonderful way offered such an escape in the waters of Lethe, and in the Royal Academy of 1903 a picture was exhibited by T. B. Kennington illustrating Milton’s well-known lines :—

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" . . . a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth ; whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets—
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain."

"Paradise Lost," ii. 582.

The pool is represented as being in the midst of a grove where those who drink its waters fall into eternal sleep. Toward the pool are seen hurrying the restless, unsatisfied, sinful, and sorrowful children of men. A Magdalene, a Cain, a toiler with his heavy burden—all seek oblivion.

The Soul's Regret.—Rossetti in his picture of Proserpine has expressed, as no other artist has ever done, that dull, aching, hopeless regret of the soul which knows that it has spent its money on that which is not bread, and its labour for that which satisfieth not ; which hears, but not with diligence, the voice which says, "Eat ye that which is good," and whose only response to the voice is a sigh—half-wistful, half-despairing.

The old Greek myth tells how Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, was captured by Pluto and carried down to the underworld. Her mother, learning of what had befallen her daughter, obtained from Jupiter the promise that she might return if, during her sojourn, she had eaten nothing. But alas! she had eaten a pomegranate, and so had to spend her time half in the upper, half in the lower world.

It is a story full of deep suggestion, and Rossetti, in giving her that wan look full of soul-dreariness and spiritual despair, means to express the "enchainment of the soul which has tasted of the lower joy, and the sense

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of that bondage which comes when memory wakens, of the soul's true home and native light." She is queen of the lower world, but in gaining this she realises she has bartered her soul. She has sold her birthright for a mess of pottage. As she stands there, then, looking out of the picture with her pomegranate in her hand, she seems to say: "Alas! alas! for all who eat the forbidden fruit; who secure sin's low delights at heavy cost. For to eat of this fruit brings knowledge, but such knowledge as had better never be known."

The picture also suggests that type of regret too despairing to repent, of one who had accepted destiny as irrevocable, whose eye, but not whose heart, was open to the light. This is the last depth of soul-weariness; it is knowledge without hope, and vision without effort. It is the cold acceptance of things by souls conscious of their nature, conscious of a higher good, but convinced also that as things are they must continue to be.

It may also be taken to represent that irresolution of the individual or the age which is torn between higher and lower interests, or knowledge, or ideals, living half in each, but unhappy in both because of divided interests and affections. "Do you know why man is the most suffering of creatures?" said Lammenais. "It is because he is torn asunder—not by two horses as the Greeks used to say, but by two worlds."

In this connection, Rossetti's sonnet entitled "Lost Days" may be recalled:—

"The lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food, but trodden into clay?"

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Or golden coins squandered, and still to pay ?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet ?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The undying throats of Hell—athirst alway ?

“ I do not see them here, but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath—
‘ I am thyself—what hast thou done to me ? ’
‘ And I—and I—thyself ! ’ (lo ! each one saith),
‘ And thou thyself to all eternity.’ ”

CHAPTER X

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

PRIDE

Ambition.—In “The Shadow of Death,” Holman Hunt represents the carpenter’s shop at Nazareth. The Virgin has entered and opened a box full of treasures, to feast her eyes upon them. Her heart is full of ambitions for her Son, and as she takes out the Magi’s gifts which she has treasured through all her difficulties—the crown, the sceptre, and the censer—she dreams of Him reaching some high position of earthly glory. They have become to her symbols of earthly joy and success, prophecies of material splendour and of outward glory, and constantly she steals into the shop to open the box and, gazing upon these flashing gems, to excite her mind. On this day the sun is at its setting, and Jesus, wearied with His long labour, stretches out His arms to ease His fatigue. The slanting sun shining in at the door casts His shadow upon the wall in the shape of a Cross. Looking up from the golden crown upon which her eyes have been gazing, with the intention of pointing out its beauty, she suddenly perceives the shadow of the Cross upon the wall. It is the symbol to her of loss, the crushing of her dearest ambition, the loss of all she counts most dear. It is a dread call to her to crucify her ambition. To her then the Cross was a message of death ; only to

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those who enter into its divinest meaning does it become a symbol of life everlasting.

“ Fling away ambition :

By that sin fell the angels : how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ? ”

“ Henry VIII.,” iii. 2.

Burne-Jones, in a letter to Mrs. Gaskell on his picture of “ Lucifer,” gives his version of one of the legends which swarm around the name of the prince of evil.

“ The other day in Avignon a priest was confessing sinners, and saw in the congregation a splendid-looking youth, broad-shouldered, stout-necked, golden-haired, and fierce—very tall, whose turn it was at last to confess. He confessed so many things that the priest’s hair stood on end, and he said, ‘ But have you lived hundreds of years to have done so much evil ? ’

“ ‘ I have lived thousands of years,’ said the youth : ‘ I fell from Heaven at the beginning of the world, I want to get back there.’

The priest, who belonged to a glorious, ample, wide-hearted religion, said it could be done. He didn’t even ask him to be sorry, being wise, and knowing the story. He said, ‘ Say after me these words : *God only is great and perfect.* The curly-headed splendour of a man strode away desolate and still damned. He would not humble himself.”

Overleaping Ambition.—The ambition that “ overleaps itself ” is illustrated in the well-known picture, “ The Lament for Icarus,” by Herbert J. Draper. Icarus was the son of Dædalus, who to escape the wrath of Minos fled with wings from Crete. He soared so high into the sky, exulting in his powers, that nearing the sun its heat melted the wax with which Dædalus had contrived to fix the wings, and so he fell headlong into the sea. Here in the picture mermaids mourn over his unhappy fate.

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"Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side."

"Macbeth," i. 7.

Ruined Ambition.—Doré has a marvellous picture which illustrates how the Almighty brings to the dust all the edifices erected by human pride and the insolences of the human heart. It is entitled "Babylon Fallen," and is taken from that lurid passage in the Book of Revelation (ch. xviii. 1—2): "I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory. And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

• The picture shows us this mighty and proud city laid in the dust; the desolation and mournfulness of the place are tremendous. "The ruined buildings, the heaps of fallen masonry, titanic even in their wreck, the temples forsaken of their worshippers, the palace-gates, whose steps no feet of man shall ever more ascend, the monstrous effigies of beasts and chimeras keeping watch as if over some dismal enchantment—the living beasts and birds prowling or fluttering about the spectral place, the wild and threatening sky, scared rather than comforted with cloudy moonlight, and the look of utter abandonment of human works (always one of the most awful and ghostly of things) make up a picture of the highest mood of poetry."

No one could look upon this picture without awe, without a humbling sense of fear. So shall all high things erected by man's pride and vainglory be brought to nought.

The Atheism of Pride.—There is an atheism of

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character which in its manifestations is more insolent, in its roots more pernicious, and in its effects more blighting than the blatant atheism which openly denies there is a God. This latter may spring from the mind, but the other springs from the heart, and is unconscious of denial, nay, may proclaim belief and seek to do God honour. An illustration of this deadly atheism may be found in the architecture and adornment of three churches in Venice, all of them situated near St. Mark's—that fane built by pious hands for God's glory. These churches are Santa Maria Formosa, San Moisè, and Santa Maria Zobenigo. Beautiful and ornate, the visitor is at first prepared to admire them, but, as Ruskin points out, when one looks closely at them he discovers that they are “entirely destitute of every religious symbol, sculpture, or inscription.” They were built ostensibly for the glory of God, but really for the glory of three Venetian families—the Capello, the Fini, and the Barbaro. Over the doorways and conspicuous parts of the buildings the members of these families are set; within and without their greatness, wealth and glory are extolled. God is dethroned by them in His temple, Christ is used as a means to magnify their own pride, the worship of the Creator is disestablished to make room for the worship of the creature. Therefore, as Ruskin says, “they are impious buildings, manifestations of insolent atheism.”

“ Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek :
A goodly apple rotten at the heart :
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath ! ”

“ Merchant of Venice.”

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"Mr. Loth-to-Stoop."—Burnand has an excellent picture in which he represents with great success a well-known character in Bunyan's "Holy War." This is Mr. Loth-to-Stoop, and the artist has given him that superior look and erect back which are the outward and visible signs of the inward possession of the heart by pride. Mr. Loth-to-Stoop, Bunyan tells us in his own inimitable way, was a very stiff and proper gentleman, who was not averse from making terms with Emmanuel as long as his claim to superior treatment was observed. If he was to give the pilgrimage the benefit of his countenance he must not be expected to do any stooping. The configuration of his spine did not permit so unbecoming an attitude for a person so uprightly superior as he. If the Prince would have him to give alms, that he could do with dignity and condescension ; or if salvation were offered at a purchasable price he would do himself the honour of entertaining the offer. But when Mr. Loth-to-Stoop was told that salvation could only be gained by bending the back, and humbling the knee, by no trust in any merits of his own, but in casting himself as utterly worthless upon the mercy of God in Christ, he was sadly put to it. It meant nothing less than a revolution of his whole life, the abandonment of his most cherished convictions, the relinquishing of that love which had become second nature in him—the love of self, and it is this still which hinders so many from accepting Christ. They cannot stoop. They want to receive Christ and His salvation in an attitude of condescension, and they refuse to receive Him on the only terms on which He can be received—by self-prostration and self-abasement. One of the hardest things in life is for a proud heart to jettison its pride, and to receive salvation on

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the merits, not of self, but of Christ. In the realm of redemption we must *stoop to conquer*.

In this connection it is interesting to recall Tennyson's fine study of one, who through the overthrow of his pride attained to true knightliness. Edyrn, being overthrown in a contest with Geraint, entertains no bitter hatred toward him who has hurt his pride in bringing him to the dust, but loves him "with something of the love wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us."

"For once, when I was up so high in pride
That I was half-way down the slope to Hell,
By overthrowing me you threw me higher."
"Idylls of the King."

Sectarian Pride.—Amongst the treasures of the Museum in Constantinople there is one which out-distances them all in intense though painful interest. In one of the main halls there lies a block of stone some three feet square. Black with age, and without carving of any kind, the incautious visitor might well pass it with but a careless and uninterested glance. When carefully examined, however, it is found to have some words engraven upon it by which it is possible to identify it. Here then, as the inscription discloses, is the very stone set up in the Temple of Jerusalem, between the Gentile and the Jewish court, warning the Gentiles that if they dared to pass into the sacred place they would instantly be put to death. That stone, therefore, lying thus in the Museum of Antiquities, stands for all the exclusiveness and intolerance which blighted the ancient world. Christ as He passed in and out must often have looked upon it and read its inscription with heavy heart. He came

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into the world for the very purpose of removing it, and all that it represented of exclusiveness, bitterness, inhumanity, and religious bigotry and pride. It was to Him, as to all whom He has emancipated, "a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence."

Since that day until now, however, His Church has never ceased to re-erect this stone, to inscribe upon it in His very name the language of cruel bigotry, and by its ignorance of His Spirit to retain the worst passions of Judaism.

"Hast thou made much of words, and forms, and tests,
And thought but little of the peace and love—
His Gospel to the poor? Dost thou condemn
Thy brother, looking down, in pride of heart,
On each poor wanderer from the fold of Truth? . . .

Go thy way,
Take Heaven's own armour for the heavenly strife,
Welcome all helpers in thy war with sin . . .
And learn through all the future of thy years
To form thy life in likeness to thy Lord's."

Plumptre.

AVARICE

The Man with the Muck-Rake.—There is a well-known picture by Sir Noel Paton which illustrates in a powerful way the curse of avarice as it affects the lives of those who fall under its sway. The picture represents a man with greedy eyes, and face almost dehumanised, raking amidst the mire which has besmirched his body and his soul. Above him stands a shining angel, holding in his hands a celestial crown. His eyes are full of tears, for he heeds him not; he neither sees his form, nor hears his voice, for his whole being is consumed by a hunger for possession. Even when, out of the mire, he gains some coin, though he

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eagerly clutches at it he does not possess it. It possesses him, he cannot use it, he dare not spend it, he feasts his eyes upon its deadly glitter, while his soul is growing as hard as the gold he hoards. The picture is a terrible lesson of how the love of gold dehumanises human life ; how it stifles a man's natural affections, robs him of all that makes life worth living, and makes him remorseless in his selfishness and greed. It shows, too, how such a nature by perverting its powers brings ruin upon itself. He cannot enjoy any single thing he possesses. His love of gain makes it an agony for him to spend, and so he is forced miserly to hoard, growing all the time more despicable and more repulsive. The picture is a representation in art of Bunyan's " Man with the Muck-Rake."

" There was a man, that would look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake. But the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor."

" They soon grow old who grope for gold,
In marts where all is bought or sold—
Who live for self, and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf,
Cankered and crushèd o'er with mould,
For them their youth itself is old.

" They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where spring awakes and flowers unfold,
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes ;
For them the immortal bards have sung :
For them old age itself is young."

Punishment of Avarice.—Dante had the courage to place Pope Nicholas III., of the Orsini family, who died

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in 1281, and others of his predecessors, in Hell. And the crime which sent them there was avarice ; that avarice which expressed itself in the sin of simony. The scene of gloom and agony in which they suffer for their misdeeds has been strikingly rendered by Gustave Doré in his picture "The Sin of Simonists." The scene is placed in the third gulf of the eighth circle of Hell. Dante and Virgil, arriving, see that the ground is full of apertures, all of equal width, all circular, and of the same dimensions as the fonts of St. John the Baptist at Florence. From the mouth of each of these there protrude the feet and part of the legs of those who suffer beneath. The soles of the feet are preyed on by a flame, and Dante, perceiving one of these pairs of feet writhing in fiercer agony than the rest, finds they are those of Pope Nicholas, with whom he converses. The poet in scathing terms denounces the sin of which these princes of the Church are guilty, and suggests that some then living would share a like fate.

In the fifth circle of Purgatory, when the sin of avarice is cleansed, Dante sees a large number of spirits lying prone upon the ground, weeping sorely, and repeating with sighs that almost choke their utterance the words of Psalm cxix. :—"My soul cleaveth heavy to the dust : quicken Thou me according to Thy word."

Covetousness.—Watts has condemned the gross materialism of our age and country in a picture entitled "The Valley of Dry Bones." It represents a goodly oak tree overlaid like a pall by a heavy cloth of gold. This cloth obscures the light of Heaven from the branches, rots the tree of vigour and of healthy life. Beneath the tree lies a heap of dead men's bones,

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which still further suggest to the onlooker the presence of decay. The message of the picture is clear. The oak tree is the fine old symbol of England, strong, deep-rooted, wide-branched, its whole structure expressing durability and courage. But all these noble national characteristics are threatened by this love and lust for material things which make men cowardly and cruel, and which rob them of their natural kindness and generosity. The end of these things is national decay. For the loss of a nation's ideals is the loss of its life. It becomes only a valley of dry bones. All history illustrates this.

In one of the old morality plays, entitled "The Castle of Perseverance" (A.D. 1425), mankind is represented as entrenched within a citadel, while the seven deadly sins are without enticing man to leave the safe guardianship of the walls and come outside. After many contests the sins seem to lose their hold as the heats of youth and passion die down. There is one exception, however, it is covetousness. This is the vice which is represented as never losing hold of the heart, but as increasing until it becomes the passion of old age. So covetousness appearing to old age entices humanity without the walls, and finally vanquishes it. In mediæval pictures "Avaritia" is represented as grey-haired and grasping, frequently accompanied by a fox who has just robbed a hen of her chickens. She carries on her shoulder bags of gold, but as she hurries greedily forward the coins drop out from a hole in the bag behind, showing that all such gain is loss.

According to Borrow, the gipsies in their fortune-telling promise to the young various pleasures; to the old they ever foretell riches, and only riches: "for they have sufficient knowledge of the human heart to be

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aware that avarice is the last passion that becomes extinct within it."

The Gambling Fever.—A painting by E. M. Ward, R.A., in the Tate Gallery, entitled "The South Sea Bubble," pictures for us one of those strange waves of excitement and intoxication which pass over communities, and which rob even the prudent and cautious of their senses, sweeping them into the same gulf of ruin with the frivolous. It is the representation of a scene in Change Alley in 1720 :—

"When the South Sea Company were voting dividends of 50 per cent., when a £100 of their stock was selling for £1,100, when Threadneedle Street was daily crowded with the coaches of dukes and prelates, when divines and philosophers turned gamblers, when a thousand kindred bubbles were daily blown into existence—the Periwig Company, and the Spanish Jackass Company, and the Quicksilver-fixation Company."

Macaulay, "History of England."

"The crowds were so great indoors," says Lord Mahon, "that tables with clerks were set in the streets. In this motley throng were blended all ranks, all professions, and all parties—churchmen and dissenters, whigs and tories, country gentlemen and brokers. An eager strife of tongues prevailed in this second Babel ; new reports, new subscriptions, new transfers, flew from mouth to mouth ; and the voice of ladies (for even many ladies had turned gamblers) rose loud and incessant above the general throng."

Here in the picture we see the crowd, their eager greed, their credulity, their ruthlessness—all the evil passions which the love of wealth evokes, have suddenly broken loose, trampling down the safeguards of rank, society and custom.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them."

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Mammon.—"To me," says Watts, "the eager desire for wealth is horrible. . . . The mere acquisition of gold is demoralising. To get it without doing anything, and at the expense of others, is a present-day characteristic. Gambling in its effects is worse even than drink, and unfortunately pervades the whole community." As a protest against this insane greed of gold, this craving to pile it up, this lust of mere acquisition which is the parent of appalling cruelties and inequalities, Watts painted his picture entitled "Mammon," which he dedicated to all Mammon-worshippers in order that they might see their god.

"Mammon is represented as a king seated on a scarlet throne ornamented at the top with two skulls. His head, Midas-like, is encircled with a crown fashioned of a broad band of gold, with round golden crowns standing up from it in imitation of the walls or strawberry leaves of a coronet. There is something indescribably mean and repulsive in his face, with square massive jaws—sordid, selfish mouth—flat nose and bleared, dead blue eyes, full of cunning and deceit and all hardness, rising above a neck that wrinkles into gross folds like the skin of a rhinoceros. On each side above his head his hair rises up like a pair of asinine ears; and he is clothed with a gold tunic embroidered with patterns taken from the pursuits of wealth. One hand is grovelling among the money bags in his lap, and the other grasps the long tresses of a beautiful woman who has sold herself for gain, and whose green robe of freshness falls away from her. His foot, covered with blood-red hose, rests upon the body of a naked youth, who has been a devoted slave, and has been stamped into the mire by his bondage. In the background of the picture a crimson curtain falls down concealing the distant view, but disclosing immediately underneath it a smoking fire."

The message of the picture may be swiftly summed up. In the brutal face of Mammon we see the inner repulsiveness of the covetous spirit, how it coarsens

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and brutalises the nature. In the treatment of his victims—both male and female—we see how the love of money, creating hardening of the heart, develops into hideous forms of cruelty and oppression. We see also that those who become his victims are crushed by his brutal hands and feet, and the flames springing up reveal their ultimate destiny.

LUXURY

The Curse of Luxury.

“ Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy.”

Wordsworth.

In Herbert Schmalz' picture “ All is Vanity ” we are taught the lesson of how luxury corrupts the heart even of the young. A little child is seated in a sumptuous chamber ; she has everything that a child could wish, but on her young face there are already the marks of boredom. Half-buried amongst the cushions, with beautiful fruits lying upon the old Moorish table for which she has no appetite, with a beautiful Chinese doll lying heedless upon her lap for which she has no regard, she looks out of the picture with dreary eyes, and with a heart that has learned too soon the ennui of a surfeited life. Rich as she is, there is not a child in the East End who dances to the barrel-organ's tune that is not happier.

Gluttony.—Doré in his “ Illustrations of Dante ” has a graphic picture of Dante and Virgil in Purgatory meeting with the spirit of Forese, who relates to them how those who on earth have been guilty of the sin of gluttony are tortured and purified. In the course of

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their wanderings they have just beheld a tree hung with sweet-smelling fruit, and watered by a crystal fountain, and from the boughs issue voices enjoining temperance in food, and recording wonderful examples of that virtue in ancient times. Forese explains how the gluttonous on earth are learning to overcome :—

“ He thus : ‘ The water and the plant we passed
With power are gifted, by the Eternal Will
Infused : the which so pains me. Every spirit,
Whose song bewails his gluttony indulged
Too grossly, here in hunger and in thirst
Is purified. The odour which the fruit,
And spray that showers upon the verdure, breathe,
Inflames us with desire to feed and drink.
Nor once alone, encompassing our route,
We come to add fresh fuel to our pain.’ ”

Doré has represented the mysterious region in which they dwell with powerful realism. Around Dante and Virgil there collect a troop of spirits with pale visages, and bodies so lean that the bones seem almost to sever the flesh. So emaciated are they that the sockets of their eyes seem “ as rings from which the gems have dropped out.”

The Drunkard.—One of Landseer’s great gifts was his sympathetic interpretation of animal life. In their eyes he painted that plaintive look which ennobles them and makes them half-human ; but in the National Gallery there is a picture by him called “ The Defeat of Comus,” in which he uses his gift in a very different way. In this picture he shows the degradation when man sinks to the beast and allows the bestial in him to submerge the spiritual. According to the old story Comus was the God of Revelry ; of those who yielded to his spell it was said :—

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" All their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual styte."

As they drank the potion from his cup they gradually
took upon themselves

" the inglorious likeness to a beast."

But even in that condition they had their awful moments, when they realised the depths to which they had fallen and struggled hopelessly against their chains. Landseer with great insight, while showing how man in yielding to the animal sinks lower than the beast, expresses this hour of agonising torture by filling the eyes of some of them with tears. At the same time the artist reminds us in his picture of how Apollo, coming to the rescue of the captives, breaks the evil spell, and setting them free restores them to their original likeness. The story is a pointed illustration of how drunkenness degrades, and how rescue can only be attained through the Saviour of Men.

The Wine of Circe.—Sir E. Burne-Jones has a beautifully executed picture bearing this title. Before a table prepared for a feast stands Circe, in orange-coloured dress ; she leans forward and pours a potion into a bowl ; before her, two panthers ; behind the throne a tripod with brazier and entwined serpent ; through a window is seen the sea, with ships approaching.

" Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine ? "

Milton : " Comus."

According to the Greek myth, Circe was the daughter of Helios (the sun) and Perseis. She lived in the island

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of *Ææa*, and was reputed to possess powers of enchantment by means of which she first charmed her victims and then turned them into beasts. This, in the subtle way of the Greeks, represented the debasing power of appetite. Circe gave to her victims a charmed cup which stole away their senses, and the bestial condition into which they sank is an illustration of how drunkenness steals away the senses and lowers men to the level of brute beasts.

" O God ! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal

Away their brains . . . O thou invisible spirit of wine ! if thou hast

No name to be known by, let us call thee devil ! "

Shakespeare : " Othello."

" This heavy-headed revel east and west

Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations :

They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition : and, indeed, it takes

From our achievements, though performed at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute."

Shakespeare : " Hamlet."

Burne-Jones, it may be noted, in the attitude of Circe, when he makes her lean forward, suggests the crouching attitude of the animal about to spring.

Dissipation.—In the Tate Gallery there is exhibited to all who care to read it a pictorial sermon on the terrible effects of dissipation, not only as they affect the life of the dissipated, but as they spread out to blight and ruin the lives of others. The picture is by R. B. Martineau, and is entitled " The Last Day in the Old Home."

First let us read the printed bill lying on the dining-room floor, where the dissolute husband and father

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stands surrounded by those whom he has ruined. The bill intimates the sale of the property and runs as follows :—

“ Catalogue
of
The Valuable Contents
of
Hardham Court
in the County of Cheshire
the seat of
Sir Charles Pulleyne Bart.
To be sold by Auction by
Messrs. Christie and Manson,
on the Premises
—day October 22, 1860.”

What now has led to this sad event, this ruin of an old family, and sale of an estate which has been handed down from father to son through many generations? One glance at the picture is enough. Standing against the table is a man, still young, but with the marks of dissipation upon his weak and characterless face. The anguish and shame felt by the other members of the family find no place in his shallow heart, though they are his victims. Through the whole dismemberment of his effects, even while the auctioneers are busy cataloguing his effects, he treats the whole thing as a joke.

The next glance at the picture shows the causes which have brought ruin upon this ancient and honourable house. They are two—drunkenness and gambling. The champagne glass is in one hand, his betting book in the other, for though he is ruined he has learned nothing. He still trusts in luck, as the coral charms on his watch-chain indicate.

The terrible effect of this dissipated life upon others

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are seen in the old mother, who bursts into a paroxysm of tears as she pays for the last time the old butler, who returns his keys and well-kept account book ; and in the wife, whose haggard face shows what she has suffered at the hands of her dissipated husband.

But the worst effects are seen in the young son who is to inherit nothing evidently but the vices of his father. He holds a champagne glass in his hand, from which he has been drinking, at his father's instigation, a toast of farewell to one of his ancestors painted by Holbein, and evidently the founder of the family. His mother vainly stretches forth her hand to restrain him, but his father's mark is too strong upon him, as the dice-box, which acts as luggage in his toy cart, indicates.

Meanwhile the assistants of Messrs. Christie and Manson continue the dismantling of the house, ticketing the treasures collected through generations, and piling together the heirlooms with a business-like activity which knows no reverence. The artist has, with a final touch, summed up the whole secret history of this sad incident. On a crucifix of exquisite workmanship, upon which is carved the suffering Saviour, a ticket has just been ruthlessly fixed bearing this shuddering title " Lot 726 " :

" This is the use
Of them that loose
Their sail to the wind of pleasure :
The year outrun,
The dream undone,
And the long, regretful leisure."

ENVY

The Suffering of the Envious.—An incident is related in Greek history of a youth who so distinguished him-

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self in the public games that his fellow-citizens raised a statue to him to perpetuate his victory. This statue so excited the spirit of envy in the breast of another youth whom he had defeated that he went out one night under the cover of darkness to destroy it. After prolonged efforts he succeeded in moving it from its pedestal, but in its fall it crushed him to death. This is the effect of envy, and indeed of all sin, upon the sinner. By our envy and malevolence, we may wound others, but we slay ourselves. Socrates taught that no evil man can harm a good man ; that all the mortal wounds to character are self-inflicted. We may suffer, being innocent, but the suffering will not affect the soul unless we allow the poison of hate to corrupt us.

The Evil Eye.—In the old representations, as in that of De Vos, Envy is represented usually as a woman with haggard face, her teeth sunk in an apple. The hard and haggard features express the embittering nature of the sin, the teeth sunk in the apple its gnawing character, while the apple itself points back to Eve's envy for the obtaining of knowledge. The most popular Scripture incident used to illustrate envy is that of Joseph and his brethren, the picture usually showing Joseph being lifted out of the pit, while the company to whom he was sold is seen drawing near, riding on their camels. In the "Canterbury Tales" envy is represented as of "two speces"—"sorrow at other men's goodness," and "joye at other men's sorrow." In another part it is said of it—"then standeth Envie and holdeth the hot iron on the heart of a man with a pair of long tongs of long rancour."

In Marlowe's "Faustus" the seven deadly sins are introduced in the second scene of the first act, and are

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introduced by Beelzebub. The following is the speech of Envy :—

" Faust. And what art thou ?

" Envy. I am Envy. . . . I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone, then thou should'st see how fat I'd be !

" Faust. Out, envious wretch ! "

Spenser represents Envy as riding upon a wolf, and chewing with his teeth a " venomous tode," while in his bosom lurks a snake.

In the " Purple Island," by Phineas Fletcher (1585-1650), Envy is thus represented :—

*" Envy the next, Envy with squinted eyes ;
Sick of a strange disease ; his neighbour's health :
Best lives he then, when any better dies :
Is never poor, but in another's wealth :
On best men's harms and griefe he feeds his fill :
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will :
Ill must the tempter be, when diet is so ill."*

.

Another representation of Envy in mediæval art was to depict it as a hideous figure with claws like a vulture's, ears like those of an ass, and a viper tongue. By this they meant to teach that Envy's ears were ever stretched out to hear the faintest breath of scandal ; that what it heard made it tear like a vulture its own heart ; while its evil tongue, which was as a poisonous viper, wounded its own forehead. The whole conception aimed at conveying the lesson that the envious man wounds himself far more deeply than he wounds others ; that he who nurses sin in his heart against his fellow nurses a viper which turns and destroys him.

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The "evil eye" is the old Biblical term for envy, and Dante in his journey in the underworld represents those who are being cured of this sin as walking about with their eyes sewn up, so that they might see nothing to set this passion aflame.

The Blighting Power of Envy.—A statue stands in a Continental city reminding its citizens of the blighting and distorting power of envy when admitted into a human heart. The sculptor has represented the figure of Envy with crooked legs, suggestive of its twisting and writhing, and the falsity of its ways; the arms of the statue are abnormally long and the hands big and coarse, for envy stretches out its hands ever to clutch at the good of others. The sculptor's treatment of the head of the figure is no less suggestive. The ears he has made long and asinine; they droop down, for Envy is always listening to the voices of those below, never to the voices of Heaven, is always listening in hate and suspicion; the eyes also hideously obtrude, though by the atrophy which comes from a false use they are glazed and short-sighted. From its mouth its tongue protrudes, but it is forked, for all its speech is deceitful, double, cruel, and devilish.

Green-Eyed Jealousy.—In the National Gallery, as you enter, the eye is almost immediately caught by a quaint picture by Piero di Cosimo, entitled "The Death of Procris." On a field of flowers lies the wounded body; at her head kneels a satyr, who pityingly touches her shoulder, while at her feet crouches her hound. The story upon which this quaint picture is founded is one in which the Greeks embodied the folly and reward of jealousy. Procris, who lies here,

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pierced by an arrow, loved Cephalus, who was a great hunter. Some evil tongue having whispered to her that he was unfaithful, she straightway believed it, and secretly followed him to the woods. Cephalus, hot with hunting, called for Aura—the Latin for breeze, "Sweet air, O come," he cried, and echo answered "Come, sweet air." Procris, however, blinded in mind by her jealousy, thought that he was calling to his loved one, and turned in the branches where she was hiding, expecting to see her approach in answer to his call. But Cephalus, seeing the moving branches, mistook the cause, thinking that there lurked within them some beast of the forest, and so let fly his unerring dart which Procris herself had given him. Thus did jealousy prepare its own fate.

"O! beware of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster that doth mock
The meat it feeds on."

"Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ."

"Othello," iii. 3.

"He has never known suffering who has never felt the scorching fires of jealousy."

To conquer jealousy one needs but to recall the following passage in "The Heart of Midlothian":

"When Jeanie Deans received a letter from her sister telling her that she had become a great lady the canker of jealousy began to gnaw at her heart. Sitting down upon a stool at the foot of the bed she folded her arms upon her bosom saying within herself:—'From this place will I not rise till I am in a better frame of mind,' and so placed, by dint of tearing the veil from the motives of her little temporary spleen against her sister, she compelled herself to be ashamed of them, and to view as blessings the advantage of her sister's lot."

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APPETITE

Sensual Beauty.—Rossetti in his “Lady Lilith” has sought to represent that type of beauty which is sensual and devilish, possessing terrible power of attracting and arousing the lower nature, but in itself cruel, heartless, and wholly selfish.

Lilith, according to Rabbinical mythology, was the wife of Adam before Eve. Refusing to submit to Adam, she left Paradise. She was supposed still to haunt the earth, and to be especially hostile to new-born children. Superstitious Jews are said still to put in their bedrooms four coins, with labels, on which, with the names Adam and Eve, are inscribed the words, “Avaunt thee, Lilith.” The word “lullaby” is taken by some to be derived from “Lilia abi” (Lilith avaunt). In his picture Rossetti represents her as an enchantress, with long, golden hair—the idol, but the slayer, of the souls of men. Not a drop of her blood has any noble pity or purifying love in it. Rossetti has written a sonnet on the picture, entitling it “Body’s Beauty.”

“Of Adam’s first wife, Lilith, it is told,
 (The witch he loved before the gift of Eve)
 That, ere the snake’s, her sweet tongue could deceive,
And her enchanted hair was the first gold.
And still she sits, young while the earth is old,
 And subtly of herself contemplative,
 Draws men to watch the bright web she can weave,
Till heart, and body, and life are in its hold.
The rose and poppy are her flowers ; for where
 Is he not found, O Lilith, whom shed scent
And soft-shed kisses and soft sleep shall snare ?
 Lo ! as that youth’s eyes burned at thine, so went
 Thy spell through him, and left his straight back bent
And round his heart one strangling golden hair.”

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This power of beauty to intoxicate, to drug the higher nature while it undermines the moral defences, is one of the most terrible and persistent of temptations known to man. From it the heart is never safe, except when the love of beauty is lifted up into the spiritual and transfigured.

" O, Holy Lord, Who with the Children Three
Did'st walk the piercing flame,
Help! in these trial-hours, which, save to Thee,
I dare not name :
Nor let these quivering eyes and sickening heart
Crumble to dust beneath the Tempter's dart."

Newman.

Infatuation.—The power of sin to infatuate and to produce a stupor of the higher instincts of the soul is illustrated in Frank Dicksee's picture entitled "*La Belle Dame sans Merci.*"

A knight sets out on life's quest, fully armed, but passing along the highway he meets temptation in the shape of a beautiful female form. Under her spell the knight forgets his quest, forgets himself, forgets everything, and is lured to his destruction.

" I sat her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For side-long she would bend, and sing
A fairy song."

The picture represents the knight thus walking alongside, gazing with wild infatuation upon the beautiful face, and listening to the song which enchants, but drowns the better voices of the soul.

Illusion.—Watts has a picture, now the property of Mr. George McCulloch, in which a young knight, clad in shining armour, is pursuing a beautiful maiden through the mazes of a forest. This is the artist's

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interpretation of the Italian superstition known as "Fata Morgana." She is represented as a beautiful enchantress who entices the knight to pursue her, who allows her pursuer almost to capture her, then mockingly eludes him, while all the time leading him deeper and deeper into the tangled mazes of the forest.

The picture may be taken to illustrate the elusive character of earthly happiness, ever alluring us, yet ever evading us just as we seem, as the knight in the picture, to have it in our grasp, leading us in pursuit of it into tangled and pathless regions, where at last we lose ourselves and perish without attainment.

It may also be taken as an illustration of the alluring power of temptation. The temptress inflames the senses with her beauty and her ravishing smiles. To start us in pursuit she comes so near, and is so unreluctant that it seems easy and joyous to possess her. Once started she continues to elude while increasing the desire, until at last, drawn far away from the paths of purity and holiness, we sink down, having spent our life in the chase, and spent it unworthily and in vain.

It was part of the superstition connected with the Fata Morgana, that if she could be held firmly by the forelock she relinquished herself to her pursuer. In another picture Watts took this to illustrate the value of time. Seize hold of opportunity, grasp time by the forelock, and success is yours.

Sensual Temptation.—The temptations which are sensual, which are created by the imagination, and create "spectres in the mind," are illustrated in a picture called "The Temptation of St. Anthony," by Morelli, a modern Neapolitan artist.

St. Anthony was in youth a swineherd, and the gross

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nature of his early occupation helps to determine his later temptations, which are of the flesh. He is represented seated against a rock in the entrance to his cave, but he dare not enter. His eyes are closed, and evil passions threaten and allure him. The artist has conceived the whole temptation as a hallucination. Sensual figures float within the cave and call him to their embrace, even the breeze caressing the fevered brow of the tormented man changes into the head of a kissing girl.

St. Anthony is wrestling in agony, but not in vain. The source of victory the artist has represented in the cross rudely cut in the rock behind his head, and in the posture of the hands, which are raised in beseeching prayer. In the legend it is told that in answer to his prayer there came to his distraught and overstrained mind a vision, he saw the air around him enpeopled with divine forms whose arms were outstretched to succour him. In the strength of this assurance he arose, and as he did so the evil phantoms vanished. The story illustrates the need of both prayer and action to drive away the spectres of the mind.

Vice.—When England was ringing with the revelations, published by W. T. Stead in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of the underworld of vice around us in England, G. F. Watts felt constrained to give it an embodiment in art, so that the sight of it might awake repugnance and arouse men to its destruction. He took, therefore, as his subject the old Greek legend of the Minotaur to which human sacrifices were offered, and which was slain by Theseus. The legend was meant by the Greeks to symbolise the triumph of Greek civilisation over Phœnician barbarism, with cruelties of lust and blood.

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Watts in his terrible picture thus represents lust as this hideous bull-headed monster, leaning over the battlements of the Palace of Knossos, looking with its dull and savage eyes out to sea, awaiting the nine youths and maidens whom Athens had to furnish to satisfy his cruel and unappeasable hunger.

The lesson that Watts seeks to convey is first that vice brutalises its victims. With its raging and brutal passions it tears down every high and holy thought and instinct, and places the nature under the dominion of the animal in us.

The next lesson he conveys is that the hunger of vice is unappeasable. It may be satisfied for the moment, but after every act of submission to its passions it arises with increased hunger and redoubled energy, craving for more and driving its victims on to further excesses.

One other lesson he teaches by this dreadful illustration. It is that vice and sin and lust are cruel beyond all cruelties known to man. To suggest this he shows the brutal Minotaur crushing and grinding with its hoof a little defenceless bird, in very wantonness of rage and cruelty.

To save us we need another Theseus, a Saviour, who alone can confront and slay this monster in our hearts and set us free from its awful terror and curse.

Sin's Enchantments.—One of Sir Edward Burne-Jones' most subtle pictures is that known as "The Beguiling of Merlin." In a glade of flowering white hawthorn stands Vivien, in light blue drapery, holding up an open book in both hands; her head is turned toward Merlin, in dark blue dress, who is seated on a bough and is looking up, bewitched by her enchantments.

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" It fell on a day that they went through the forest that is called the Forest of Broccliande, and found a bush that was fair and high of white hawthorn, full of flowers, and there they sat in the shadow. And Merlin fell on sleep : and when she felt he was on sleep she arose softly and began her enchantments, such as Merlin had taught her, and made the ring nine times and nine times her enchantments. . . . And then he looked about him, and him seemed that he was in the fairest tower of the world and the most strong . . . and in sooth so strong it is that it may never be undone while the world endureth."

Romance of Merlin.

The story of Merlin is the story of one versed in learning, high in position, and even venerable in age yielding all to the seductions of the flesh. It reveals how the animal in us may spring up, and against the better judgment, against even our open-eyed consciousness of its attempts to seduce us, lead us to yield to its passions. Merlin is an unhappy illustration of one who thus yielded, and became

" lost to life and use and name and fame."

See in this connection, Spenser's " Faëry Queen " ; Tennyson's " Idylls of the King " ; Ellis' " Specimens of Early English Romances."

Tennyson, it will be remembered, in his treatment of Nimue or Vivien, represents her as the symbolical type of " Luxuria."

" Thus he represents her symbolically as ' born of rebellion,' that is disobedient pride. Her father dies fighting against Arthur. Her mother brings her forth on the battle-field, and, giving birth to her, falls dead. She is thus cradled in bloody war, war for which there is no greater cause in all history than the lust of the flesh. She is also cradled in death. ' Born from death am I,' she says, ' among the dead,' for sin and death are woven together, warp and woof. . . . Vivien, thus bound up with death, causes physical war and death. She also leaves behind her moral death in men's souls, and death of law and

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order in States. Another symbolic touch is given when she says that she was 'sown upon the wind.' Perhaps Tennyson thought of the text 'They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind'; but the main thought is the inconstancy and fierceness of the lust of the flesh, its veering and flitting fancy, its tempest-wrath and fury at other times, and it is in the yelling of the storm that she has her way with Merlin. Injustice, falsehood, cruelty are her characteristics, and out of these are born coarse cynicism in sensualism, and hatred of pure love. . . . Therefore when she hears of the vows and chastity at the Court of Arthur, she does not believe that a single one of the knights is pure. Absolute unbelief in good is part of the mere lust of the flesh. With it is hatred of those who differ from herself, and deep hatred makes her cruel, fearless, and deceitful. Then, there is nothing she does so easily as lying, and the lying, combined with hatred and unbelief of goodness, causes her to be the furious slanderer, or the soft-sliding suggester of slander. This is Tennyson's outline of sensuality, and its attendant sins."

See *Stopford Brooke's* "Tennyson," p. 291.

ANGER

Wrath.—Mediæval artists in dealing with wrath as one of the seven deadly sins usually represented it as a woman, sword in hand, rushing madly on, and holding before her a shield bearing upon it the Medusa's head, while at her side trotted a wild bear, ready to tear to pieces those whom she had wounded.

Their First Quarrel.—Orchardson has a characteristically executed picture in the Tate Gallery entitled "The First Cloud."

A couple, but recently married, have had their first quarrel. The room is richly furnished, with polished floor, and all the marks of refinement and wealth, but these cannot keep out the evil passions which arise

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in hearts hidden behind silks and immaculate evening dress. As a result of their difference, the lady walks haughtily out of the beautiful drawing room with head thrown back, and eyes, no doubt, if we could see them, blazing ; while he stands moodily on the rug with his back to the fire, his hands in his pockets, his head held forward with a certain dogged obstinacy which does not bode well for their future happiness.

“ It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by may make the music mute.”

They are in need of some kind friend to say to them :
“ Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.”

Unrighteous Anger.—In the beautiful story of Orpheus and Eurydice, represented in all its details in countless works of art, both ancient and modern, Orpheus, when Eurydice had passed a second time to Tartarus, is said to have come to Thrace. Seating himself on the grass he began to play, and immediately the trees and the beasts and birds gathered around him to listen to the strains. Just then a band of Thracian maidens appeared upon the scene, and excited by the rites of Bacchus, and embittered by his refusal to regard them with his eyes, one of them hurled a javelin at him, crying, “ Behold, our despiser.” But the weapon fell harmlessly to earth as soon as it came within sound of his lyre. The women, then enraged, and excited by the rites in which they had engaged, raised a loud shout which drowned the sound of his music, and taking up stones they beat him to death.

Thus as long as we hear the music of Truth and listen to it we are saved from the worst deeds. When, however, we shut out the divine voice, when we allow the voice of

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passion to drown the other, then all evil is possible to us. When Pilate appealed to the better instincts of the mob in Jerusalem, saying, "Why, what evil hath He done," they shouted the more, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" And with all nobler voices drowned, they rushed madly and blindly on to their awful doom. It is of these paroxysms that we must beware, and it is into these that Satan seeks to drive us, knowing that then we are at his mercy.

The Brand of Cain.—Doré has a striking picture dealing with that first revelation in Scripture of the fruits of anger—the story of Cain and Abel. Abel, who was a keeper of sheep, brought as a sacrifice the firstlings of his flock, while Cain offered the fruit of the ground. The artist introduces us to a gloomy valley, bounded by a bare stony wall of mountains, sprinkled with rough boulders, and darkened with shaggy wood. In this place the brothers offer their sacrifice. The oblation of the one was accepted, we are told, and that of the other rejected, and the picture helps us vividly to imagine the scene. The brothers have both set fire to the wood on the rough stone altar, but while the smoke from Abel's rises up in a straight column to the sky, the wind, whirling round a boulder, dashes the smoke of Cain's sacrifice downward, and scatters it in all directions. Cain turns toward his brother, who is kneeling devoutly, and lifting up his eyes to God in prayer. Already murder is entering into his heart. "Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell." In another moment wrath will have conquered him, swept him away in a paroxysm of ungovernable fury and wrought ruin and death upon his own soul. In another picture, entitled "The Death of Abel," we see

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the inoffensive brother lying dead upon the ground, while his brother gazes upon him with horror-stricken and startled eyes. He has awakened from his passion to realise his sin, and as he does so a serpent is seen to wriggle away and disappear.

SLOTH

Idleness.—There is a picture in the National Gallery by Nicolas Maes, one of the "little masters" of the Netherlands, entitled "The Idle Servant." It represents a servant in her kitchen sitting fast asleep with her work undone. All her pots and pans are lying in confusion at her feet, the cat has seized the chicken meant for the family dinner, and is ravenously consuming it. Meanwhile her mistress has just entered, and looking out of the picture toward the spectator, she points to the idle servant, and quite audibly is saying, "Well, what do you think of her?"

The idleness of the servant is contrasted with the patient care, and painstaking fidelity with which the artist has painted the subject.

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

Browning.

Industry and Idleness.—Hogarth has a series of drawings in which he seeks to warn us against the sin of idleness. Two apprentices are represented as entering a cloth-weaving business at the same time. They begin with equal chances, and life promises well for both if each will bring to the task concentration and

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energy. One of the apprentices does this ; he is diligent in business, shows zeal for his master's interest, grows more and more indispensable in his master's business, and, being taken into partnership, marries his master's beautiful daughter. Nor is commercial success the only reward of his integrity. He is honoured in the City, attains the rank of an Alderman, and finally becomes Lord Mayor of London.

Meanwhile what has been happening to the second apprentice ? Alas ! instead of industry we see idleness, instead of zeal for his master's business we see an increasing love for low pleasures, and low companions. By slow and sure steps he becomes a gambler and a vagabond. He is transported, returns, and ends his days on the scaffold. The last step in the startling contrast is reached when the two men, who together had started out upon life's adventures, meet for the last time, the honest man having to announce his death-sentence to the knave.

In order that this "sermon" might influence the masses, Hogarth produced the twelve sheets, in which the history is worked out, only in rough engravings.

The Sin of Accidia.—Copping, who has become known through his illustrations of Scripture incidents, and of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," has an interesting picture in which Pilgrim is seen inert and almost sinking in the heavy clay and slimy waters of a morass. This is the "Slough of Despond," which the king's servants have never been able to drain, since it is fed every day from the refuse of the "Town of Stupidity." "When first I began to make an effort to live a better life, I fell at the sight of my own vileness into deep despair. I thought that I had been so great a sinner

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that I could never be forgiven. It was too late now to look after Heaven."

This Slough of Despond, and Pilgrim's despair, correspond with what mediæval writers call the "Sin of Accidia." Accidia, to use the Latin word, is a certain spiritual torpor, a soul-heaviness which comes upon the believer at certain times, and drains him of hope. It was a sin to which those who lived an encloistered life were especially liable. "Those who are fasting about mid-day, when they begin to feel the want of food, and to be oppressed with the heat of the sun, are most liable to the attacks of accidia," says Thomas Aquinas. This is a sin to which the idle, and those who live unoccupied lives, are also prone. The presence of constant and enforced effort of the mind leaves no room for self-analysis, and promotes that healthy outlook which dissipates the gloom in which accidia takes up its abode. There are few, however, who in their pilgrimage do not fall into the Slough of Despond; they despair of themselves, find prayer and religious exercises unavailing, and conclude that they are abandoned of God. Even when Pilgrim was far on in his journey he had experience of "accidia" in another form, namely that of the Dark Valley.

"Over that valley," Bunyan writes, "hung the discouraging clouds of confusion. The pathway here was so dark, that oftentimes when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next. Also he heard doleful voices and rushings, and one of these wicked ones got behind him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies, which he verily thought proceeded from his own mind."

Once more in the "Dungeon of Giant Despair," we see Christian and Hopeful prisoners to the sin of

The Seven Deadly Sins

Accidia. They have become depressed on account of the length of the road. This sin, if not cast out, but allowed to grow, not only brings gloom into the soul, it embitters it, then saps its life, and makes the soul a mere charnel-house.

"The Fathers of the Church," says Martensen in his "Ethics," "often urge it with special emphasis that a dejection and sorrow entirely absorbing a man is at the bottom nothing but ungodliness, and proceeds from the devil, for it arises from unbelief in the Gospel of Christ, and unthankfulness for the grace of God revealed in Him."

"Say not—the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth—
And as things have been, they remain ! . . .
For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent—flooding in—the main.
And not by eastern windows, only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front, the sun climbs slow—how slowly !
But westward—look ! the land is bright."

Clough.

CHAPTER XI

THE LAST THINGS

LIFE

Time's Flight.—Our common view of time is of it passing with slow and measured tread, but the truer conception is to think of it as a "flight." Crane in a picture entitled "The Chariots of the Fleeting Hours," represents the hours being drawn by four wild horses, and driven by remorseless youths, who incessantly urge their horses on, lashing them to a greater speed. Meanwhile sinks the sun, and the night hurries to meet the rushing chariots. To those in earnest, this is the view to take. "I must work while it is to-day, for the night cometh." Only by this sense of urgency can we do anything worth doing in the short span of our earthly life.

Life's Brevity.—One of the strange characteristics of Egyptian religion was its concentration upon death. Life to the Egyptian people was a prolonged looking forward to it, and preparation for it. Their art, their architecture were alike dedicated to it. That "brief life is here our portion" was never so profoundly realised as by the inhabitants of the land of the Nile.

E. Long in his highly-finished picture, "An Egyptian Feast," deals with another aspect of this same truth. The picture represents a gorgeous banqueting-hall, profusely decorated, and around the tables are gathered

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all the great ones of Egypt. Suddenly in the midst of its revelries slaves enter and bear round in front of the guests, and amid awed silence—a coffin with a semblance of a dead body in it. The silence is only broken by the echo of the slaves' mournful chant: "Gaze here, and drink, and be merry, for when you die, such will you be." Nothing could be conceived more likely to chill the spirits of the gayest or to imprint upon the mind of the men and women present—for women were admitted in Egypt to such banquets—the thought of life's brevity.

Growing Old.—There are certain days or hours in life when there is forced in upon our minds that we have passed a certain stage in life's journey, and can no longer regard ourselves in the same way. Such a day comes when we realise that boyhood is past, then early youth, then that we are men, then that we are middle-aged, and at last that we are old. Such experiences bring to us wistfulness and deep regret; we realise that a chapter in our life is closed and can never be opened again, that we are banished from companionship with those of an age to which for long we felt that we belonged, but by whom we are now regarded as old and as belonging to a different generation. Such an experience is pathetically expressed in a picture by A. Egg, entitled "Queen Elizabeth discovers she is no longer young." Terrified at the thought of losing her youth, and of looking old, it was said that she had refused to gaze into the looking-glass for twenty years. "In the melancholy of her sickness," however, "she desired to see a true looking-glass." One is brought to her by one of her ladies, who holds it up before her. The Queen has looked, and the artist with great power

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suggests the effect. Having seen herself as she was, the Queen turns her head away, her face torn with anguish. The Lord Chamberlain kneels and murmurs his sympathy, but she does not hear him. Her heart is rent within her ; all her vanities, all the fawning of her courtiers, add only bitterness to her soul. Here is the truth. Ruthless time mocks the shallow make-belief.

In the wrinkled skin and the faded bloom of the cheek she marks the slow advance of decay, coldly heedless of rank or titles. To those whose hearts are set upon this world such an hour of revelation is full of accumulated bitterness. Having staked all on this life, they see each day filching from them some more of their diminishing capital, and know that the end is bankruptcy. It is in such an hour that the man whose heart is staked upon eternal things has his recompense. The soul does not fade whose life is hid with Christ in God. It can say :—

“ Grow old along with me ; The best is yet to be.”

Life's Transitoriness.—One of Watts' most suggestive pictures is that in the Tate Gallery, entitled “ Sic Transit Gloria Mundi ”—“ So the glory of the world passes.” The theme is reduced to its utmost simplicity. Lying upon a bier there rests a shrouded figure. All is silent in the chamber of death. The long, horizontal lines of the picture give an impression of intense stillness. The very heart has ceased to beat. Life here is over, and for ever. What then does it mean ? What does it amount to ? This is the question that Watts makes that still figure force upon us. On the ground around him we see all that he was accounted as being by the world. The plumed casque, the shield and spear and gauntlet denote the warrior. “ He has loved,” says

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the rose ; " he has travelled," says the scallop shell. Nor has he been without honour, for the ermine cloak has once adorned him ; nor without culture, for there lies on the ground the musician's lute and the book of the scholar, while the golden cup proclaims that he has drunk of the rich wine of life. But now he is dead, and all these things lie around him unused and useless. What then is the sum of life ? What remains after all these years spent in living ? The artist sums it all up in the three lines written upon the canvas :—

" What I spent, I had.
What I saved, I lost.
What I gave, I have."

What he spent of wealth, or strength, or joy, he had once, but it belongs to an irrevocable past which cannot be recalled. What he saved he lost ; of all his possessions, his high position, his worldly honours, nothing accompanies him on the lonely way Death has called him to travel. Naked he entered into the world, and so he passes out of it. Only what he gave he still possesses. The only wealth which Death leaves untouched is the wealth of love. The giving of the cup of cold water, the giving of self, the spending not on self but in unselfishness, this is all that lasts. And in this test prince and beggar are alike—the one stripped of his ermine, the other of his rags.

" Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

In presence of this solemn message we are forced back upon a recognition of the vanities we pursue, and

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the good we, alas ! neglect. Yet nobler desires awaken too, and we pray :—

“ May I reach
That purest heaven—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony :
Enkindle generous ardour ; feed pure love,—
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense :
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.”

George Eliot.

Youth's Presentiments.—There are hours of sadness known to youth when, in the midst of a long summer day, the heart is chilled by a presentiment of the transitoriness of earthly things. Then the light fades from the sky, and pensive thoughts invade the heart ; life becomes charged with a great solemnity, and the young eyes gaze out into it in sadness and yearning, wondering what it has in store. Such an hour and mood are subtly expressed in a picture of Iphigenia, by Feuerbach, in the Munich Gallery. Iphigenia was the daughter of Agamemnon, who, having offended the goddess Artemis, vowed to sacrifice to her the most beautiful thing that should come into his possession in the following year. This proved to be his infant daughter. The father deferred the sacrifice till Iphigenia had grown to womanhood, but was warned that the Greek fleet would be wind-bound till he had fulfilled his vow.

The artist represents Iphigenia seated upon the shore. She rests her head upon her arm, and gazes wistfully out to the distant horizon. The day has darkened over, and the sea spreads wide and grey before her,

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while upon her beautiful brow there has fallen the world's care and a sense of the world's sorrow and of an impending fate. Lonely thus she sits while the night falls, the eternal sigh of the sea finding an echo in her young heart.

It is a mistake to suppose that youth does not feel that deep sorrow which lies at the heart of things, and which has been expressed and interpreted by all the greatest art. In a sense youth alone feels it in its poignancy, and Iphigenia seated thus becomes a type of all youth's secret sympathy and understanding.

World-weariness.—One of Dürer's most famous prints represents a woman, clothed in sober garments, and surrounded by scientific instruments and every facility for study and research, and for the attainment of truth, yet wrapped in the deepest and most impenetrable melancholy. That strange depression of the spirits which the Germans call "Weltschmerz" has fallen upon her. All is vanity. Knowledge yields no fruit, the door leading into the innermost still remains locked, study is a weariness, and the world is an empty place, full of illusions and vanity. At the side of this figure, which Dürer has entitled "Melancholy," there sits a winged child. This is the artist's answer. Get back to the child—the child's faith and simplicity. "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

Mortality.—Over the bed in the room which Victor Hugo specially furnished to receive Garibaldi in his house in Guernsey, there stands on a pedestal a small ivory ornament. When looked at closely it is seen to

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be a beautiful human face, but when turned it appears as a skull. Thus, the great poet sought to remind his illustrious guest that all human glory has in it the elements of decay.

In this connection one of Dean Church's letters may be recalled, written not long before his death, in which there is a sublime conception, not unworthy, as Morley has said, of the Dante in whose writings its author was so deeply versed.

"I often have a kind of waking dream," he said: "up one road, the image of a man decked and adorned as if for a triumph, carried up by rejoicing friends who praise his goodness and achievements; and on the other road, turned back to it, there is the very man himself, in sordid and squalid apparel, surrounded, not by friends, but by ministers of justice, and going on, while his friends are exulting, to his certain and perhaps awful judgment."

One of the great prizes of the National Gallery is a picture by Holbein entitled "The Ambassadors." It is a picture which, in its colouring, its accessories, its sumptuous surroundings, as well as the rank, dignity and learning its two figures represent, make it a symbol of all the world has to offer. The two ambassadors are men of powerful influence, they have all that the world can give—the ease which comes from high rank; the culture which comes through education of the faculties, suggested by the mathematical instruments, the globe, the lute, and the music book. It might be taken as a picture representing the triumph of "pomp and circumstance," were it not for a strange object which the artist has painted on the floor of the sumptuous apartment. This is the "anamorphosis" or perspectively distorted image of a human skull, which, touching the floor on the left, stretches obliquely

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upward toward the right. It is the artist's commentary upon life. Remember, O man, he seems to say, that thou art mortal. The world passeth away. He only that doeth the will of God shall abide for ever.

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
Oh ! that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

Shakespeare.

Bereavement.—Rossetti, in his well-known picture "The Blessed Damozel," deals with a theme which awakens response in many hearts otherwise unmoved by his art. The situation is simple and even commonplace, it may be thought to border on what people call the "sentimental," but it is saved from weakness by its high art and its deep human appeal.

Beneath some trees, near which flows a gentle stream, lies a man whose memory, in what is perhaps a well-known scene, has been awakened, and whose thoughts are shadowed by that crown of sorrow—the remembering happier things. Death has robbed him of one whom he loved. Years have gone by, and still there is the aching void, the longing for the "touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." In his sorrowful mood the trailing branches and the perfume of the woods seem to bring her presence near. In the upper part of the picture is represented the vision which at that hour of mortal weakness came to strengthen him. Looking down upon him from the windows of the Home above is the Blessed Damozel. There is fathomless pity in her eyes ; it is the pity which understands, and it is all for him who does not under-

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stand. Heaven has not dimmed her love, nor has it awakened a life that forgets the old, but it has awakened a patience that can wait without murmuring, and that bids the bereaved heart beneath accept life's allotted tasks in sure and certain hope of reunion in God's good time.

The message is one that the bereaved heart hungers for. To thousands Heaven would be no Heaven, whatever its spiritual joys, if there were no reunion of hearts severed here. The message that the picture gives—that those whom we have loved are not lost but gone before, that they wait with a patience born in Heaven and such as earth cannot know, that in some dim way they feel with us and are with us still—these are thoughts which help the nerveless hands once more to grip their earthly tasks with strength, and to go back to life's common duties and walk truly amongst them.

It is strange and pathetic to recall the fact that Rossetti himself failed to apply to his own life the noble assurance of his picture. With the death of his wife came the shattering of hope, the subsidence of his mind and art, and the gradual decay of all that makes character heroic. He could not meet life with that resoluteness which comes from faith, and which views death, as he himself has interpreted it in his picture, as the dawn of life. Failing to do this he becomes one of the saddest illustrations of how character succumbs when attacked by a hopeless grief.

DEATH

Stopping Westward.—Leader has a beautiful picture which he calls "The Evening Hour." It is one of those studies of glowing evening light reflected in the placid

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surface of a river, with a church tower thrown up against the sky, beneath which are the graves of the villagers, and with a quiet hamlet where men live out their lives in peace, far from the madding crowd. Across the path which leads to the hamlet a solitary labourer wends his homeward way, the day's task over, the gathering dusk calling him to rest. The picture is full of subtle spiritual allusions, and speaks of the evening of man's life, when, out of the west, voices call him to his rest, and, not unwillingly, he turns his face toward home.

In this connection Wordsworth's poem "Stepping Westward" may be recalled. When the poet and a friend were walking one evening by the side of Loch Katrine they met two women, one of whom said by way of greeting, "What, you are stepping westward?" The expression sent a thrill through the heart of the poet; to him—

"Stepping westward seem'd to be
A kind of heavenly destiny. . . .
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fix'd upon the glowing sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way."

The Vale of Rest.—One of the best known of Millais' pictures is "The Vale of Rest." It was treasured by Mr. Tate, who gave it, amongst others, to the nation to form the Tate Gallery, as his choicest possession, and it was also, Mr. Spielmann tells us, the artist's favourite picture. The broad facts of the scene are painted from the old churchyard at Kinnoul, in Perthshire, and the picture turns on the old Scottish superstition that when

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a coffin-shaped cloud is seen in the sky it is the symbol of approaching death. "The scene is the interior of a convent garden at sunset, and the whole picture is cast in a sunset key. The rigid poplars, each like 'Death's lifted forefinger,' make bars against the red, orange and crimson of the west. The rough sward is broken here and there by low hillocks of graves, and is encumbered by the headstones that stand grim and sad in the evening light. One of the women—a novice or lay-sister—is up to her knees in a grave, busily throwing out large spadefuls of earth; the coif is thrown back from her face, which is dark red with stress of labour. Upon the prostrate headstone, taken from the newly-made grave, sits an elder nun holding a rosary, and with the long black of her robes sweeping the dark coarse grass; her head is toward us, and by its expression we discover that she has seen the coffin-shaped cloud which hangs over the setting sun and stretches a long, heavy bar of purple across a large part of the sky behind. This elder nun, who has seen the sign in the sky, thinks of the day when she too will be laid in the ground, like the dead sister whose grave is now being dug."

The whole picture breathes the spirit of resignation. Death is no monster, no gaunt terror; to the weary woman with the quiet eyes he offers what she longs most to possess—rest. In this quiet God's acre "the weary find repose."

Light at Eventide.—One of the most beautiful and appealing of Leader's pictures is one bearing this title, and in which nature is made to speak in allegory of those lives which, though storm-tossed and troubled through the day, close in faith and in the blessed assur-

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ance that all is well. To their closing eyes the gates of the west swing open, and they see beyond the night to the city of endless day.

In the picture the light which all day long has been imprisoned in heavy clouds is wresting itself free. The clouds are now seen breaking up and disbanding, or are grouped together composedly in the sky, their dark folds flushed and illumined by a faint light. Beneath the light is reflected in every furrow and rut which the tempests of the day have filled with rain, and which seem now to be filled with quietness and peace. The windows of the rustic church have caught the gleam as well, and the light which falls upon the headstones and footstones of the graves tell their beautiful tale of victory and immortality brought to light.

Gain through Loss.—One of the things which many find hard to reconcile with the goodness in God is the death of the young. Death, when it comes to the aged, to those who have lived out their days, we can regard with a certain tranquillity, or at least with the absence of rebellion. But when the young are cut off, in the flower of their youth—when, all aglow with life, they have but buckled on their armour—our lips are only sealed to keep back the menacing cry and the embittered protest. There is a picture by Watts which those who are thus bereaved will find consolation in studying. It is the picture of a youth snatched away in his prime, and the artist has dared to describe it as the "Happy Warrior." He has gone out gaily to the fight, all his armour shining, and his eyes glowing with aspiration, and almost in his first engagement he has fallen, wounded to death. His helmet has fallen back from his fair young face, he is sinking down to rise no

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more, but in the moment of death pain vanishes and all earth's vain regrets. For out of the shining heavens there descends upon him in angel form that spirit which was the goal of his aspiration, and now already he has attained. His face is glorified as the angel form bends over him and imprints the kiss of everlasting peace upon his brow.

Many who have lost loved ones just entering into manhood and womanhood have found their grief assuaged and their hearts consoled as they received the message of this picture. These are the "happy warriors"; not by long aching, not by the wearisome path of the world, do they attain, but swiftly, as in a flash, they become united to that to which they aspired. Happy indeed! From this we can see that the world's estimate of victory or defeat, life and death, are wrong, as all its estimates are wrong. One may be stricken down in the first fight, but what of that if fighting for the best he swiftly by death attains it?

" This is the happy Warrior : this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be."

Vanity of Earthly Glory.—Nowhere is the pomp and also the emptiness of earthly glory brought into more swift contrast than in the interior of the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul in Petersburg.

As one enters the cathedral the eye is dazzled by the splendour of its decorations. The walls are almost hidden by ornaments and spoils of gold and silver. Here is the barbaric magnificence of the East, the lavish display and worship of material splendour, the trophies of tyrants and autocrats whose word meant life and death to millions. Then from the walls the eye descends to some block of white, unadorned marble

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recumbent on the floor. No carving here, no ornament, only a bowl of oil, in the centre of which burns a still light. And beneath these—what? Dust, common dust, though of Czars!

The Everlasting Arms.—Leonardo da Vinci, though he lived a life of strenuous activity, as his life closed could only look back upon it and mourn the loss of precious hours. When lying on his death-bed it is related that the King came to visit and cheer him. He raised himself as far up as he could in the royal presence, and then began to talk to his Majesty, "lamenting," says Vasari, "that he had offended God and man in that he had not laboured in art as he ought to have done." Suddenly he was seized by a paroxysm, and the King taking him in his arms to assure him of his affection, and to give him comfort, the weary penitent "died in the arms of his King." These words express the deep faith of the Christian that thus in the hour of death he shall die. "Underneath are the everlasting Arms."

Mortality.—In the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Rouen there is a famous alabaster tomb known as "Le Mourant," or "The Dying One." It tells the brief, pitiful story of human life without the illumination of Christian hope. At the summit is represented a child clinging to his mother's breast; lower down a boy in the eager joy of youth speeding an arrow to its mark from a bent bow. Next, in larger design, is seen the warrior on his steed, going out caparisoned to victory; then, last scene of all, he is seen lying helpless in the iron clutch of death.

Set in a Christian Church, it has yet no Christian

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message. It represents the end of a life lived for the things of time, and with no vision or hope beyond.

Victory over Death.—The fear of death is common to man, but some to this fear are all their life long "subject to bondage." Dr. Johnson is an illustration of this. He looked forward with terror to the "awful hour of his decease." Nevertheless, when that hour came he was able to face death with calmness and Christian fortitude. In his well-known picture entitled "Fiammetta," Rossetti has striven to express that high fortitude. He has painted a woman of noble form and beautiful face. There is nothing of that morbid look or haunting fear which we naturally associate with death. She represents the spirit which overcomes death; amid the decay around her, death's dark storm behind, and life's decay in the falling apple-blossom, she stands with reassuring eyes, both a presage and a promise of life's victory. This is sure and certain hope.

"Behold Fiammetta, shown in vision here,

Gloom-girt, 'mid spring-flushed apple-growth she stands,
And as she sways the branches with her hands,
Along her arm the sundered bloom falls sheer,
In separate petals shed, each like a tear :

While from the quivering bough the bird expands
His wings, and lo ! thy spirit understands
Life shaken, and showered, and flown, and death drawn
near,

All stirs with change. Her garments beat the air,
The angel circling round her aureole,
Shimmers in flight against the tree's grey bole :
While she with reassuring eyes most fair,
A presage and a promise stands, as 'twere
On death's dark storm the rainbow of the soul."

D. G. Rossetti.

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Death, the Friend.—Rethel, the German artist, has a series of pictures in which he represents Death in the various forms in which it confronts humanity. In one the story is taken up of the outbreak of cholera at a masked ball in Paris. In the midst of the revelry Cholera enters, represented by a mummy-like spectre with a scourge in her hand, and following her comes Death, dressed in a domino, with two bones for a fiddle. As he walks up the centre of the ballroom where worldliness and frivolity have reigned, terror seizes the dancers, the players throw away their instruments, and all seek escape. But those upon whom the scourge has fallen sink to the ground with their grinning masks mocking their mortal terror. To all such Death in the fearful one, the arch-enemy—the cruel, mocking fiend.

In the last picture of the series Rethel shows the other side. The scene is set high up in the steeple of the old minster. The old bell-ringer has fallen quietly asleep in his arm-chair ; a gentle peace has fallen upon the old, wrinkled face, and the setting sun seems to speak a benediction over him. The thin hands, which are now clasped in prayer, tell a long tale of hard work, and the shrinking figure speaks of sorrows and of weariness. At his side are the pilgrim's hat and staff, which show that in the midst of his earthly troubles he has not been unmindful of heavenly consolations. And now to the old bellringer, who has so often for others rung the deep knell of parting, Death has come—not in grinning mockery at human folly, but as a gentle and trusted friend. Solemnly and lovingly Death takes in his hand the rope and rings the passing of the labourer to his rest, and over the peaceful land the note is carried like a benediction. Part in peace. His death is peace.

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The Peace of Death.—There is a great painting by Josef Israels, entitled "Through Darkness to Light," which expresses in a noble way the great peace of Death. It is only a peasant's chamber, poorly furnished, half in shadow, and illumined by a flickering meagre light, but Death has brought to it a great ennoblement, and the sense of poverty is lost in the sense of awe. Upon the bed there lies a fisherman; his life has been a long hardship, a long battling with storm and poverty, but all these are now over. The light falls gently upon his face, already the lines of weariness and care are smoothed off his forehead, and upon him has fallen a great and ennobling peace. "Home is the sailor, home from the sea," and so mysteriously has the painter painted it that the wearied fisherman seems conscious and glad of rest, though dead.

Unpitying Death.—The visitor to the street of the tombs in Athens, and to the museum where the treasures of its sepulchral art are found, is at once impressed by its strange repression of any outward or moving expression of grief. The attitude of the mourners is that of hopeless acquiescence. They yield their loved ones to an inexorable fate, with which it is vain to plead and useless to struggle. No hope cheers that hour of heavy affliction; those whom they relinquish fall into the dark abyss of nothingness. Sometimes—as in one pathetic stele—this reserve is broken in an agonising cry, but the cry is bitter with hate of the relentless gods.

Love and Death.—To the old mediæval artists Death was a grisly skeleton, who, with scythe or spear in hand,

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ruthlessly cut down its victim, inspiring all who beheld it with fear and horror. To no artist are we so indebted for a recoil from this false and gruesome conception as to G. F. Watts. To him Death is either "the kind nurse who puts the children to bed," or is represented as a noble being, who moves with calm and quiet steps, without haste or noise, irresistible but not ruthless in his might, and who leads those whom he calls into the life beyond.

This view of Death, and of Love's resistance frustrated, since Death possesses the key to what lies beyond, is expressed in Watts' most splendid fashion in "Love and Death," which has been thus described :—

"According to this motive, Death, the Indomitable, the harbinger of change, is no tyrannical spirit, not even 'the terminator of delights and the separator of companions,' but a slow-moving, stately power, who, without a sense of wrath, comes to alter all things of the earthly life, and has no strain of vindictiveness. The scene of the picture is the entrance to the house of one whose time for change has come, although the sun shines richly on the façade, and roses still bloom there. The spirit wears a voluminous robe of silvery white, having no opalescence in its tint, which gives strange impressiveness to it. He has approached slowly to this House of Life. Trailing behind his feet, the mysterious mantle is drawn over his head, and that head is bowed, while steadily and irresistibly he presses onwards, with one hand upraised above the figure of graceful Love, a youth, who moved to pity, and with eager cries, has thrust himself between the doorway and the intruder. The latter presses Love against the gate, whilst the boy's little form struggles in the air, and his pinions of rose, azure, and vermilion tipped with black, coruscate in a hundred lights, and flutter about his shoulders, while with a passionate appeal he lifts one beautiful arm to oppose the indomitable but not unkind spirit who presses on without so much as an effort to put the boy aside. Already, however, so far as the mortal

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elements of the scene are concerned, a mighty change has attended the footsteps of Death, and follows his shadow. In that shadow the roses of the portals have faded, some of them have dropped their hold on the wall, and prostrated themselves at the feet of his presence, while others, blanching in the chillness, are about to fall."

The message then of Watts is that Love's opposition to Death is based upon ignorance. Death, though irresistible, is merciful, and her secret, instead of destroying Love, illumines it. This the artist subtly suggests by making Death's garment throw a lustre upon Love, suggesting that shining within the veil, and awaiting the pilgrim, is light.

Tennyson, it will be remembered, deals with the same thought in the "Idylls of the King," in "Gareth and Lynette." Gareth, as he pursues his quest, meets Death. "The black banner, black horse, black horn, and black armour painted with the white skeleton, and helmed with the skull, are the ordinary thing. But the thunder gloom under which he rides, the chill of Death's aspect which strikes ice even into Launcelot, his huge pavilion, which

"Sunders the glooming crimson on the marge,"
lift the work Tennyson does beyond the ordinary." Then at last Gareth, though greatly trembling, rides against him, and with a mighty stroke cleaves his helm. Then, to his amazement, there issues forth from the black terror and the deadly chill the bright face of a blooming boy,

"fresh as a flower new-born."

Thus Tennyson views death, and thus it is with many of our terrors when we see them beforehand, when at last attacked with fortitude and high courage, they burst into flower.

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" Out of the sleep of earth with visions rife
I woke in death's clear morning, full of life,
And said to God, whose smile makes all things bright—
' That was an awful dream I had last night.' "

Sentenced to Death.—In the Royal Academy of 1908 there was a picture by the Hon. John Collier which will always attract attention. It is called " Sentenced to Death." We are introduced into the consulting room of a great physician, and facing us is a young man who is hearing from the doctor the result of his diagnosis. The doctor is telling him that he is a doomed man, that he will presently die. The young man sits there in the chair, faultlessly dressed, handsome, with all the promise of youth in his face, and there is no special look of illness, except perhaps to a doctor's eye. He has just received his sentence of death, and has strung himself to endurance.

" As I looked into his face, how I longed, though it was only a picture, to tell him that if he believed in Jesus Christ he had Everlasting Life—that he need not be afraid, need not even be cast down. Believing in Jesus he *has* Everlasting Life. As I looked at the picture I so longed to tell him that I turned my face away, lest I should cry out in the room."

Dr. Horton.

Mother Death.—In Watts' picture " The Messenger " he represents Death as a mother. This is surely a truer representation than the hideous and revolting skeleton with its skull and cross-bones, which haunted the minds of men in the Middle Ages, and which is still to be seen engraven on many of the tombstones in our cemeteries. And Death as the mother comes to a weary sufferer, worn out with age and pain, as a

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messenger of mercy. The supreme thought is that Death is compassionate, not ruthless and cruel. All that there is in a mother's heart of love surges also through the mother-heart of Death. In the original Greek, as Dr. Macmillan reminds us, the word for "compassion" has a maternal meaning, so that when Christ had "compassion" on the widow of Nain, it meant that he had the same feeling toward her as she had toward her son. It is this maternal feeling, "compassion," which Watts expresses in his picture.

Spiritual Death.—How men may become dead to the spirit of Christ's teaching while engaged in the holiest offices, and betray His cause while outwardly reverencing His name, is illustrated in a picture by the Hon. John Collier, which was exhibited in the Academy of 1896. The picture illustrates an incident in the life of Pope Urban VI., related in Lea's "History of the Inquisition." Hearing of a conspiracy among his cardinals, the Pope invited the ringleaders to his country residence, the Castle of Nocera, when he put them to excruciating tortures to extract from them the details of the conspiracy. Urban VI. walked to and fro in the garden beneath the window of the torture-chamber reciting his breviary aloud to encourage the torturers in their work. The artist has depicted him walking beneath clad in the garments of his holy office, reading earnestly from his manual of devotion, and using it for such diabolic ends as to encourage the fiendish cruelty going on above. With keen irony the painter has filled the little side-walk alongside of which the Pope treads with white lilies—emblem of purity. A peacock, the symbol of eternity, is seen sculptured on

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the walls, while over the window of the torture-chamber there is engraven a cross.

THE HEREAFTER

Paradise.—The paradise of which the Greeks dreamed was situated in the Elysian fields, bright with golden asphodel. Here the souls of those who on earth lived worthily prolong their existence in happiness and security ; no night mars the splendour of its days, nor sorrow the tranquillity of the blessed. In the thought of the Middle Ages, and in pictures painted by such artists as Fra Angelico, the Christian paradise did not widely differ. In an exquisite picture in the Accademia in Florence, those who enter that blessed abode are represented as being received by angel playmates who circle hand in hand in a flowery meadow, knee-deep in rich green grass. The attitude of the attendant angels is full of tenderness ; they welcome and tend those who have attained, as mothers would their long-lost children, and seem to be earnestly instructing them how to enter into heavenly joys. Everything speaks of unending felicity ; the cares of the world and its struggles are for ever banished, they have entered into their reward. It is significant, however, that all the blessed are monks. This radiant life is the reward of renunciation of the world. Heaven is the prize of the cloistered life. The picture shows us what we have lost and what we have gained. We have gained a less exclusive Heaven, and an idea of Paradise which is less monotonous in the character of its life, but we have lost the sense of radiance, the sense of the infinite blessedness of that life which those enjoy whose robes are washed, and who stand around the Throne of God.

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Resurrection.

" There is a day in Spring
When under all the earth the secret germs
Begin to stir and glow before they bud.
The wealth and pomp of midsummer
Lie in the heart of that inglorious hour
Which no man names with blessing though its work
Is blessed by all the world. Such days there are
In the slow story of the growth of souls."

Such days of resurrection there are also in the history and growth of art. Through the Dark Ages, for instance, art passed through a dreary winter-tide. Artists, "prohibited by the heavy bondage of the Church from looking at things as they were, from giving natural expression to their sense of beauty and perceptions of truth, with imagination proscribed and originality repressed, sank at last into that heavy stupor when man ceases even to desire to be free. Those dark ages, however, were, like Nature's winter-tide, times of preparation. The inrush of the Goths into Western Europe, and the overthrow of the Roman Empire, instead of sounding the doom of the world as men thought, was God's plan of saving it. The Goths swept away the old, corrupt and effete civilisation of Rome, and thus prepared the way for a new growth and richer advance. At length the Spring morning of Resurrection came, the south wind blew upon the plain of dry bones, and suddenly they sprang into life. Thus came the Renaissance of art, when over all the land men suddenly awoke conscious that they were free, and rejoicing in a new and abounding life." See *The Christ Face in Art*," pp. 7-8.

Reunion.—Rossetti has a mystical painting called

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"The Blessed Damsel," which represents the longing for reunion which aches in the heart of love too early severed. The Blessed Damsel is seen leaning upon the bars of Heaven, gazing downward to earth, her eyes full of entreaty. Below her are two angels, and above to the right are three red-winged cherubs. In the predella is represented a twilight landscape, with the lover looking upward, with hands clasped behind his head. The following poem further expresses the artist's thought :—

"The blessed Damsel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven :
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even :
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

.

"It was the rampart of God's House,
That she was standing on :
By God built over the sheer depth,
The which is Space begun.

.

"And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

.

" 'I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come,' she said.
'Have I not prayed in Heaven ? on earth
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ? ' "

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In connection with this belief in reunion it is interesting to recall the lines written by Lockhart which exercised so profound an influence upon Carlyle, and which were often on his lips to the end of his life.

" It is an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief
Dear friends shall meet once more.

" Beyond the sphere of Time,
And Sin, and Fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.

" That creed I fain would keep
That hope I'll ne'er forgo :
Eternal be the sleep,
If not to waken so."

Nor less interesting is this letter written by John Stuart Mill :—

" I have never so much wished for another life as I do for the sake of meeting you in it. The chief reason for desiring it has always seemed to me to be that the curtain may not drop altogether on those one loves and honours. Every analogy which favours the idea of a future life leads one to expect that if such a life there be, death will no further change our character than as it is liable to be changed by any other important event in our existence—and I feel most acutely what it would be to have a firm faith that the world to which one is in progress was enriching itself with those by the loss of whom this world is impoverished."

Eternity.—Diodorus Siculus, a Greek historian, who lived before the Christian era, says that the Egyptians looked upon their houses as mere places of passage, and on their tombs as their permanent dwellings.

This truth is illustrated in their art. In sculpture

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the eyes of the statues seem to gaze into the beyond, in architecture the builders built for eternity; the character of art has everywhere *duration* stamped upon it. The Egyptian built gigantic tombs and massive temples which defy the assaults of time; he embalmed his dead that they might defy decay. The result was that, while this gave an austere and solemn grandeur to art, it made it lose contact with actual life and with reality. The Egyptians were the monks of art, with the monk's devotion, but also with his ignorance and unreality.

"Over the triple doors of Milan Cathedral there are three doorways spanning the arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath it is the legend, 'All that which pleases is but for a moment.' Over another is sculptured a cross, and underneath it are written these words: 'All that which troubles us is but for a moment.' But underneath the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription, 'That only is important which is eternal.' If we can but realise these three truths we will not let trifles trouble us, nor be interested so much in the passing pageants of the hour. We would live, as we do not now, for the permanent and the eternal."

Corbett.

The After-Glow.—Frederick Goodall, in one of his famous Egyptian studies has a rich and glowing picture in the Manchester Art Gallery to which he has attached the title "The After-Glow." The picture represents the annual overflow of the Nile, which generally reaches to within a mile of the two great pyramids. The sun has gone down, and twilight has fallen across the dusky Libyan desert, but upon the great pyramids the light of the after-glow has fallen, illumining them with a strange and mystic beauty.

And frequently it is only when good men pass away,

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going down without recognition often to the grave, that the world wakes to a sense of their moral beauty, for

" They leave upon the mountain tops of Death
A light that makes them lovely."

The Hereafter.—There are two sets of expressions found in the Catacombs which indicate the most cherished beliefs of the early Christians regarding the state of their loved ones in the Hereafter.

1. The first, " In peace " or " In sleep," is repeated in almost every epitaph. It conveys the thought that whatever else the world to come would bring, whatever changes, it would at least bring rest. Torn as their hearts were by fear, by ceaseless conflict, never a moment safe from apprehension, peace became to them the symbol of Heaven's most blessed comfort. In keeping with this is the use of the term " In sleep," or " In repose," as expressing the state of the departed. After life's long feverish day they looked forward to that rest which is typified in sleep. Hence the burial-places of the world have become what the Catacombs were to the early Christians—" cemeteries "—sleeping-places.

2. The second set of expressions which usually occurs after the mention of " peace " refer to the life which follows sleep. The terms used are " Live in God," or " Thou livest in God." In such a thought, vague but full of trustful assurance, the Christian believer of the early centuries laid his fellow-Christian in the dust.

After two thousand years we have no deeper hope.

" The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God."

Wisdom iii. 1.

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